

## ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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## A SINGULAR LIFE.

## XX.

So Emanuel Bayard entered into his Wilderness. Therein he was tempted like other men of God who renounce the greatest joy of life for its grandest duty. There he thirsted and hungered, and put forth no hand towards the meat or drink of human comfort; there he contended with himself, and hid his face, for he went into solitary places, and prayed apart, asking for that second strength which sustains a man in the keeping of the vow that he has not feared to take upon his soul — not knowing, till God teaches him, how easy it is to recognize, and how hard to hold, “the highest when we see it.”

Winter drew its yoke of ice about the shrinking shoulders of the Cape; the fleets huddled in the harbor; the fishermen drowned on the Grand Banks; Windover shivered and shriveled, and looked with wincing, winking eyes upon the blinding horizon of the winter sea; the breakers broke in white fire upon the bar; Angel Alley drank and cursed to keep warm; and the young preacher's delicate face, patiently passing in and out beneath the white and scarlet lights of the chapel of Christlove, gathered a snowdrift of its own with the whitening of the year. His work, like most service sustained in consecration and in common sense by one pure and strong personality, grew upon his hands; not steadily, but by means of much apparent failure.

The fame of the heretic missionary had gone abroad, as such things do. It was no uncommon thing for members of the strictest sect of the orthodox churches to stand, half curious, half deferent, and wholly perplexed by what they saw and heard, and calculating the prospects of an experiment which the observer was, as a rule, too wise a man or too good a woman not to respect.

It even happened now and then that some distinguished clergyman was seen jammed between a fisherman and a drunkard in the crush by the door, taking notes of the sermon, studying the man and his methods with the humility characteristic of large men, and seldom imitated by little ones.

The Reverend George Fenton was not, but would have liked to be, one of these eminent and docile clerical visitors at the chapel of Christlove. He dared not leave his congregation, decorously scattered to listen to a sound theology, in the pews of the old First Church, to elbow his unnoticed way among the publicans and sinners who thronged his classmate's mission, but he often wished he could. He asked himself anxiously, “What is the secret? How does the man do it?” Sometimes he envied his heretic friend the drunkards and sailors, the reckless girls, and, most of all, the fishermen, sacred in the canon and to the imagination of the church — the fishermen, once the chosen friends of our Lord.

Bayard even fancied that Fenton looked at him a little wistfully, and that he spoke

with him oftener and lingered longer when they met upon the streets of the sad and tempted town whose redemption both men, each in his own way, desired and sought, with a sincerity which this biography would not intimate was to be found only in the heart of its subject and hero; for the Reverend George Fenton was no hypocrite or Pharisee, the prevailing qualities of his class not being of this sort. No one rated him more generously than his heretic classmate, or looked more gently upon the respectable, dreary effort to save the world by an outgrown method, which the conformer dutifully and comfortably sustained.

"I heard a Boston man call you the Father Taylor of Windover," one day abruptly said the clergyman to the missionary, upon the post-office steps. "Boston could no farther go, I take it. I hear your audience has outgrown your mission-room. That must be a great encouragement; you must consider it a divine leading," added Fenton, with the touch of professional slang and jealousy not unnatural to better men than he. "But you must remember that we too are following the Master in our way; it's a pretty old and useful way."

Then up spoke Captain Hap, who stood at Bayard's elbow: "It's jest about here, Mr. Fenton: you folks set out to *foller* Him, but our minister, he *lives* like Him. There's an almighty difference."

Another day, Fenton, with his young wife on his arm, came down Angel Alley with the air of a tourist inspecting the points of interest in a new vicinity.

"Bayard!" he exclaimed, "you look as white as a Cesarea snowdrift. You are overworked, man. What can I do to help you? If there is anything," he added, with genuine concern, "you'd let me know, would n't you?"

"Probably not, Fenton," replied Bayard, smiling.

"I mean it," urged the other, flushing.

"If you do, the time may come," said Bayard dreamily.

He glanced at his old friend — the rosy, well-fed man; at the round face destitute of the carving of great purpose or deep anxiety; at the pretty girl with the Berkshire eyes who looked adoringly over the sleek elbow to which she clung. These two well-meaning, commonplace people seemed ennobled and beautified, as commoner far than they may be, by their human love and happiness. Bayard, in his shabby clothes, with his lonely face, watched them with a certain reverence.

He thought — but when did he *not* think of Helen?

He wrote; she answered; they did not meet; he worked on patiently; and the winter went. Bayard drowned himself in his work with the new and conscious ardor of supreme renunciation. He thought of the woman whom he loved, as the diver at the bottom of the sea, when the pumps refuse to work, thinks of sky and shore and sun, of air and breath.

One bleak, bright February night, Bayard came out from his mission, and looked about Angel Alley anxiously.

Bob was within, and Tony and Jean were safe; Job Slip was sober, and Tom, Dick, and Harry were accounted for. But Lena — Lena had not been seen at Christlove for now many weeks.

The waywardness of the girl had long been sore at Bayard's heart, and the step which he took that night was the result of thought and deliberate purpose. Afterwards he was glad to remember that he had acted on no one of those mere sentiments or impulsive whims which are the pitfalls of a philanthropic life.

The hour was not early; decent people were scattering to their homes, and Windover was giving herself over to the creatures of the night. It was a windy night, and the snow blew in cold, white powder from the surface of drifts called heavy for the coast, and considered a sign of "a spell of weather."

There was a full moon, and the har-

bor, as one looked down between the streets, showed in glints and glimpses bright and uneasy. The bellow of the whistling-buoy, nine miles out, off the coast, was audible at firesides. The wind sped straight from Cape Cod, and was as icy as death.

It was one of the nights when the women of Windover grow silent, and stand at the window with the shade raised, looking out between their hands with anxious, seaward eyes. "God pity the men at sea!" they say who have no men at sea. But those who have say nothing. They pray. As the night wears on and the gale increases, they weep. They do not sleep. The red light on the Point goes out, and dawn is gray. The buoy shrieks on malignantly. It "comes on thick," and the fog-bell begins to toll. Its mighty lips utter the knell for all the unburied drowned that are, and have been, and are yet to be. Windover listens and shudders. It is one of the nights when the sheltered and the happy and the clean of life bless God for home, for peace, for fire and pillow. It is one of the nights when the soul of the gale enters into the soul of the tempted and the unbefriended, and with it seven devils worse than the first. It was one of the nights when girls like Lena are too easy or too hard to find.

Bayard sought her everywhere. She was not to be seen in Angel Alley, and he systematically and patiently searched the town. With coat-collar turned up and hat turned down, he tried to keep warm, but the night was deadly bleak. It came on to be eleven o'clock; half past; and midnight approached. He was about to abandon his quest when he struck a trace of her, and with redoubled patience he hunted it down. He had taken no one with him in his search for Lena; in truth, he knew of no person in all that Christian town who would have wished to share that night's repulsive errand, if he had asked it. He recognized this fact with that utter absence of bitterness which

is the final grace and test of dedication to an unselfish end.

"Why should I expect it?" he thought gently. "Duty is not subject to a common denominator. This is mine, and not another's."

A policeman gave him, at last, the clue he needed, and Bayard, who had returned on his track to Angel Alley, halted before the door of a house at the end of a dark court, within a shell's-throw of the wharves. His duty had never led him before into precisely such a place, and his soul sickened within him. He hesitated, with his foot on the steps.

"Better stay outside, sir," suggested the policeman.

Bayard shook his head.

"Shan't I go with you, sir? You don't know what you're about. Better have an officer along."

"Stay here, within call, will you?" answered Bayard. "That will do. The law can't do my errand."

"Nor nothin' else in this town but *that*," returned the officer, touching his helmet.

He pointed up the alley where the large letters of the solemn white and scarlet sign blazed all night before the chapel of Christlove. The fishermen could see it from their schooners' decks as they dropped anchor, and it shone strangely in their weather-beaten faces as they pushed past, or sank into, the doors of the dens that lined the street.

Bayard's eye followed the officer's finger, lighting with that solemn radiance peculiar to himself; and with this illumination on his face he entered the place whose ways take hold on death.

The officer waited without. In an incredibly short time the minister reappeared. He was not alone. Lena followed him, with hanging head.

"Thank you, Sergeant," said Bayard quietly, touching his hat, "I shall need you no longer."

He turned, with the girl beside him, and crossed the alley. The officer, with

a low whistle, lingered a moment, and watched the astounding pair. In the full moonlight, in the sight of all whom it did or did not concern, Bayard walked up and down the street with Lena. It was now near to the stroke of midnight. The two could be seen conversing earnestly. Lena did not raise her eyes. The minister watched her eagerly. They paced up and down. Men staggering home from their sprees stood stupidly and stared at the two. Old Trawl came to his door and saw them, and called Ben, who looked, and swore the mighty oath of utter intellectual confusion. The minister nodded to Ben, and spoke once or twice to some sailor who awaited salutation; but he suffered no interruption of his interview with the girl. In the broad moonlight he continued quietly to walk up and down Angel Alley, with the street girl at his side.

"Lena," Bayard had begun, "I have been trying to help the people in this alley for almost a year and a half, and I have met with nothing to discourage me as much as you do. Some men and women have grown better, and some have not changed at all. You are growing worse."

"That's so," assented Lena. "It's as true as hell."

"I begin to think," replied the minister, "that it must be partly my fault. It seems to me as if I must have failed, somehow, or made some mistake, or you would be a better girl, after all this time. Do you think of anything — come, Lena! give your best attention to the subject — do you think of anything that I could do, which I have not done, to induce you to be a decent woman?"

"I tried, for you!" muttered Lena. "I tried; you know I did!"

"Yes, I know you did; and I appreciated it. You failed, that was all. You are discouraged, and so am I. Now tell me! What else can I do, to make a good girl of you? For it's got to be done, you see," he added firmly. "I can't

have this any longer. You disgrace the chapel, and the people, and me. It makes me unhappy, Lena."

"Mr. Bayard! Mr. Bayard!" said Lena, with trembling lip, "I'll go drown in the outer harbor. I ain't fit to live . . . if *you* care. I did n't suppose you *cared*."

"You are not fit to die, Lena," returned Bayard gently. "And I do care. I have always thought you were born to be a fine woman. There's something I like about you. You are generous, and brave, and kind-hearted. Then see what a voice you have! You might have been a singer, Lena, and sung noble things — the music that makes people purer and better. You might have" . . .

"Oh, my God!" cried Lena, "I was singin' in that — in there — to-night. They're always after me to sing 'em into damnation."

"Lena," said Bayard in a thrilling tone, "look into my face!"

She obeyed him. High above her short stature Bayard's delicate countenance looked down at the girl. All the loathing, all the horror, all the repulsion that was in him for the sin, he suffered the sinner to see for the first time. His tender face darkened and quivered, shrinking like some live thing that she tormented.

"Oh!" wailed Lena, "am I like *that* — to you? Is it as bad as *that*?"

"It is as bad as that," answered the minister solemnly.

"Then I'll go drown," said Lena dully; "I might as well."

"No," he said quietly. "You will not drown. You will live, and make yourself a girl whom I can respect."

"Would you *ever* respect me — *respect* me, if I was to be — if I was to do what you say?" asked Lena in a low, controlled tone.

"I should respect you from my soul," said Bayard.

"Would you — would you be willing to — would you feel ashamed to shake

hands with me, Mr. Bayard — if I was a different girl?"

"I will shake hands with you now," returned the minister quietly, "if you will give me your word of honor that you will never, from this hour" —

"I will never, from this hour, so help me, God!" said Lena solemnly.

"So help her, God!" echoed Bayard.

He lifted his hand above her head, as if in prayer and blessing; then gently extended it. The girl's cold, purple fingers shook as he touched them. She held her bare hand up in the moonlight, as if to bathe it in whiteness.

"Mr. Bayard, sir," she said in her ordinary voice, "it is a bargain."

Bayard winced, in spite of himself, at the words, but he looked at Lena's face, and when he saw its expression he felt ashamed of his own recoil.

"Very well," he answered, adopting her businesslike tone, "so it is. Now, then, Lena! what next? What are you going to do? Have you any home — any friends — anywhere to turn?"

"I have no friend on all God's earth but you, sir," said Lena drearily, "but I guess I'll manage, somehow. I can mostly do what I set out to."

"Your mother?" asked Bayard gently.

"She died when my baby was born, sir. She died of the shame of it. I was fifteen year old."

"Oh! And the — the man? The father of your child?"

"He was a gentleman. He was a married man. I worked for him, in a shop. *He* ain't dead. But I'd sooner go to hell than look to him."

"I'd about as soon you would," the minister said in his heart; but his lips answered only, "You poor girl! You poor, poor, miserable girl!"

Then for the first time Lena broke down, and began to cry — there, on the streets, in the sight of every one.

"I must find you work — shelter — home — with some lady. I will do what-

ever *can* be done. Rely on me!" cried Bayard helplessly.

He began to realize what he had done in undertaking Lena's "case" without the help of a woman. Confusedly he ran over in his mind the names of the Christian women whom he knew, to whom he could turn in this emergency. He thought of Helen Carruth; but an image of the Professor's wife, her mother, being asked to introduce Lena into the domestic machinery of a Cesarea household half amused and half embittered him. He remembered the wife of his church treasurer, a kindly woman, trained now to doing the unexpected for Christ's sake.

"I will speak to Mrs. Bond. I will consider the matter. Perhaps there may be some position — some form of household service," he ventured, with the groping masculine idea that a domestic career was the only one open to a girl like Lena.

Then Lena laughed.

"Thank you, sir. But I ain't no more fit for housework than I be for a jeweler's trade, or floss embroidery, or a front pew in heaven. There ain't a lady in Christendom would put up with me. I would n't like it, either," said Lena candidly. "There's only one thing I would like. It's just come over me, standin' here. I guess I'll manage."

"I shall wish to know," observed Bayard anxiously, "what you are going to do, and where you will be."

"I'll take a room I know of," Lena answered. "It ain't in Angel Alley. It's a decent place. I'll get Johnny's mother to come along o' me. She's dead sick of the Widders' Home. She's kinder fond of me, Johnny's mother is, and she can take in or go out, to help a bit. Then I'll go over to the powder factory."

"The powder factory?" echoed the puzzled pastor.

"The gunpowder factory, over to the Cut. They're kinder short of hands. It ain't a popular business. The pay's good, and Lord! I should n't care! The

sooner I blow up, the safer I'll be. I guess I'd like it, too. I always thought I should."

"Very well," said the minister. "That may answer till we can find something better."

It was now past twelve o'clock, and the night was growing bitterly cold. Bayard said good-night to Lena, and they separated opposite Trawl's door.

He went shivering home, and stirred up his fire. He was cold to the heart. That discreet afterthought, which is the enemy of too many of our noble decisions, tormented him. He turned to his books, and, taking one which was lying open upon the study-table, read:—

"He spoke much about the wrongs of women; and it is very touching to know that, during the last year of his life, he frequently went forth at night, and endeavored to redeem the fallen women of Brighton."

It was not three days from this time that Captain Hap approached the minister on the alley, with a sober and anxious face. He held in his hand a copy of the *Windover Topsail*. His rough finger trembled as it pressed the paragraph which he handed in silence for Bayard to read:—

"We regret to learn that a certain prominent citizen of this place, who has been laboring among the sailors and fishermen in a quasi-clerical capacity, is so unfortunate as to find his name associated with a most unpleasant scandal arising out of his acquaintance with the disreputable women of the district in which he labors. We wish the reverend gentleman well out of his scrape, but may take occasion to suggest that such self-elected censors of our society and institutions must learn somehow that they cannot touch pitch and not be defiled, any more than ordinary men who do not make their pretensions to holiness."

"Well?" said Bayard, quietly returning the paper.

Job Slip had joined them, and read the paragraph over the captain's shoulder. Job was white to the lips with the virile rage of a man of the sea.

"I've shipped here, and I've coasted there, and I've sailed eenymost around the world," slowly said Captain Hap. "I never in my life — and I'm comin' on seventy-five year old — I never knew no town I would n't d'ruther see a scandal a-goin' in than this here. It's hell let loose on ye," added the captain grimly.

"Find me the fellar that put up that job!" roared Job Slip, rolling up his sleeves.

"He ain't fur to seek," answered the captain, with a short laugh.

"He's the devil and all his angels smithered into one!" raved Job.

"That's drawrin' of it mild," said Captain Hap.

"This — low — matter does not trouble me," observed Bayard, smiling with genuine and beautiful remoteness.

"Excuse me, sir," said Captain Hap; "that's all you know!"

## XXI.

Captain Hap was wiser in his generation than the child of light. Before a week had gone by, Bayard found himself the victim of one of the cruellest forms of human persecution — the scandal of a provincial town.

Its full force fell suddenly upon him.

Now this was the one thing for which he was totally unprepared: of every other kind of martyrdom, it seemed to him, he had recognized the possibility; this had never entered his mind.

He accepted it with that outward serenity which means in a man of his temperament the costliest expenditure of inward vitality, and, turning neither to the right nor to the left, kept on his way.

Averted looks avoided him upon the streets. Cold glances sought him in Angel Alley. Suspicion lurked in eyes that

had always met him cordially. Hands were withdrawn that had never failed to meet his heartily. His ears quivered with comments overheard as he passed through groups upon the business streets. The more public and the more respectable the place, the worse his reception. He came quickly into the habit of avoiding, when he could, the better portions of the town.

Before he had time to determine on any given course of conduct, he felt himself hunted down into Angel Alley, like other outcasts.

The Reverend Mr. Fenton, in this crisis, did what appealed to him as a praiseworthy deed. He came down to the chapel, and, in the eyes of Angel Alley, sought his classmate boldly. Give him the credit of the act; it meant more than we may readily distinguish.

Men who conform, who live like other men, who think in the accustomed channels, are not to be judged by the standards which we hold before our heroes. He held out his hand to Bayard with some unnecessary effusion.

"My dear fellow!" he murmured, "this is really — you know — I came to — express my sympathy."

"Thank you, Fenton," said Bayard quietly.

He said nothing more, and Fenton looked embarrassed. He had prepared himself at some length to go into the subject. He felt that Bayard's natural indiscretion needed the check which it had probably now received, for life. But he found himself unable to say anything of the kind. The words shriveled on his tongue. His own eyes fell before Bayard's high look. A spectator might have thought their positions to be reversed: that the clergyman was the culprit, and the slandered missionary the judge and patron. Fenton was uncomfortable, and, after a few meaningless words, he said good-morning, and turned away.

"Of course," he observed, as he went down the long steps of the mission, "you

will meet this slander by some explanation or change of tack? You will adapt your course hereafter to the circumstances?"

"I shall explain nothing, and change nothing," answered Bayard calmly. "I should do the same thing over again tomorrow, if I had it to do. I have committed no imprudence, and I shall stoop to no apology. I doubt if there are six civilized places in this country where an honest man in my position, doing my work, would have been subjected to the consequences which have befallen a simple deed of Christian mercy such as has been done by scores of better men than I, before me. Why, it has not even the merit — or demerit — of originality! I did not invent the salvation of the Magdalene. That dates back about two thousand years. It takes a pretty low mind to slander a man for it."

This was the only bitter thing that he was heard to say. It may be pardoned him. It silenced the Reverend Mr. Fenton, and he departed thoughtfully from Angel Alley.

As Bayard looked back upon these lonely days, when the fury of the storm which swept about his ears had subsided, as such social tornadoes do, he perceived that the thing from which he had suffered most keenly was the disapproval of his own people. Wrong him they did not, because they could not. They might as easily have smirched the name and memory of the beloved disciple. But criticise him they did, poor souls! Wind-over gossip, the ultimatum of their narrow lives, seemed to them to partake of the finalities of death and the judgment. The treasurer of the society was troubled.

"We must reef to the breeze! we must reef to the breeze!" he repeated mournfully. "But, my dear sir, you must allow me to say that I think it would have been better seamanship to have avoided it altogether."

"What would you have had me do, Mr. Bond?" asked Bayard, looking rather

pale. "I am sorry to disappoint *you*. The love and trust of my own people are all I have," he faltered.

"Some witness, for instance," suggested Mr. Bond. "To be sure, you did call on the police, I am told."

"All Angel Alley was my witness," returned Bayard, recovering his self-possession.

"Some woman, then — some lady?"

"Name the woman. I thought of summoning your wife. Should you have let her go on such an errand, on such a night, at such an hour, and under such conditions?"

"I ought to have let her go," answered the officer of the heretic church honestly. "I'm not sure that I should."

He looked perplexed, but none the less troubled for that, and sighed as he shook hands with his pastor. Mrs. Bond took her husband's arm, and walked away with him. "I would have done it, John," she said. But she was crying; so was Mrs. Granite. Jane's face was white and scared. Captain Hap was very sober. Job Slip was significantly silent. Rumor had it that a fight was brewing between Job and the Trawls. Job's anger, if thoroughly aroused, was a serious affair. Bayard felt the discomfort and annoyance of his people acutely. He went away alone, and walked up and down the winter coast, for miles and hours, trying to regain himself in solitude and the breath of the sea. For some time he found it impossible to think coherently. A few words got the ring of his mind and shook it: —

"From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him."

Usually, in such a situation, some one trivial occurrence fixes itself upon the sore imagination of a man, and galls him above all the really important aspects of his misfortune. This trifle came to Bayard in the reception of a letter from the girl herself: —

DEAR SIR, MR. BAYARD: My hart will brake to think I cause you shame for savin of a poor girl. I see that peece in the paper. It aint far to gess who done it. If it wasnt for disgrasin you Ide kill Ben Trawl tonite. I wouldnt mind hangin. I know how Ide do it too. But don't you trubble I won't shame you no more. I'll clare out all-together. So good-bye and God bless you Sir.

This is from,

Yours respectfully,

LENA.

Bayard's reply to Lena's note was to go straight to the gunpowder factory and speak with the girl. The superintendent stood by, and overheard him say in a commanding tone: —

"Lena, you will not leave this town. You will come to the chapel as usual. You will sing with us next Sunday. You will pay no attention to anything that you hear or see. You will never suffer yourself even to *suppose* that any base, low mind or tongue can injure your pastor. You will do as I bid you, and you will become the woman you promised to. You will do this with my help or without it. Anything may happen to a person. Nothing can undo a promise."

"Mr. Bayard, sir," said Lena, forcing back her tears, for she was not a crying girl, "I'm a girl of my word, and I ain't going back on you. But there's one thing I've got to say. Mebbe I should n't have another chance, bein' things are as they be. I *did* want to ask you, Mr. Bayard, sir, if I was to be a good girl long enough — as long as you should set the time to make me fit — do you suppose, Mr. Bayard, you would ever feel so as if you could touch your hat to me same as you do to decent girls?"

The superintendent of the powder factory brushed his hand across his eyes. Bayard was much moved.

The dark little figure of the girl, in her working-clothes, standing stolidly at

her post in the most dangerous of the deadly trades, wherein no "hand" can insure his life, blurred before the minister. He thought how little life could mean to Lena, at its kindest and best.

"When the time comes," he said gently, "I shall lift my hat to you."

"That's worth while," said Lena in her short, forcible way. She turned and went back to the workroom.

The factory seemed to throb with the struggle of imprisoned death to burst its bars. Bayard came out into the air with the long breath which the bravest man always drew when he left the building.

These incidents (which are events to the solitary, missionary life) were but two days old when Joey Slip climbed the minister's stairs, sobbing dolorously.

Rumor was running in Windover that Job was drunk again. Neither the child nor the wife could say if truth were in it, for neither had seen the man since yesterday. But Mari had dispatched the boy to the minister with the miserable news. With a smothered exclamation which Joey found it impossible to translate, Bayard snatched the child's hand and set forth. His face wore a terrible look. He reached the wharves in time to come directly upon Job, the centre of a ring of jeering roughs. Muddy, wet, torn, splashed with slime from the docks, hatless, and raving, Job was doing his maudlin best to fight Ben Trawl, who stood at a safe distance, smiling with the cynicism of a rumseller who never drinks. Job, poor Job, the "reformed man;" Job, who had fought harder for his manhood than most sober men ever fight for anything, from the baby's crib to the broadcloth casket; Job, the "pillar" of Christlove mission, the pride and pet of the struggling people; Job, the one sure comfort of his pastor's most discouraged hour — Job stood there, abased and hideous.

He had lived one splendid year; he had done one glorious thing; he had achieved that for which better men than

he should take off their hats to him. And there — Bayard looked once, and covered his face.

Job recognized him, and, frenzied as he was, sunk upon his knees in the mud, and crawled towards the minister, piteously holding up his hands. One must have been in Job's place, or in Bayard's, to understand what that moment was to these two men.

In the paltry scenes of what we call the society of the world, there are no actors who should criticise, as there are few who can comprehend the rôles of this plain and common tragedy.

With the eyes of a condemning angel, Bayard strode into the group, and took Job home.

"It's clear D. T.," said Captain Hap between his teeth.

Bayard sent for a doctor, who prescribed chloral, and said the case was serious. Mari put on a clean apron, and dusted up the rooms, and reinforced the minister, who proceeded to nurse Job for thirty-six hours. Captain Hap went home. He said he'd rather tie a slip-knot round the fellar's neck and draw it taut.

But when Job came to himself, poor fellow, the truth came with him. Job had been the blameless victim of one of those incredible but authenticated plots which lend blackness to the dark complexion of the liquor trade.

Job was working ashore, it seemed, for a week, being out of a chance to ship; and he had been upon the wharves, salting down fish, and came out at his nooning, with the rest, for his lunch. There was a well, in a yard, by the fish-flakes, and a dipper, chained, hung from the pump.

It came Job's turn to drink from the dipper. And when he had drunk, the devil entered into him; for the rim of the dipper had been maliciously smeared with rum. Into the parched body of the "reformed man" the fire of that flavor ran, as flame runs through stubble in a drought.

The half-cured drunkard remembered putting down his head and starting for the nearest grog-shop on a run, with a yell. From that moment till Bayard found him, Job remembered nothing more. Such episodes of the nether world are not rare enough to be doubted, and this one is no fiction.

"I'm in for it now," groaned Job. "Might as well go to h—— and done with it."

Then Bayard, haggard from watching, turned and looked on Job. Job put his hands before his face.

"Oh, *sir!*" he cried. "But you see there ain't a wharf-rat left in Windover as 'u'd trust me now!"

"Take my hand, Job," said the minister slowly.

Job took it, sobbing like a baby.

"Now climb up again, Job!" said Bayard in a strong voice. "I'm with you!"

Thus went the words of the shortest sermon of the minister's life. To the end of his days, Job Slip will think it was the greatest and the best.

Captain Hap, penitent, but with no idea of saying so, came up the tenement stairs. Mari and Joey sat beside the fire. Mari was frying chunks of haddock for supper. Joey was singing in a contented little voice something that he had caught in the mission:—

"Veresawidenessin Godsmer—cy  
Likevewidenessof vesea.

ForveloveofGod is bwoard—er  
Vanvemeazzerof mansmine  
Anve heartof veE—ter—nal  
Ismoswonderfully kine."

"Hear the boy!" cried Mari, laughing for the first time for many black days.

"What in the world is he singin'?" asked Joey's father.

"Why, I'm sure it's as plain as can be," said Joey's mother.

"There's a wideness in God's mercy,  
Like the wideness of the sea."

Then he says:—

"For the love of God is broader  
Than the measure of man's mind,

And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderful and kind."

Oh, ain't he the clever boy?"

"We'll see," said Job unexpectedly, putting his feet to the floor. "I ain't a-goin' to have the little fellar ashamed of his father, see if I be!"

"All the same," observed Captain Hap dryly, "I would n't go on the street to-night, if I was you. I'll stay along of you a spell. The minister's beat out. There's enough goin' on yet to capsize a soberer man than you be, Job. The fellar that did this here ain't a-goin' to stop at rims of dippers. No, sir! . . . Job Slip! don't you teeh nothin'; not *nothin'* outside of your own house, this six month to come! Not a soda, Job! Not a tumbler o' milk! Not a cup o' coffee! Not a swaller o' water! No, nor a bite of victuals. You'll be hunted down like a rat. There's bread buttered with phosphorus layin' round loose for ye 'most anywhere. Everybody knows who done this. 'Tain't no use to spile good English callin' bad names. He won't stop at nothin' partikkelar to drawr you under."

"But why?" asked Bayard. "Why should he hound down poor Job so?"

"To spite you, sir," replied the captain without hesitation.

In the dead silence which followed the captain's words, Joey's little voice piped up again:—

"Be hushed my dark spew—it  
Ve wussvateancome  
But shortens vy zhour—nee  
Anhastingsme home."

Joey stole up merrily, and patted out the tune with his little fingers on the minister's pale cheek.

"He says," began Mari proudly,

"Be hushed, my dark spirit,  
The worst that can come!"—

But Captain Hap, who was not in a pious mood, interrupted the maternal translation:—

"Folks say that they've got into their  
— heads their license is in genooine

danger. Confine yourself to prayin' an' singin', an' they don't deny that 's what you 're hired for. Folks say if you meddle with city politics, there ain't an insurance company in New England 'u'd take a policy on your life, sir. You might as well hear what 's goin' on, Mr. Bayard. I don't suspicion it 'll make no odds to you. I told 'em you would n't tech the politics of this here town with a forty-fathom grapplin'-iron — no, nor with a harbor-dredger!"

"You 're right there, Captain," returned Bayard, smiling.

"Then 't ain't true about the license?" asked the captain anxiously.

"I have nothing to conceal in the matter, Captain," answered Bayard, after a moment's silence. "There are legalized crimes in Angel Alley which I shall fight till I die. But it will be slow work. I don't do it by lobbying. I have my own methods, and you must grant me my own counsel."

"The dawn that rises on the Trawls without their license," slowly said the captain, "that day, sir, you may as well call on the city marshal for a body-guard. You 'll need it!"

"Oh, you and Job will answer, I fancy," replied Bayard, laughing.

He went straight home and to bed, where he slept fitfully till nearly noon of the next day. He was so exhausted with watching and excitement that there is a sense of relief in thinking that the man was granted this one night's rest before what was to be befall him.

For at midnight of the succeeding night he was awakened by the clang of the city bells. It was a still night, there was little wind, and the tide was calm at the ebb. The alarm was quite distinct and easily counted. One? two? three? Six? One — two — three. Six. Thirty-six. Thirty-six was the call from the business section of the town. This alarm rang in for the Board of Trade, Angel Alley, the wharves, and certain banks and important shops.

"A fire on the wharves, probably," thought Bayard; he turned on his pillow. "The fire-boat will reach it in three minutes. It is likely to be some slight affair."

One — two — three. Six. One — two — three. Six. *One-two. One-two.* The sounding of the general alarm aroused him thoroughly. He got to the window and flung open the blinds. In the heart of the city, two miles away, a pillar of flame shot straight towards the sky, which hung above it as red as the dashed blood of a mighty slaughter.

At this moment a man came running, and leaped on Mrs. Granite's fence, looking up through the dark.

"Mr. Bayard! Mr. Bayard!" he called loudly.

"Bob! Is that you? What is it? Where is it?"

"It 's Angel Alley, sir."

"Be there in a minute, Bob."

"But, Mr. Bayard, sir — there 's them as think you 're safer where you be. Job Slip says you stay to home if you love us, Mr. Bayard!"

"Wait for me, Bob!" commanded Bayard. "I 'm half dressed now."

"But, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Bayard — you ain't got it through your head — I said I would n't be the man to tell you, and I wish to gollyswash I 'd stuck to it."

"Bob! It is n't the *Mission*?"

"Oh, sir — yes! They 've set us afire!"

"Now, Bob," said the minister, suddenly shooting up in the dark at Bob's side, with coat and vest over his arm, "run for it! Run!"

The building was doomed from the first. The department saw that at a glance, and concentrated its skill upon the effort to save the block.

The deed had been dexterously done. The fire sprang from half a dozen places, and had been burning inwardly, it was thought, for an hour before it was dis-

covered. The people had been too poor to hire a night-watchman.

"We trusted Providence," muttered Captain Hap. "And this is what we get for it!"

The crowd parted before the minister when he came panting up, with Bob a rod behind. Bayard had got into his coat on the way, but he had not waited for his hat. In the glare, with his bared head and gray-white face, he gathered an unearthly radiance.

He made out to get under the ropes, and sprang up the steps of the burning building.

"No, sir!" said the chief respectfully; "you can't get in now. We've saved all we could."

"There are some things I *must* have. I can get at them. I've done this before. Let me in!" commanded the minister.

All the coherent thought he had at that moment was that he must save some of the pictures — Helen's pictures that she had given to the people. In that shock of trouble they took on a delirious preciousness to him.

"Let me into my own chapel!" he thundered.

But the chief put his hand upon the preacher's breast, and held it there.

"Not another step, Mr. Bayard. The roof will fall in five minutes. Get back, sir!"

He heard his people calling him; strong hands took hold of him; pitying faces looked at him.

"Come, Mr. Bayard," some one said gently. "Turn away with us. Don't see it go."

He protested no more, but obeyed quietly. For the first time since they had known him, he faltered, and broke before his people. They led him away, like a wounded man. He covered his face when the crash came. The sparks flew far and hot over the wharves, and embers followed. The water hissed as it received them.

At the first gray of dawn the minis-

ter was on the grounds again. Evidently he had not slept. There was a storm in the sky, and slow, large flakes of snow were falling. The crowd had gone, and the alley was deserted. Only a solitary guardian of the ruins remained. Bayard stood before them, and looked up. Now a singular thing had happened. The electric wire which fed the illuminated sign in front of the mission had not been disconnected by the fire; it had so marvelously and beautifully happened; only a few of the little colored glass globes had been broken, and four white and scarlet words, paling before the coming day, and blurring in the snow, but burning steadily, answered the smothered tongues of fire and lips of smoke which muttered from the ruins.

As day opened, the people began to collect upon the spot. Expressions of awe or of superstition were heard, as they looked up and read, serene and undisturbed against the background of the rising storm,

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

## XXII.

Immediately upon the destruction of the chapel two things happened. The first was a visit from Mr. Hermon Worcester. Nothing could have been more unexpected; and when Bayard, coming into his lodgings one dreary afternoon, found his uncle in the bony rocking-chair, the young man was much moved.

Mr. Worcester, not untouched by the sight of his nephew's emotion, held out an embarrassed hand. Bayard took it warmly. He had learned the lesson of loneliness so thoroughly that he was ill prepared for the agitation of this little, common, human incident.

"You are ill, Manuel!" cried the elder man. "Good heavens, how you have changed! I had no idea — You should have told me!" he added, with the old autocratic accent. "I ought to

have been informed. . . . And *this* is how you live ! ”

Hermon Worcester looked slowly about him. His eye fell on the paper screen, the mosquito-net portière, the iron angel on the stove, the hard lounge, the old carpet, the stained wall-paper ; he scrutinized the bookcase, he glanced at the St. Michael. When he saw the great Christ, he coughed, and turned his face away ; got up uneasily, and went into the bedroom, where he fell to examining the cotton comforters.

“ At least,” he said sharply, “ you could have sent for your own hair mattress ! Nobody has slept on it since ” —

He broke off, and returned to the skeleton rocking-chair, with an expression of discomfiture so serious that Bayard pitied him. He hastened to say : —

“ Oh, I have done very well, very well indeed, Uncle. A man expects to rough it, if he chooses to be a home missionary. Give yourself no concern — now.”

If there were an almost uncontrollable accent on the last word, Mr. Hermon Worcester failed to notice it. Something in that other phrase had arrested his orthodox attention. A home missionary ? A home missionary. Was it possible to regard this heretic boy in that irreproachable light ?

To the home missions of his denomination Mr. Worcester was a large and important contributor. Now and then an ecclesiastical Dives is to be found who gives a certain preference to the heathen of his own land before those of India, Africa, and Japan : Mr. Worcester had always been one of these illuminated men. Indeed, Japan, Africa, and India had been known to reflect upon the character of his Christianity for the reason that his checks were cashed for the benefit of Idaho, Tennessee, and the Carolinas.

To this hour it had not occurred to Mr. Worcester that the heathen of Windover could be properly rated as in the home missionary field. Even the starv-

ing pastors in the northern counties of Vermont might have gratefully called for yearly barrels of his old clothes ; but Windover ? Why, that was within two hours of Boston ! And ah, the Vermont ministers were always “ sound.” In Idaho, Tennessee, and the Carolinas, where was a corrupt theology to be found ?

But that phrase had lodged in some nick of Mr. Worcester’s mind ; and he could no more brush it off than one can brush away a seed out of reach in the crevice of a rock. He regarded his nephew with a certain tolerance, warmly tinged by compassion.

“ The boy is a wreck,” he said to himself. “ Manuel will die if this goes on. He might have expected it. And so might I.”

The old man’s face worked. He spoke, crossly enough. Bayard remembered that he always used to be cross when he was touched.

“ What ’s to happen now ? Ready to give it up, Manuel ? ”

“ I am ready to begin all over again,” replied Emanuel, smiling.

His voice had the ring that his uncle knew too well ; when he was a little fellow, and bound to do a thing whether or no, he spoke in that tone, and always with that engaging smile.

“ Who pays for this phoenix ? ” asked the man of business brusquely. “ I passed by your place. It is a fine heap of ashes. A curious sight I saw there, too. That sign you hang out — those four words.”

Bayard nodded. “ It is a pleasant accident. The department says it is almost unprecedented. Oh, we shall crawl up somehow, Uncle ! I don’t feel *very* anxious. The town hall is already hired for temporary use. There is great excitement in the city over the whole affair. You see, it has reached the proportions, now, of a deadlock between the rum interest and the decent citizens. Our treasurer is circulating some sort of a paper. I think he hopes to collect a few

hundreds — enough to tide us over till we can see land. I don't know just how it is all coming out. Of course we can't expect the help that an ordinary church would get in a similar trouble."

"I'm glad if you recognize that fact, Manuel," replied Mr. Worcester uncomfortably. In his heart he was saying, "The boy has his mother's splendid Worcester pride. He'll perish here, like a starving eagle on a deserted crag, but he won't *ask* me!"

"You need a new building," observed Mr. Worcester, with that quiet way of putting a startling thing which was another Worcester quality. "You seem to have made — from your own point of view — what any man of affairs would call a success here. Of course, you understand, Manuel, that I cannot approve of your course. It has been the greatest grief of my life."

Bayard hastened to say that his comprehension of this point was not limited.

"From *your* point of view, not mine, Manuel, I should, as a man of business, suggest that a new building — your own property — something to impress business men, you know — something to give material form to that — undoubtedly sincere and — however mistaken — unselfish religious effort that you have wasted in this freezing hole . . . I wonder, Manuel, if you could put the draughts on that confounded box-burner with the angel atop? I don't know when I've been so chilly!"

Bayard hastened to obey this request, without intimating that the draughts were closed to save the coal. This species of political economy was quite outside of his uncle's experience; and yet, perhaps the man of business had more imagination than his nephew gave him credit for; he said abruptly:—

"Look here, Manuel, I've got to get the seven-o'clock train home, you know, and I'd best do the errand I came on, at once. You know those old Virginia mines of your mother's? There was a

little stock there, you remember? It went below zero. Has n't been heard of for twenty years. But it remained on the inventory of the estate, you know. Well, it's come up. There's a new plant gone in — Northern enterprise — and the stock is on the market again. There is only a trifle, a paltry two thousand, if well handled. It's yours, you see, whatever there is of it. I came down to ask if you would like to have me force a sale for you."

"Two thousand dollars!" cried Bayard, turning pale. "Why, it would almost build me — at least, it would furnish a new chapel. We had about so much of inside property — library, piano, pictures, settees, hymn-books, and all that — it is all a dead loss. Unfortunately, Mr. Bond had never insured it — we were so poor; every dollar tells!"

"Then he was a very bad man of business for a church — for a — missionary officer!" cried Mr. Worcester irritably; "and I hope you'll do nothing of the kind. You could spend that amount on your personal necessities inside of six months, and then not know it, sir! You are — I hope, Manuel," sternly, "that you will regard my wish, for once, in one respect, before I die. Don't fling your mother's money into the bottomless pit of this unendowed, burnt-out, unpopular enterprise! Wait awhile, Manuel. Wait a little and think it over. I don't think, under the circumstances," added Mr. Worcester, with some genuine dignity, "that it is very much to ask."

"Perhaps it is not," replied Bayard thoughtfully. "At least, I will consider it, as you say."

Four days after, an envelope from Boston was put into Bayard's hand. It contained a type-written letter, setting forth the fact that the writer desired to contribute to the erection of the new chapel in Windover known by the name of Christlove, and representing a certain phase of home missionary effort, the enclosed sum. It was a bank draft for

twenty-five hundred dollars. The writer withheld his name, and requested that no effort be made to identify him. He also desired that his contribution be used, if possible, in a conditional character, to stimulate the growth of a collection sufficient to put the building, and the mission behind it, upon a suitable basis.

The following day Mr. Worcester sent to Bayard by personal check the remnant of his mother's property. This little sum seemed as large, now, to the Beacon Street boy, as if he had been reared in one of the Vermont parsonages to which his uncle sent old overcoats; or, one might say, as if he had never left the shelter of that cottage under the pine grove in Bethlehem, where his eyes first opened upon the snow-girt hills. Self-denial speaks louder in the blood than indulgence, after all; and who knew how much of Bayard's simple manliness in the endurance of privation he owed to the pluck of the city girl who left the world for love of one poor man, and to become the mother of another?

Bayard had scarcely adjusted his mind to these events when he received from Helen Carruth this letter:—

"MY DEAR MR. BAYARD, — My little note of sympathy with your great trouble did not deserve so prompt an answer. I thank you for it. I could not quite make up my mind to tell you, in the midst of so much care and anxiety, what I can delay no longer in saying" —

Bayard laid down the letter. The room grew black before his starting eyes.

"There is another man," he thought. "She is engaged. She cannot bear to tell me."

Sparks of fire leaped before his eyeballs. Black swung into purple — into gray — light returned; and he read on:

"If I flatter myself in supposing that you might mind it a little, why, the mistake hurts nobody, neither you nor me; but the fact is we are not coming to Wind-

over this summer. We sail for Europe next week.

"Father has decided quite suddenly, and there is nothing to be done but to go. It is something to do with Exegesis, if you please! There is a mistake in Exegesis, you know — in the New Version. It seems to me a pretty Old Version by this time, but Father has always been stirred up about it. He has been corresponding with a German Professor for a year or two on this burning subject. I have an inarticulate suspicion that, between them, they mean to write the New Testament over again. Could they do another Version? How many Versions *can* be versed?

"I never graduated, you know; I never even attended a Cesarea Anniversary in my life (and you can't think how it shocked the Trustees at dinner, and *that* was such fun, so I kept on not going!), and I can't be expected to fathom these matters. Anyhow, it is mixed up with the Authenticity of the Fourth Gospel, and the Effect of German Rationalism upon the Evangelical Faith. It is a reason full of capital letters and Orthodoxy — and go he will. He won't leave Mother behind, for he is one of the men who believe in living with their wives; he's just as dependent on his womenkind when he's engaged in a theological row as a boy who's got hurt at football; and I've got to go to take care of the two of them. So there it is! I think there is a convention in Berlin — an Exegetical Something — anyhow, there's a date, and live up to it we must. He has sublet the Flying Jib to the Prudential Committee of the A. B. C. F. M. — I mean to one of it, with six grandchildren. Think how they'll punch their fists through our lace curtains! I wish you'd go down and tell Mr. Salt they shan't have my dory. Could n't you manage to use it yourself? And I — I can't take Joey Slip to the circus, nor sit down in sackcloth on the ashes of Christlove Chapel to help you.

"Truly, dear friend, I *meant* to help this summer. And I am disappointed, if you care to know it.

Yours faithfully,

HELEN CARRUTH.

"I forgot to say that father has doubled up his lectures, and the Trustees have given him the whole summer term. This, I believe, is in view of the importance of the quarrel over the Fourth Gospel. We sail in the *Scythia* a week from Saturday."

It was early afternoon of the next day, when Helen, standing in her window to draw the shades, glanced over automatically at the third-story northwest corner front of Galilee Hall. The room had long since been occupied by a middler with blue spectacles and a peaked beard; a long-legged fellow, who was understood to be a Hebrew scholar and quite Old School, and was expected to fill a large parish without offending the senior deacon. Privately, Helen hated the middler. But the eye that had learned to wander at sunset across the Seminary "yard" to the window blazing in gold and glory had slowly unlearned the lesson of its brief and pleasant habit. Even yet, on blue-white winter days, when life stood still to freeze on Cesarea Hill, Helen found herself drearily looking at the glittering glass, as one looks at the smile on a face from which the soul has fled.

It was still many hours to sunset, and the early April afternoon fell gustily and gray upon the snows of Cesarea. It was not a sunny day, and Cesarea was at her worst. Helen idly watched a figure splashing through two feet of slush "across lots" over the Seminary grounds from the Trustees' Hotel.

"A post-graduate," she thought, "back on a visit. Or, more likely, a minister without a pulpit, coming to Cesarea after a parish, or places to supply. Probably he has seven children and a mother-in-law to support. If he's 'sound,' he'll

come to Father — no — yes. Why, *yes!*" She drew suddenly back from the window. It was Emanuel Bayard.

He waded through the slush as quickly as so tired a man could. He had walked from the station, saving his coach fare, and had made but feint of being a guest at the hotel, where he had not dined. He was not quite prepared to let Helen know that he had lunched on cold johnny-cake and dried beef, put up by Mrs. Granite in a red cotton doily, and tenderly pinned over by Jane with a safety-pin.

He lifted his eyes to the gloomy landscape for illumination, which it denied him. He knew no more than the snow professor what he should do, what he should say; no, nor why he had lapsed into this great weakness, and come to Cesarea at all. He felt as if he might make, indeed, a mortal mistake, one way or the other. He pleaded to himself that he must see her face once more, or perish. Nature was mightier than he, and drove him on, as it drives the strongest of us in those reactions from our strenuous vow and sternest purpose, for which we have lacked the simple foresight to provide in our plan of life.

There was a new snow professor, by the way, comfortably melting before the pump beside the Academy commons. He had been considered sounder than any of his predecessors, and had been supplied with a copy of St. Augustine's Confessions, which he perused with a corn-cob pipe between his lips of ice. A Westminster catechism ornamented his vest pocket. He was said to have slumped beautifully when the thaw came.

Bayard shot a tolerant smile at the snow professor's remains, as he came up the steps.

Helen herself answered his ring. Both of them found this so natural that neither commented upon the little act of friendliness.

The Professor was at his lecture, and Mrs. Carruth was making her final ap-

pearance at certain local Cesarea charities ; principally, to-day, at the Association for Assisting Indigent Married Students with blankets and baby-clothes. Helen explained these facts with her usual irreverence, as she ushered her visitor into the parlor.

"If I had a fortune," she observed, "I would found a society in Cesarea for making it a Penal Offense for a Married Man to Study for the Ministry without a Visible Income. The title is a little long, don't you think? How could we shorten it? It's worse than the Cruelty to Animals thing. Mr. Bayard? — why, Mr. Bayard!"

When she saw the expression of his face, her own changed with remorseful swiftness.

"You are perfectly right," he said, with sudden, smiting incisiveness. "You are more than right. It is the greatest act of folly of my life that I am here."

He stood still, and looked at her. The despair she saw in his eyes seemed to her a measureless, bottomless thing.

"I *had* to come," he said. "How could I let you go, without — you *must* see that I had to look upon your face once more. Forgive me — dear!"

Her chin trembled, at the lingering of that last, unlooked-for word.

"I have tried," said Bayard slowly. "You won't misunderstand me if I say I have tried to do the best I can, at Wind-over; and I have failed in it," he added bitterly, "from every point of view, and in every way!"

"As much as that," said Helen, "happened to the Founder of the Christian religion. You are presumptuous if you expect anything different."

"You are right," answered Bayard, with that instinctive humility which was at once the strongest and the sweetest thing about him. "I accept your rebuke."

"Oh," cried Helen, holding out her hands, "I *could* n't rebuke you! I" — she faltered.

"You see," said Bayard slowly, "that's just the difference, the awful, infinite difference. All His difficulties were from the outside."

"How do you know that?" asked Helen quickly.

"I don't," replied Bayard thoughtfully. "I don't know. But I have been accustomed to think so. Perhaps I am under the traditions yet; perhaps I am no nearer right than the other Christians I have separated myself from. But mine, you see — my obstacles, the things that make it so hard — the only thing that makes it seem impossible for me to go on — is within myself. You don't suppose He ever loved a woman — as I — love you? It's impossible!" cried the young man. "Why, there are times when it seems to me that if the salvation of the world hung in one scale, and you in the other — as if I" — He finished by a blinding look. Her face drooped, but did not fall. He could see her fingers tremble. "It was something," he went on dully, "to see you; to know that I — why, all winter I have lived on it, on the knowledge that summer was coming — that you — Oh, *you* can't know! *You* can't understand! I could bear all the rest!" he cried. "This — this" —

His sentence broke, and was never completed; for Helen looked up into his face. It was ashen, and all its muscles were set like stiffening clay. She lifted her eyes and gave them to him.

"I do understand. . . . I *do*," she breathed. "Would it make you any happier if you knew — if I should tell you — of course, I know what you said; that we can't . . . but would it be any easier if I should tell you that I have loved you all the time?"

*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

## EBENEZER ROCKWOOD HOAR.

ON conscience, as on rock New England's hills,  
 His life was built. With reason's inward sight,  
 He saw as though from a cold mountain height,  
 When the white day pure winter's radiance fills.  
 Hot with the wrath of justice, against ills  
 Wrought out of wrong he waged a fearless fight,  
 And stood unflinching for imperiled right,  
 Freedom, and country, — one who greatly wills.  
 Sparkling his wit as beads of foaming wine,  
 But keen to pierce as pointed rapier blade;  
 Tender in heart, wise, cheerful to the end,  
 To Concord's soil as native as its vine,  
 There with most precious dust New England laid  
 The statesman, jurist, judge, and steadfast friend.

*Darwin E. Ware.*

## HOW JUDGE HOAR CEASED TO BE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

THE recent death of Judge Hoar so nearly ends the list of living men who were his colleagues in the Cabinet when he was Grant's first Attorney - General that the events of that time may fairly be considered matter for historical treatment. What we call political reasons for reticence have lost their force. If the facts connected with his retirement from office teach any lesson, there seems to be no good reason why it should not be taught. If they throw light upon the characteristics of President Grant and help to make him and his administration more clearly intelligible, it may be of service to true history to make them known. Not even party interests can now be promoted by concealment, and there is always a chance that the cause of good government may be helped by indicating what led to past errors which are pretty generally confessed.

Current popular opinion in 1870 ascribed Judge Hoar's retirement from the Cabinet to discontent with his position

and duties, to irritation at the rejection of his nomination to the Supreme Court, and to personal chafing in his relations to those with whom a public officer must work. It was left, in most men's minds, vaguely doubtful whether he had taken the initiative in the matter of his resignation, or whether the President had been led to ask for it on account of embarrassments growing out of supposed eccentricities of temper which interfered with cordiality between the executive and legislative departments of the government.

It is the essence of apology to put strongly forward the plausible circumstances which mitigate a severe judgment, and political apologies are apt to be the most perfunctory of all. Anything is urged which may silence or soften public complaint, and in Judge Hoar's case it became very quickly evident that the popular instinct had divined that a blunder had been made, if a positive wrong had not been done. His magnanimity was shown by his silence, for he must

have been sorely tempted at times to tell what the facts were. He was so sincerely anxious that Grant's administration should be a success that he urged his friends to ignore everything which was personal to himself, and to treat his retirement as an incident so naturally resulting from circumstances as not to call for discussion.

His intellectual ability, his learning, his sterling integrity, were universally recognized. His wit was of the highest and purest flavor, and was not merely an adornment of his conversation; he made it a potent auxiliary of his logic, clinching the triumph of an argument and disarming an adversary by an illustration that made opposition seem ridiculous. When dealing with injustice or dishonesty, the edge of his humorous sarcasm cut like a knife, and the doer of a wrong had no refuge from self-contempt but in wrath and hatred. With those who tried to force incompetent or unworthy men into positions in the Department of Justice he was righteously indignant, and nearly every complaint of acerbity in his temper could be traced directly to discomfited attempts to make judges or district attorneys of disreputable or unfit men. With spoilsmen of this class he was apt to use plain English. No doubt he had thus made a considerable number of influential enemies by the close of 1869. The passage of the new judiciary act called for the nomination of the whole class of circuit judges, and the Attorney-General's heart was set on having the new places filled by men who would honor the bench in the performance of judicial duties subordinate only to those of the Supreme Court. He could not always make his judgment of men potent, but the President stood by him so well, on the whole, that the judicial nominations sent to the Senate that winter are proof enough of his character and his courage.

It was in the midst of irritations thus growing out of struggles to influence a

large batch of appointments of so important a kind that Judge Hoar's own name was sent to the Senate with the nomination to the bench of the Supreme Court. There were two vacancies, and Edwin M. Stanton was nominated to the other. Judge Hoar did not seek the place, nor take any initiative in the matter. He was too thoroughly a lawyer not to be fully sensible of the great honor of the position, but he was too clear-headed not to estimate at their value the antagonisms he must meet. The reasons for the President's action are found, in part, in circumstances which grew out of the original organization of the Cabinet.

As will be remembered, Grant's first nomination to the Treasury Department was that of Mr. A. T. Stewart, of New York. He was chagrined that legal objections to a merchant's serving in that office should interfere with his plan. Governor Boutwell, of Massachusetts, was the strong choice of many members of Congress, but to appoint two Cabinet officers from the same State was unusual, and the President hesitated. It was then, at the very beginning of his service, that Judge Hoar assured the President that if, at that time or any other, his resignation would relieve him of any embarrassment in the matter, he would tender it at once. It is, perhaps, enough for the moment to say that the vacancy in the Supreme Court appeared to the President to offer an honorable solution of the anomaly in the Cabinet organization.

It has been stated with some color of authority that Grant had offered the post of Secretary of the Interior to Governor Boutwell, in the first cast of the Cabinet, and that the nomination of Judge Hoar to the attorney-generalship was determined on when Mr. Boutwell had declined the place as taking him out of the line of congressional work, for which he had special predilection. I do not know that this is true, but it accords well with Judge Hoar's suggestion that if any embarrassment resulted from the pre-

sence of two Massachusetts men in the Cabinet, he himself should be the one to retire.

The interesting question then is, How did any embarrassment for the President arise, and how did he act upon it? The answer is found in the history of the effort to annex San Domingo to the United States, a curious chapter in American administration.

General Rawlins had died at the beginning of September, 1869, and his death was an irreparable loss to Grant and to the administration. Other men might fill the office of Secretary of War, but no other man could be found who could be the successful intermediary between General Grant and his associates in public duty. His friendship for his chief was of so sacredly intimate a character that he alone could break through the taciturnity into which Grant settled when he found himself in any way out of accord with the thoughts and opinions of those around him. Rawlins could argue, could expostulate, could condemn, could even upbraid, without interrupting for an hour the fraternal confidence and good will of Grant. He had won the right to this relation by an absolute devotion which dated from Grant's appointment to be a brigadier-general in 1861, and which had made him the good genius of his friend in every crisis of Grant's wonderful career. This was not because of Rawlins's great intellect, for he was of only moderate mental powers. It was rather that he became a living and speaking conscience for his general; as courageous to speak in a time of need as Nathan the prophet, and as absolutely trusted as Jonathan by David. In military problems Grant had a strong and almost intuitive sagacity in determining upon the path to victory; not always the easiest or the most economical in blood and treasure, but a sure one when his own indomitable courage and will had clear scope. He silently listened to the discussion of such men as Sherman and McPherson, he pa-

tiently turned the matter over in his own thoughts, and after a while enounced a decision which showed the aid he got from intelligent debate, whilst it was clearly marked with his own directness of purpose and boldness of action. Rawlins knew how to bring on such helpful discussion in Grant's presence. He knew how to reinforce the influence of those who deserved to be trusted, and to expose insidious and false friendship. He had blunt, wrathful words of objurgation for those who put in Grant's way temptations which he knew to be dangerous. A moral monitor and guide not hesitating at big oaths and camp expletives seems a strange type of man, but no one could deny that Rawlins's heart was as true and his perception of the thing demanded by the honor and the welfare of his chief was as clear as his manners and words often were rough.

It will not need argument to show how useful such a friend and counselor might be as a Cabinet officer. He could give warnings that no one else could utter; he could insist upon debate and information before settled purposes should be adopted; he would know of influences at work that others would learn of only when some important step was already taken; his own openness of character would make him frank in action with his colleagues, and an honorable representative of their general judgment and policy. Rawlins might have differed from Mr. Fish as to the foreign policy of the government, especially in regard to Cuba, but he would have seen to it that no kitchen cabinet committed the President to schemes of which his responsible advisers were ignorant. Indeed, there was no danger that a kitchen cabinet could exist till Rawlins was dead.

In the early months of Grant's administration there was at Washington a representative of the Baez government in San Domingo, named Fabens. That country was in a revolutionary condition, and it was not certain that Baez would

be able to maintain himself against his rival, Cabral, who was at the head of an armed force in the interior of the island. Fabens professed to be negotiating for the purchase of some of the old arms which filled our arsenals after the close of the civil war. He was, however, constantly suggesting the annexation of San Domingo to the United States, and Mr. Fish from time to time reported these overtures, and the annoyance which the persistence of Fabens gave him. The annexation scheme met with little favor in the Cabinet, and Congress showed itself consistently opposed to it. The objections were various, and were based on grounds of general policy as well as on the particular circumstances of the case and of the time.

First, there were those who held firmly that the only sound policy of the United States is a strictly continental one, coupling a leading influence on the mainland of America with deliberate abstinence from distant extensions of territory. Second, there were those who, in view of the fact that the dominant population of the island was of the negro race, felt that the problems involved in our own great emancipation were quite as large as this generation could satisfactorily handle or solve. Third, still others thought that as the whole island of Hispaniola was divided between the two republics of Hayti and San Domingo, jealous of each other, the one speaking only French, the other only Spanish, the acquisition of the Spanish half would necessarily be followed by the annexation of the whole, each contingency seeming to excel the other in troublesome complications. Fourth, men of statesmanlike character felt deeply the inconsistency of opening a new scheme of West India colonies while the treaty with Denmark for the purchase of St. Thomas, negotiated by Mr. Seward, was still pending, and not formally rejected by the Senate, though there was time for repentance, as the period for final ratification

would not expire till the middle of April, 1870. Lastly, there were some scrupulous enough to be deterred from favoring annexation because Baez was forbidden by the Constitution of his country from negotiating it; and who believed with Charles Sumner that it would be a wrong to the people of the colored race to take from them the territory which gave them the opportunity to work out the problem of their capacity for independent self-government.

The discussion of the subject at Cabinet meetings had been free, and although Grant was a listener rather than a participant in the debate, there was a general acquiescence in the opinion of Mr. Fish that a cordially friendly attitude to the actual government in San Domingo, with decided discouragement to all intervention and filibustering, should be our policy. This was so well understood that there was no hesitation in talking about the matter in this sense, and in letting it be known that the administration had taken this line of conduct.

One day, however, the President casually remarked that the navy people seemed so anxious to have the bay of Samana as a coaling station that he thought he would send Colonel Babcock down to examine it and report upon it as an engineer. Babcock, as will be remembered, was one of the group of young army officers who, having been members of Grant's military staff, were retained in duties near his person during his presidency. His position was nominally that of assistant private secretary. His army service had been creditable, and he was a very intelligent and competent military engineer. The suggestion of sending him on the errand was not welcome to those who were anxious to avoid complications, but there was no objection raised, and the acquiescence was a silent one. It was stated that no publicity would be given to the mission, and that a confidential report upon the country, its people, its harbors, would be useful.

Before Babcock was ready to go, the President, in the same casual way, remarked that the New York merchants who had control of the trade with the island had courteously tendered to Babcock a free passage on one of their ships. This showed that somebody was giving publicity to the mission, but it had greater significance in showing that the State Department had no part in its management. Mr. Fish, evidently surprised, remarked that it seemed to him very undesirable that Colonel Babcock should be the guest of merchants having great trading interests in San Domingo, whilst he was upon a confidential investigation for the President. General Grant acquiesced, and said he would direct the navy to give Colonel Babcock transportation, as vessels were going down to join the West India squadron. Still again, a day or two later, it was said that, as Babcock did not speak Spanish, a well-known officer of the Inspector-General's department would accompany him. Lastly, it appeared that Mr. Columbus Cole, then a Senator from California, was to be of the party on this new voyage of discovery to Hispaniola. As the members of the Cabinet were carefully discreet in their reticence, the increase of the party and of the apparent importance of the mission caused a certain uneasiness, especially as rumors began to fly about that business speculations were involved, and that the official character of the affair was much less than its real significance. The members of the government felt loyally bound to suppress their own doubts, and to attribute to the excitability of the quidnuncs the rumors of important purposes connected with Babcock's voyage.

After some weeks' absence, Babcock's return was announced by the New York newspapers, with suggestions of interesting results. On seeing this, I called upon Mr. Fish at the State Department the same afternoon. He sent his private secretary from the room, and closed the

door; then coming toward me with manifest feeling, he said, "What do you think! Babcock is back, and has actually brought a treaty for the cession of San Domingo; yet I pledge you my word he had no more diplomatic authority than any other casual visitor to that island!" An earnest discussion of the situation followed, in which we agreed that the proper course was to treat Babcock's action as null, and to insist upon burying the whole in oblivion as a state secret; this being the only way, apparently, to save him from the grave consequences of a usurpation of power. It did not occur to either of us, in view of the past history of the matter, that the President would assume the responsibility for the illegal act of his messenger.

In the informal discussion of the subject which incidentally occurred before the next Cabinet meeting, the view Mr. Fish had taken seemed to be the general one, and it was expected that he would present it when we should be assembled. When the heads of departments came for the purpose to the President's room at the White House, they found Babcock already there, showing to each, as he arrived, specimens of the ores and products of the island, and descanting upon its extraordinary value. He met a rather chilling reception, and soon left the room.

It had been the President's habit, at such meetings, to call upon the members of the Cabinet to bring forward the business contained in their portfolios, beginning with the Secretary of State. This would at once have brought the action of Babcock up by Mr. Fish's disclaimer of all part in the matter, and his statement of its utter illegality. On this occasion, however, General Grant departed from his uniform custom, and took the initiative. "Babcock has returned, as you see," said he, "and has brought a treaty of annexation. I suppose it is not formal, as he had no diplomatic powers; but we can easily cure that. We can send back the treaty, and have Perry,

the consular agent, sign it; and as he is an officer of the State Department it would make it all right."

This took everybody so completely by surprise that they seemed dumfounded. After an awkward interval, as nobody else broke the silence, I said, "But, Mr. President, has it been settled, then, that we *want* to annex San Domingo?" The direct question evidently embarrassed General Grant. He colored, and smoked hard at his cigar. He glanced at Mr. Fish on his right, but the face of the Secretary was impassive, and his eyes were fixed on the portfolio before him. He turned to Mr. Boutwell on his left, but no response met him there. As the silence became painful, the President called for another item of business, and left the question unanswered. The subject was never again brought up before the assembled Cabinet.

It would naturally be supposed that a breaking-up of the Cabinet would follow; but on the mere suspicion of such differences as I have described, strong party influences were set at work to prevent a rupture. General Grant became, afterward, so thorough a party man that it is necessary to recall by a positive effort of memory that his position was looked upon as very uncertain when his administration began. His report to President Johnson on the condition of the Southern States had indicated that he was not in sympathy with the congressional plan of reconstruction, which was the burning question of the time. Party leaders were nervous lest he should prove unwilling to conduct his administration in harmony with them, and in case of a break they feared a total loss of party control in the country. Members of the administration were therefore urged strenuously to make no issue on what might be regarded as a personal wish of the President, and they shared the opinions of their party friends enough to make them feel the importance of avoiding collision. The probability that the treaty could not be

ratified made the dropping of the subject more easy.

\* The position of Mr. Fish was the most difficult one. He was on terms of intimate friendship with Charles Sumner, the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations in the Senate, and both official propriety and personal feeling had made him frankly open in discussing diplomatic affairs with the Senator. He had honestly treated the talk of Dominican annexation as mere gossip, without solid foundation, and now he suddenly found his sincerity in question, under circumstances which forbade him to say how gravely the State Department had been compromised. The situation seemed so intolerable that he took the very natural course of tendering his resignation. The President was far from wishing this result, though it did not make him abandon the annexation scheme. His strong request that Mr. Fish should not insist, joined to the pressure from outside to which I have alluded, made a postponement, at least, of the question of the resignation. The other members of the government could more easily ignore the subject, and immerse themselves in the special duties of their own departments.

The treaty which was finally submitted to the Senate was signed on November 29, 1869, and was transmitted for ratification in December. The President had been committed to the strange promise to use his personal influence to secure its acceptance, and the effort to do this through direct application to Senators was one of the things which was felt to be most objectionable at the time. It opened the way to bargaining for votes, and directly compromised the dignity of the Executive. The nomination of Judge Hoar to the Supreme Court was so nearly coincident with the transmittal of the treaty that it is fair to regard it, in part, as an attempt to conciliate adverse influences. It lay before the Senate for some time, and confirmation was finally refused in the early part of February, 1870.

The efforts to secure ratification of the treaty languished during the winter and spring; but after the time had elapsed within which the purchase of St. Thomas must be completed, and that embarrassment was supposed to be out of the way, a very active effort was made to bring the San Domingo scheme to a successful termination. The headquarters of this activity were in the private secretary's office at the Executive Mansion. Papers and files from the State Department were sent for and retained without even the formality of using the President's name and authority, so that Mr. Fish was obliged to protest against the irregularity, and demand that it be stopped. He was ready, he said, to attend the President with any papers in his department at any time, but he could not permit their custody to be transferred to any other place.

Notwithstanding the effort to conduct the business as an exceptional one, in which only acquiescence on the part of the Secretary was expected, Mr. Fish found his position so irksome that he again tendered his resignation in writing. I happened to be present, and saw the earnestness with which General Grant repelled the idea of there being any necessity for it. Manifestly he had not appreciated Mr. Fish's embarrassments, and seemed to think it an easy matter to pass over the irregularities whose importance he did not rightly estimate. He insisted on delay, and it was later understood that a definite arrangement was made that the Secretary of State should be untrammelled in the conduct of all other business of the department, and relieved of the annoyances, in this matter, of which he had complained. The President was by no means lacking in personal regard for Mr. Fish, and estimated highly the value of his character, his knowledge of the world, his facility of intercourse with foreign representatives, and his tact in dealing with officials of all classes. He insisted that

Mr. Fish must not leave him, and that the difficulties of the situation could soon be ended by the disposal of the treaty in one way or another. Unless ratified by the 1st of July, it would expire by its own limitation.

When Judge Hoar's nomination to the bench had been defeated, in the winter, he again sent word by closest friends that his resignation would be at the President's disposal; but General Grant saw nothing to make a change in their relations desirable, and the subject was dropped, definitively, as I supposed. Delicacy had prompted the judge thus to speak through others, so that no feeling of personal regard might make the President hesitate to express his wish. More than four months had elapsed, and the Attorney-General, like the other members of the administration, had devoted himself to the work of his own office, forgetting as far as possible everything, including San Domingo, which did not directly affect his own responsibilities.

On one afternoon in June I had gone home from my office to dinner, and about seven o'clock received the New York papers which the messenger usually brought to my house after the arrival of the Eastern mail. Opening a copy of the Times, I was amazed to see the announcement that the Attorney-General had resigned, and that his resignation had been accepted by the President. I knew that nothing had been further from Judge Hoar's thoughts two or three days before, and there had not, since the winter, been any suggestion or intimation of such a thing from other quarters. I could hardly believe my eyes. That such changes in the administration could be made without announcement to its members, leaving them to learn it from the public press, was incredible.

Hastily taking my hat, I went from my house on Capitol Hill down through the park to catch the horse-car on Pennsylvania Avenue and go to Judge Hoar's lodgings, which were on F Street, not

far from the Treasury building. At the lower park gate I almost ran against Senator Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, who actually buttonholed me. "See here, Mr. Secretary," he said, "tell me what this means!" "What do you refer to?" "The Attorney-General's resignation, of course," was the reply. Nonplused how to answer, and shrinking from revealing the fact that I was more ignorant than he, I took refuge in commonplaces about the natural result of there being two Cabinet officers from one State, and the known wish of the judge to retire whenever this should cause embarrassment. "I know all that," said he, "but we thought that talk had gone by, and I am greatly disturbed lest it means a breaking-up which may lead we can't tell where." I tried to reassure him by saying I thought there was no such danger, that we all had confidence in Grant's honesty and patriotism, and it would turn out that there was nothing more in it than I had intimated. He shook his head seriously and doubtfully; then turned on me with, "But what do you know of the new man whose name has been sent in this afternoon?" Worse cornered than ever, as I could not even guess who had been nominated, and had never heard a name officially mentioned in connection with a possible vacancy in the office, I could only mumble, "Oh, I think you'll find he's all right;" and the approaching street-car giving me an escape I added, "But you must excuse me; I must catch this car," and broke away from him, repeating to myself Chancellor Oxenstiern's famous saying.

Reaching the Attorney-General's lodgings, I opened the conversation almost in the words Senator Wilson had used to me: "Well, judge, what *does* this mean?" "Sit down," he said, "and I will tell you." The recollection of what he said is so vivid that I may safely say that I give it in his own words: "I was sitting in my office yesterday morning, attending to routine business, with no

more thought of what was to come than you had at that moment, when a messenger entered with a letter from the President. Opening it, I was amazed to read a naked statement that he found himself under the necessity of asking for my resignation. No explanation of any kind was given, or reason assigned. The request was as curt and as direct as possible. My first thought was that the President had been imposed upon by some grave charge against me. A thunder-clap could not have been more startling to me. I sat for a while wondering what it could mean,—why there had been no warning, no reference to the subject in our almost daily conversations. The impulse was to go at once and ask the reasons for the demand; but self-respect would not permit this, and I said to myself that I must let the matter take its own course, and not even seem disturbed about it. I took up my pen to write the resignation, and found myself naturally framing some of the conventional reasons for it; but I stopped, and destroyed the sheet, saying to myself, 'Since no reasons are given or suggested for the demand, it is hardly honest to invent them in the reply;' so I made the resignation as simple and unvarnished as the request for it had been."

Before sending it to the White House, Judge Hoar, to avoid any possibility of its becoming public by his act, made a copy with his own hand, and locked up the letter and the answer in a private drawer of his desk. In the afternoon he had occasion to submit papers in some pardon cases to the President, and went to the Executive Office for the purpose. Meanwhile the acceptance of the resignation had been sent to him, and this was so framed as to convey the sentiments of personal good will and high respect which no one in near relations to them doubted that General Grant actually felt. This letter was published with the brief resignation. The equally brief request for the resignation has

never been given to the public. The omission, as every one must see, wholly changes the effect of the correspondence.

On meeting Judge Hoar, the President enlarged to some extent upon his personal confidence in him, and the real regret with which he severed their relations, and now frankly connected his own action with the exigency in which he found himself, and the necessity, to carry out his purposes, of securing support in the Senate from Southern Republicans, who demanded that the Cabinet place should be filled from the South. He reminded the Attorney-General of what had passed in the winter, relative to his resigning, and said he had assumed that this connection of things would be understood without further words. Judge Hoar assured him that the explanation removed any painful impression that might have been made at first, that his only wish was that the administration might be a success in every respect, and that no personal interest of his should for a moment stand in the way of it. He then, however, took the liberty of saying that he thought he knew the class of men who had desired his removal, and he hoped, for the President's own sake, that he had chosen his successor, since otherwise he would be subjected to a pressure in favor of unfit men which might prove most embarrassing to him. General Grant naively admitted that he had not yet given any thought to that part of the matter, but appeared to be struck with the wisdom of the judge's suggestion, and himself asked that the whole matter remain strictly confidential till he could reflect upon it, when he would call it up again.

On the next morning (which was that of the day on which I was having the evening interview I am narrating) the Attorney-General was again in his office attending to business, when he was once more surprised by an interruption. This time it was by a well-known correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, who sent

in his card with an urgent request to be admitted. Feeling a vague suspicion that it might prove embarrassing, Judge Hoar peremptorily excused himself. His clerk returned after a moment, evidently disturbed, and said, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Attorney-General, for coming back, but the gentleman says that if you will look at this paper he thinks you will see him." The judge took the offered paper, and found it was a dispatch from the editor of the *Tribune* to the correspondent, saying, "The *Times*, this morning, says the Attorney-General has resigned, and his resignation accepted; why have we not heard from you?" Puzzled for a moment how to act, ready wit came to his aid in a characteristic way, and he said to the clerk, with a significant smile, "Mr. Pleasants, you may give the gentleman any information you are possessed of."

The Attorney-General's office, at that time, was in the south front of the Treasury building, and his anteroom, with the usual approach to it, was on the side toward Fourteenth Street. A private door, however, led to the south portico, and no sooner was his clerk gone than Judge Hoar put on his hat, and, going out by this way, took the short path across the park to the Executive Mansion. Being admitted, he said, "Mr. President, I have come to tell you that somebody about you betrays you." He then told the story of the dispatch from New York. General Grant was deeply stirred by it, and saying he would severely punish the breach of confidence, went into the private secretary's room to investigate. He soon returned, mollified, and explained that the secretaries could account for the leak only by supposing that some unauthorized person must have got access in the outer office to the letterpress copy-book in which was the acceptance of the resignation.

The idea of a secret guarded in that way made the matter too amusing for comment, if not for credence, and the

judge contented himself with recalling what he had said the day before of the desirability of decisive action. The President said he had been thinking of Mr. Akerman, of Georgia, who had been appointed district attorney for Georgia, and whom Judge Hoar had spoken well of when he had been a candidate for the judgeship of the Southern circuit. He asked whether the judge did not think he would be a fit man. Judge Hoar replied that he believed Mr. Akerman to be an honest man and a good lawyer; but he added, "It would hardly be proper for me, Mr. President, to say what should be the standard of fitness for the attorney-generalship of the United States."

He took his leave, and Mr. Akerman's nomination was immediately made. It was necessary that it should be authenticated by the great seal, so it went to the State Department before it was sent to the Senate, and Mr. Fish thus learned of the change among his colleagues. I have stated how I learned it.

My conversation with Judge Hoar was on the evening of Thursday, the 16th of June, and at the next regular Cabinet meeting it was so confidently assumed that the President would enter into explanations of the serious step taken that, by common consent, no other business was brought forward. Judge Hoar was not present, and each Secretary, as called upon, answered that he had nothing to offer. The President waited a moment, as if somewhat surprised, and then simply remarked that if there was no business to be done, the meeting might as well adjourn. It did so, and no reference to the subject, of any sort, was ever made by General Grant in the presence of his assembled advisers. Judge Hoar remained in office some weeks (a short absence intervening), till Mr. Akerman could be ready to assume his duties. He brought the new Attorney-General to the Cabinet room and introduced him to his colleagues; then turning to the President, he said, "Having presented my

successor, I will take my leave, wishing the most abundant success to your administration." General Grant replied that although he should not see the judge again in that place, he hoped to meet him elsewhere frequently.

It was part of current information on which I fully relied, though I cannot give its source as explicitly as I can that of my other statements, that General Grant's interviews with Senators from the Southern States had been marked by great directness of dealing. The "carpet-bag" Senators were men of different characters and qualities. There were some, like General Willard Warner, of Alabama, whose motives no one would impugn, whether he took sides with the President or with Mr. Sumner. Senator Warner's colleague was, justly or unjustly, looked upon as a type of a quite different class of politicians; and it was in negotiation with such a one, representing his class, that Grant learned the demands of these Senators.

He was told that they desired to please him and to support his plans, but, considering Mr. Sumner's controlling influence with their colored constituents, it would be at no small political peril to themselves if they opposed that Senator on the San Domingo question. Instead of receiving the help of the administration in matters of patronage, which might smooth over home opposition, they found themselves less influential than they had a right to expect. Reciprocity was necessary if the President required their aid. When asked in what departments they found a lack of consideration, the Attorney-General's was named, and it was strongly urged that Judge Hoar should be displaced by a Southern man acceptable to them.

I had promised Judge Hoar to make a visit to Concord, when he went home, near the end of June, to attend Harvard College Commencement; he being one of the governing Fellows of the university, and his son, Mr. Sherman Hoar, taking

his first degree that year. It seemed to me that the return to the associations of his home was peculiarly grateful to him, in the stress of spirit to which he had been subjected. He dwelt with evident pleasure upon everything which recalled the self-devotion of the old patriots, and upon the incentive it was to act from nobler motives than personal ambition, or even the confidence of success. We visited Plymouth Rock together, and he himself drove me from Cambridge to Concord by the Lexington road, the American *via sacra*, and pointed out every historic house and field and stone fence along the line of the advance and the retreat of the British troops on their march against Concord. At Concord he took me to the field where the "embattled farmers" opened the fight for independence, and showed where the detachment from each of the surrounding towns was placed. I stood with him also in the cemetery, uncovered before the grave of his father, Samuel Hoar, who had not stopped to count the cost when Massachusetts called upon him to defend the freedom of her citizens. An ashlar wall, pierced above as for a window, simulated a bay in the House Beautiful of Bunyan's immortal allegory, and on the panel in the lower story filial piety had inscribed the words, "The Pilgrim they laid in an upper chamber whose window opened toward the sun-rising: the name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang."

It was perhaps only natural that he should take his guest over these paths, but it seemed to me very plain that he was himself drinking in the inspiration of each scene, and finding new strength of resolution and high purpose in renewing contact with the great departed who so thickly clustered in the narrow circuit about his native town. It was thus that he became so preëminently, like Horatio,

"A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards  
Hast ta'en with equal thanks."

Another incident of my visit must be mentioned. General Sherman also was in Boston at the time, and I was invited with him to dinner by the Saturday Club, of which Judge Hoar was a member. Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes were all there, and I need not say it was an occasion to remember. It only concerns my present story, however, to tell what occurred just before we parted. Mr. Longfellow was presiding, and unexpectedly I found that he was speaking to me in the name of the Club. He said that they had been much disturbed by rumors then current that Mr. Motley was to be recalled from England on account of Senator Sumner's opposition to the San Domingo treaty. They would be very far indeed from seeking to influence any action of the President which was based on Mr. Motley's conduct in his diplomatic duties, of which they knew little, and could not judge; but they thought the President ought to know that if the rumor referred to was well founded, he would, in their opinion, offend all the educated men of New England. It could not be right to make a disagreement with Mr. Sumner prejudice Mr. Motley by reason of the friendship between the two. I could only answer that no body of men had better right to speak for American men of letters, and that I would faithfully convey their message.

On my return to Washington, I first made known to Mr. Fish the duty that had been committed to me. Not only did he interpose no objection to it; he expressed an earnest wish that it might change the President's purpose. I took an early opportunity of reporting to General Grant what the eminent men of the Saturday Club said to him. His only reply was, "I made up my mind to remove Mr. Motley before there was any quarrel with Mr. Sumner." This he said in an impatient tone, as if repelling interference.

Senator Wilson also had visited Boston, and had been told of the request made

by the Saturday Club. He called on me, and asked whether I intended to fulfill it. I answered that I undoubtedly should. He then told me that he had been asked to support my statement, and that he should do so most earnestly. In pursuance of this purpose, he wrote a friendly but strong letter of remonstrance to the President, dated on the 5th of July.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Fish's relations to Mr. Sumner were still friendly, and Judge Hoar was and continued to be the friend of both; but the progress of the San Domingo business had put Mr. Fish in a false position, apparently, and having yielded to the President's urgency that he should remain in the Cabinet, he could not, at the moment, explain fully to Mr. Sumner the seeming changes of his attitude. It is in the nature of such differences to grow larger, and in the following winter they led to an open rupture between the old friends. I myself have never doubted that Mr. Fish's stay in the State Department was a sacrifice of personal feeling to a sense of duty to the country; and that, despite the complications and annoyances which I have had to recount, every lover of the country has reason to rejoice that he remained at his post. His confidence in and regard for Judge Hoar were such as to be decisive, a little later, in placing the latter upon the commission to negotiate the remaining differences with Great Britain. The President also retained and increased his respect for the judge, but by that time the Secretary of State was recognized as having the rightful initiation in the formation of such a commission.

It ought to be added that whatever may seem singular in the conduct of this business by General Grant was not at the time attributed to any wrong purpose by those who were closest to him. He lacked the faculty of conversational discussion, which is the very essence of the

successful conduct of business where co-operation is necessary. In military matters the objective is usually a very definite one, and the end being clearly aimed at, the intervening steps arrange themselves when there is true courage and tenacity of purpose. In civil affairs there would be danger that such a rule would run into the pernicious maxim that the end justifies the means. A very different kind of knowledge, both of men and of affairs, is needed to conduct properly the civil business of the state.

Self-seeking men studied General Grant's peculiarities, and took shrewd advantage of them. A certain class of public men adopted the practice of getting an audience and making speeches before him, urging their plans with skillful advocacy and impassioned manner. They would then leave him without asking for any reply, and trust to the effect they had produced. Perhaps their associates would follow the matter up in a similar way. It would thus sometimes happen that, for lack of the assistance which a disinterested adviser could give, his habitual reticence would make him the victim of sophistries which were not exposed, and which his tenacity of purpose would make him cling to when once he had accepted them.

I have nothing now to do with the later period of his administration, when the abuse of his confidence by those who had private ends to gain became deplorably notorious. The facts which I have narrated are intended to help in the understanding of the situation at an earlier time, and to show how it happened that those who were supposed to be consulted on all important public matters found themselves shorn of their power to help their chief as they would gladly have done, and had to look on and see the gradual increase of mischievous influences. "It is the first step that costs," and the cost soon became only too plainly apparent.

*Jacob Dolson Cox.*

<sup>1</sup> Pierce's Memoir and Letters of Sumner, iv. 446.

## AN ARCHITECT'S VACATION.

## II.

## FRENCH AND ENGLISH CHURCHES.

ALTHOUGH the mediæval churches of France and England were built by men of the same faith, and for the same Catholic ritual; although England was long under a distinctly French domination, and a large part of France was for one or two hundred years occupied by and ruled over by Englishmen; yet national traits asserted themselves, as they usually do, and English and French churches differ as much as if an ocean parted them instead of the narrow flashing "silver streak."

In a few exceptional instances we find a church that seems misplaced. Westminster Abbey, with its apsidal east end and encircling eastern chapels, is built upon a French plan. Norwich, Peterborough, Lichfield, and Canterbury have circular endings, and the choir of the latter, built by a Frenchman, recalls in its Corinthianesque shafts and capitals, as well as in other details, the cathedral in the ancient French town of Sens, from whence its builder came to Canterbury. On the other hand, Laon is one of the few French cathedrals that have that square eastern termination which is so nearly universal in England. These are, however, exceptions, and in general we find on one side of the Channel both cathedral and parish church of an undemonstrative, long, low, picturesque, and domestic style, and on the other side of the water they are self-asserting, aspiring, stately, and majestic. The English buildings blend with the rural landscape, while the churches of France are of a grander type, and rise from stone-paved streets and from amid the burghers' houses.

And yet, though lowness and length are such marked characteristics of the

English cathedral, by a strange contradiction there is nothing about these English churches carried to a greater degree of perfection, or which brings them greater glory, than their clustered towers and their groups of heaven-soaring spires. At Caen and Coutances and Bayeux and Saint-Ouen we see the Frenchman attempting a central lantern over the crossing of nave and transept; but the Englishman, with his unerring instinct for a pleasing group and a picturesque arrangement, seized upon the idea of combining three towers on one church as his own, and at most of the English cathedrals we find, besides the western towers, either a central spire, or the preparation for one in the shape of an incomplete tower. This ambitious tendency frequently ended in disaster, and many a cathedral such as Lincoln has boasted of lofty spires which do not exist to-day. Doubtless the western towers of the great French cathedrals, and perhaps even single western spires on those majestic temples, taken by themselves, are more grand and stately structures than similar features in England. In such a comparison England makes a poor showing. At Rouen, at Bordeaux, at Laon, the Frenchman was most ambitious, and started to raise towers at the west end and at both transepts; but all are incomplete, and no French church possesses a single central spire to vie with that of Salisbury or of Norwich; and surely none can offer a group of three spires to compare with those of Lichfield; nor can many foreign examples compete, as graceful and beautiful compositions, with the three uncrowned towers of Canterbury, or with their sisters at Lincoln or at Wells.

But of all the features that mark and identify the English church, its square eastern ending would seem to be the most universal and the most self-evident. In

France, the choir of a church has a circular end, and the aisle encircles that, and is roofed, in consequence, with much involved and irregular vaulting; while beyond the aisle is the *chevet*, or surrounding range of chapels. Throughout England, however, a church, whether small or great, has a square ending. Many may think this simple, quiet termination should be preferred to the intricate vaulting and tangled perspective of the French *chevet*, with its flanking chapels; but the French method is the more ambitious, involves vastly greater constructive skill, and produces by far the most magnificent effects.

But nowhere are the contrasts between French and English churches more striking than in their relative proportions, and in the different relations that height bears to breadth in these structures. For instance, as we ramble about the old Somersetshire city of Wells, we pass beneath a vaulted gate-house and enter the precincts of the cathedral. Before us, rich with carving and shafts and arcading, and with those many statues that are unrivaled in similar English work, rises the western front of the great church. Great, do we say? Well, greatness is relative. This whole front at Wells is thirty-one feet wider than that at Amiens, but is only one half as high; and the nave at Wells is but twice as high as it is wide, while that of Amiens is three times its own width. This vast difference, both in actual height and in the relation of height to width, is further emphasized by the scale of subordinate details. At Wells the church is entered through three small doors that are insignificant features in the rich façade. A man can span those opposite the aisles, and they do not rise much above his head. In France, you would find, instead of these humble entrances, grand steps of approach, and large triumphal arches lined with rank above rank of sculpture.

From a distance we see the towers and lanterns of Wells rise above rounded

masses of green foliage, and when we reach its walls we find them springing from emerald lawns and embowered in arching trees, the home of cawing rooks and soaring pigeons. There is nothing in France that can be named with the picturesque grouping of these English buildings, or with their setting of close and cloister, of brilliant garden and clipped green lawn and fine old trees. The Frenchman never formed such harmonious features of church and scenery as one sees at Salisbury and Lincoln; never massed spires in such gracious compositions as we find at Lichfield and Lincoln. Here at Wells the three time-worn towers rise high above us, and compose picturesquely with the chapter house and its quaint approaches, with the great octagon of the lady chapel, and with the backing of tall trees. From above us the music of the chimes vibrates and dies away:—

“Lord, through this hour  
Be thou our guide,  
That by thy power  
No foot may slide.”

So from hour to hour chant the bells over the peaceful beauty of the bishop's gardens and terraces, and the ancient ivy-clad palace. Ah, what an abode is this of the bishop's! It is the finest example of a thirteenth-century house existing in England; and truly it seems a lordly habitation for a priest of One who had not where to lay his head. We are reminded of the New England country minister who visited his more favored brother, and between the services was shown the latter's house, his fields and farm, his cattle and his books, and whose wondering comment on the show of luxury was, “All this, and heaven too!”

The decency and order which bring to such perfection the lawns and paths and trees of the close prevail also within the church. We are shown by the verger through aisle and chapel, peopled only by the effigies of those who lie below, and we feel indignant that a building raised as a house of prayer should be treated so

nearly as a museum of mediæval art. We think of the Westminster verger who roughly disturbed the devout Catholic as he knelt to pray, saying, "H'if this sort of thing goes h'on, we shall soon 'ave people praying h'all h'over the h'abbey." However, there comes an hour when verger and visitor cease their rounds. At first, as we but dimly catch in the distant hum of priestly voice sonorous Old Testament sentences or familiar words from the Gospels, we feel how vain is the attempt to gratify in these vast and echoing buildings a Puritan interest in sermon and book. But as the fading sunlight shines through the western window, and casts its colored glories on sculptured tomb and carved boss and gray stone wall, the organ notes pulsate through the stony fabric, and

"Through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault

The pealing anthem swells the note of praise."

The great solemn place is filled with the thrilling sweetness of boyish voices, and we heartily join in their long, tuneful "Amen." It rings and resounds down the empty nave. It echoes back again from distant chapel and from the far-receding vaults. Spellbound, we see new beauty around us, and feel that if the Englishman was not the engineer, the sculptor, or in many ways the designer that we find the Frenchman, he yet more truly felt the unaffected simple "beauty of holiness," and imprisoned it in pier and vault, in storied tomb and glowing glass, in sculptured front and lofty spire.

While the English cathedrals are low and wide and long, as compared with those of France; while their entrance porches are comparatively insignificant, and their eastern ends, if handsome, are still far less intricate and ambitious than those of their French neighbors, yet if we cease to consider general masses, and study only broad effects and detail, we find the Englishman well holding his own with the designers across the Channel.

All through the earlier Gothic periods

the Frenchman clung to simple cylindrical shafts, and Corinthianesque or Byzantine capitals, and square abaci and bases, all of which were inherited from Romanesque days; nay, even from classic times. These dignified shafts and this formal carving are found at the cathedrals of Paris and of Sens, of Noyon and of Laon. We cannot fail to admire them, or to regret them when they give place to the true Gothic clustered pier, and to the crocketed capitals of the later and more properly Gothic carvers, but we recognize them as inheritances which the Frenchman has turned to service. We see that they are not fully developed adjuncts of the aspiring upward-tending style. In England, however, the Byzantine or Anglo-Norman type of base and capital and shaft was promptly discarded with the round-arched style, of which it was an integral part. Thereafter the Gothic clustered pier was the usual English form, and, so far as mouldings and carvings are concerned, each successive phase of English Gothic art matured in a leisurely and complete manner, full of national individuality.

Indeed, French mouldings are always most simple, and throughout the Gothic periods their range of variation was small. Until the downward course was well marked, a square stone with large circular beads cut on the arrises was, for instance, the nearly universal vault, rib, and arch moulding of France. But as the chisel displaced the axe in the shaping of stone, England became incomparably rich in mouldings. As in no other country, their large, broad masses succeed each other on arch and vault rib, on label and jamb, often interspersed with foliation or tooth ornament, and often depending only on the light and shadow of their carefully composed waves and hollows and fillets and projections. So expert did the Englishman become that in Early English work even the capitals and bases are round and formed wholly of moulded annular work, — a

fashion peculiarly English, and never adopted to any extent in France. Even on an important cathedral like Salisbury sculpture is wholly absent, and mouldings on arch, base, and capital form the main enrichment.

Except during this Early English period of moulded capitals, however, foliage was used throughout the Middle Ages in both France and England for decoration. For long the ancient classic Corinthian capital furnished the *motif* for French Gothic carving, and when its details gradually freed themselves from this noble restraint, and supported the square abaci on vigorous leaf-decorated crockets, they struck perhaps the highest note that Gothic foliage carving ever reached. With later periods came a closer imitation of natural forms, and in France a thin and straggling style of both carving and moulding. In England, that recasting of Romanesque forms which was common in France never greatly prevailed. The English carvers, without imitating nature, yet from first to last seized upon its spirit, and through all the periods of English Gothic carved foliage is full of energy, elegance, and vigor, and in its graceful curves and the masses of its trefoil leafage has all the essence of plant life. Although the English figure sculpture never made any approach to the almost classic figures of Chartres and Amiens, yet its foliage was, as a rule, more free and flowing, better massed and less naturalistic, than any but the earliest and finest of French work.

Again, French vaulting, except where the exigencies of the chevet complicated it, was as simple as the mouldings of the arches that inclosed it. But in England a simple scheme of vault ribs was by degrees enriched with subdividing ribs, and the intersections of these ribs were decorated with carved bosses, while the vault surfaces were covered with fanlike tracery, until the design of these elaborate ceilings became, in England far more than in any other country, an im-

portant and splendid part of the decorative and constructive scheme.

It would seem, then, that in many details, in his carving, in his vaulting, in his mouldings, the Englishman caught the Gothic spirit at least equally with the Frenchman. Still, as we study the great English church, we find that the clerestory windows rarely occupy the entire space from pier to pier; that the flying buttresses are neither essential nor very frequent; that the vaults are largely supported by thick walls and shallow buttresses, and often spring from a wall instead of from strongly marked piers; and we shall probably come to agree with Professor Moore that such a church is, in a way, merely the earlier Romanesque structure with pointed-arch details. It is in no sense the same organism as the huge French skeleton. In that, with clear mechanical skill, the slender piers that carry the vaults are firmly marked inside and outside; the entire space between the piers is occupied by a traceried window, and the thrust of the vault ribs is carried in a visible manner from the well-marked piers, over aisle and chapel, to the great outer buttress, which in turn is loaded to security by lofty masses of pinnacle.

The close and accurate study of these Gothic churches is of surprisingly recent date. It is not so very long since men thought them barbarous, uncouth, and not worthy of serious study. Such were the days when whitewash and lack of care wrought more destruction than Puritan and Roundhead, or than Father Time himself. Sir Walter Scott was among the earliest to sing the praises of the Gothic minster. His idea seems to have been that the lines of these lofty arches were modeled upon forest forms.

"Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand  
Twixt poplars straight the osier wand  
In many a freakish knot had twined,  
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,  
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

To Sir Walter Scott succeeded Dr.

Whewell, Mr. Willis, Mr. Paley, and others. The origin of Gothic art is found by one in natural forms; by another, in an appreciation of the aspiring forms of the pointed arch, introduced by Crusaders who had become familiar with it in Sicily and the East; and by yet another in a development from Roman art. Mr. Freeman, in 1849, defines the one grand principle of Gothic art as "an upward tendency of the whole building and of its minutest details; in a word, the vertical principle, which, when fully carried out, renders a Gothic cathedral one harmonious whole." In 1860 and 1870, Sir Gilbert Scott and M. Viollet-le-Duc were attributing the origin and introduction of Gothic to structural necessities, to the difficulty of vaulting irregular spaces, and to facility of construction. Recently, a Harvard professor has, in his scholarly work, thrown a new and clear light on this subject. He admits that all these influences may have been at work in the development of Gothic building; he agrees with M. Viollet-le-Duc that its actual origin was in France, and that it was due to constructive needs; but he points out that a brilliantly conceived framework of pier and vault, of buttress and pinnacle, was thus gradually perfected; that this constructive combination contained the most essential spirit of Gothic art; and that, furthermore, in France alone is to be found the perfect result of these fundamental principles. Professor Moore shows us that while England and other countries may boast of national features or peculiar beauties, of the Gothic spirit manifested in certain details, yet in France alone do we find the whole structure of a cathedral one fully organized and visible framework, which the wealth of applied ornament only serves to emphasize.

But let us gain a closer view of a French church, and, as is the wont of travelers, hasten from our inn to the cathedral. From a distance we see it o'ertopping the steep-roofed town. Its walls

consist of piers alternating with huge traceried windows. This slender masonry is steadied by the arches of the countless flying buttresses. They cross the low aisles in giant leaps, and carry the thrust of the vaulted stone ceilings to the surrounding buttresses, which, firmly weighted by the lofty crocketed pinnacles, stand like a row of guardian sentinels around the building. At the east end these splendid scaffoldings radiate around the circular apsis and span the chapels which skirt it. Far above them and over the crossing of nave and transept, the lofty *flèche*, that "transparent fretwork which seems to bend to the west wind," decked with pinnacles and statues, its silver-white lead brightened by faded color and gold, shoots into the blue, and bears its cross three hundred and sixty feet nearer to heaven's vault than the gazer on the pavement below.

The bishop's palace is hard by, a dignified but ascetic-looking abode, and the dwellings of the old town climb upon and cling to the sides of the church. There is no green lawn, no quiet close, no cosy dwelling for the priests, joined to this great serious structure, but from the stone-paved place, where white-capped *bonnes* and red-trousered soldiers now gossip and chatter, broad steps lead to the platform before the three cavernous portals of the cathedral.

And how gloriously peopled are these triumphal arches! With native skill joined evidently to an observation of the antique, the naïve sculptors have crowded the stonework with representations of the virtues, the signs of the zodiac, the handicrafts, and the employments of the seasons. Here we find Adam and Eve, the wise and foolish virgins, the Magi, the Apostles, while in the centre is portrayed the Last Judgment and Christ bearing the Gospels. Above all this, ranks of angels and seraphim fill the retreating arches, so that at every door these glorious celestial choirs meet over your head as you enter the church. Above

the crocketed gables and serried pinnacles of these porches stand the statues of Judah's kings, and over them story upon story of arcades rise around the great rose window to the pointed gable, and to the tops of the two towers that await spires which will never crown them. Crockets and leafage, statue and bas-relief, gargoyle and pinnacle, are scattered over this gorgeous façade in sufficient abundance to furnish two or three such fronts as that of the Somersetshire cathedral, and all is in key with the great doorways and the majestic scaffold of buttresses. All is simple, masculine, confident. Everywhere you recognize technical skill and brilliant execution. There is nothing tentative or simply picturesque.

It is Sunday, and the vast nave is thronged with ardent worshipers, bowed in solemn adoration before the mysteries of the mass. Around the entrances and in secluded aisles there is stir and movement. People come and go with utter absence of self-consciousness. The city-dressed son escorts his country-clad parents. Little children patter about the doorways in their clattering wooden shoes, and offer each other holy water with their finger-tips. All is done with healthy, unaffected simplicity and directness. On other days than Sunday it is much the same. Just as humble dwellings cluster against the walls of these great French churches, so distinctions of poverty and wealth have no place in this meeting-ground for all classes. Riches and poverty no longer count. The tawdry shrine, the ignorance that prompts it, the begging at the doors, are but incidents of the scene. The serious and vital subjects are those portrayed in the carvings of the doorways. Life and death, hell and heaven, the last judgment, virtue and vice, — these are the great themes as they were when the cathedral was built. To the intense French mind the grand and the majestic appealed more than the picturesque, and hence the splendor of these lofty naves and arches, of these high

pointed gables and these serried ranks of stately sculpture.

The Gothic architecture of France had its birth amid struggles for civil liberty. Human ambitions and civic pride, perhaps, quite as much as religious feeling, inspired the builders, as king and bishop and people thus asserted themselves against the power of monk or of abbey, and city vied with city in raising each a loftier and more glorious shrine than the other. But no such feelings stirred the Englishman. He seems to have had the single wish to make his temples worthy and beautiful. It may be partly for this reason that the distinguishing and precious qualities of English work are found in quiet beauty of detail and in picturesqueness of general composition; while those of the French are the results of consummate constructive skill, joined to majestic, ambitious, brilliant, and spirited work in the arts of design.

Thus far we have been speaking mainly of cathedral churches, but before we close this comparison let us for a moment leave the cathedrals, and consider the smaller churches. In them we find that those in the French villages and the lesser ones in the French towns are not rural but urban in character, and that, in a smaller way, they imitate and copy the methods and the detail of the neighboring great city churches. The round-arched semi-Byzantine churches of Auvergne, the Romanesque churches of Provence, the domed churches of the Périgord, and the Gothic churches of the Isle of France all imitate the methods and the detail found in neighboring cities, and nowhere is one sensible of attempts to link the architecture to the scenery. In all these churches stone vaulting prevails. Even when the stone vaults do not exist, the structure is generally prepared for them. Gothic architecture, as we have seen, meant to the Frenchman a complete system of vaulting ribs and arched vault surfaces, of flying buttress and pinnacle-loaded pier,

and this is found with more or less completeness throughout even the smaller French churches. If one of them fails in these monumental characteristics, it is because of poverty or through decay.

In England, however, the rural church fits the country, and not the city, and it called out the best of the poetry and feeling that there was in her mediæval designers. In place of stone vaults we find rich oak ceilings with carved trusses and beams. As there are no vaults to prop up, the flying buttress scarcely appears, and the simple buttress only strengthens the walls or resists the sway of the clanging bells. But how graceful are the spires that crown the villages of Northamptonshire, how stately the towers, capped with lacelike parapets and bracketed pinnacles, that terminate the churches of Somersetshire; and everywhere all over England are found those innumerable short, stumpy towers, with battlemented tops and buttressed corners, which blend so charmingly with the yews of the churchyard, with the oaks and beeches of the parks, and with the undulating meadows and waving cornfields of a rustic landscape. If the English cathedral seems to be adapted with difficulty to the uses of Protestant worship, the same cannot be said of the parish church. Around this centres, if not exactly the life of the neighborhood, at least its sentiment and its affections, while in death the squire and his family lie beneath its monuments, and the rude forefathers of the village sleep in its shadow. The little country church has much the same qualities as the old English country house, and the two are the unique architectural possessions of England, equaled nowhere else in variety of design, in the concord between structure and site, and in gracious outline and grouping. So numerous and conspicuous are they that the traveler finds it hard to believe they do not occupy the whole field. With surprise we meet the vigorous, rude-voiced, self-asserting Salvation Army

preaching at the village crosses, and discover that dissent flourishes, and remember that disestablishment is not an impossibility.

In by far the larger part of the English churches the detail one now sees is late and of the Perpendicular period. While the Early English and Decorated periods had national peculiarities, they were cousins of similar work across the Channel, but Perpendicular Gothic was a distinctly English growth. At Winchester it is vastly impressive; in the small churches it is frequent and picturesque. But while Gothic thus spent its last forces in England upon somewhat mechanical and unimaginative lines, France gave rein to fantasy, and with overflowing license covered her latest buildings with Flamboyant detail.

A beautiful product is this Flamboyant work, whether it appears in the flowing bars of window tracery and the flaming rays of the great roses, or whether it covers with its dainty tabernacle work the deep recesses of porches, or whether it rises in stone pinnacle or oak canopy to a forest network of buttress and crocket and finial that rivals the intricacies of woodland branches. You feel that the work of the thirteenth century satisfies reason and better deserves the student's attention, but still your eyes delight in this fairylike construction and these fanciful creations. If you try to sketch this work, you respect still more the poetic genius that invented it and the art that carried it to perfection. Before the lacelike portals of St. Maclou and the intricate convolutions of the "crown of Normandy" and the wonderful gables of the Courts of Justice in Rouen, you recognize that the farthest bound has been reached, — that the end has come. But only a philosopher could bring himself to say that Gothic architecture thus met its fate in a sad decline. The artist feels rather that in its latest hours, when its work was done, it yielded itself wholly to romantic fancy; that, with

a fairy touch, it spent itself upon flaring crocket and interwoven moulding, upon tangled snarls of miniature buttress and complicated pinnacle, upon a sylvan

growth of window tracery and panel work; and that in this brilliant, fiery burst of flaming beauty the end of mediæval architecture was indeed glorious.

*Robert Swain Peabody.*

### A POET'S YORKSHIRE HAUNTS.

WHOEVER knows Whitby, in the North Riding, merely at second-hand knows it, of course, by the old associations that so often have the effect of making the past the only apparently real thing in England, the present simply a necessary starting-point for excursions into it. No fitter place than Whitby can be found for setting out on those backward journeys of the mind, in comparison with which length of mile is but a slight affair, yet which are so exhilaratingly free from bodily effort or physical drawback. Here is the cliff from which Cædmon looked up at the stars or out over the sea, while he sang of their creation. From this same eventful cliff thought as naturally also travels back to the Saxon abbess, Hilda, whose cloisters had vanished before the present ruin first took form in stone. St. Hilda's fame pervades the little modern town itself, either in the name of shop or terrace, or wherever on a vender's stall the small, headless fossil ammonites recall the legend of her pious work. Yet with a history that fascinates every reader of Bede, and an acre of soil second to none in sacredness to the lover of English literature, the Whitby of to-day is not precisely as other quaint towns which take their atmosphere from minster or abbey alone, and where the shades that are to be met in the spirit are all cowed or mitred. Within the past decade, the hilly town and even the abbey church itself have gained some fresh memories which the tourist zealous for associations will not be likely to overlook.

The particular local habitation from

which these memories diverge is not to be found in a conspicuous quarter of the fashionable West Cliff, nor even in one of the wide new streets, with cheerful rows of bay-windowed houses, leading inland from the cliff. Instead, the visitor who wishes to find the modest lodgings in which James Russell Lowell spent several weeks of each of his last summers in England, and of the last but one of his life, must turn out of the long main street of the town, where, to the right going cliffward, an opening, not far from the top of the hill, leads by the length of a few dozen yards into a short, narrow street. Facing the approach through the opening is a stable, with its yard on the left. Opposite the stable-yard stands the house in question. The situation and the first view of the diminutive row, or "terrace," of which the house is a part, combine to make one of those unpleasantly chilling impressions to which the heated imagination of an ardent sightseer may be especially susceptible. To dissipate the chill, it is only necessary to take note of the inoffensiveness of the details which have caused it. The stable-yard, with its compact wall and round stone well in the middle, no less than the back yards of the lodging-houses that flank it on the left, is kept in scrupulous English trimness and neatness. Not only is there no offense in these homely surroundings themselves, but they are the means of giving the house its uniquely open outlook. Every one who has taken pleasure in those of Mr. Lowell's published letters, that are

dated from Whitby knows what the distant view is from his windows there. Between them and the soaring East Cliff the space is clear and open. In full view on the top of the cliff is the impressive group of lofty roofless abbey, massive low-roofed parish church, and downward-sloping graveyard, with the tall tombstones crowding one upon another, — all wearing in Mr. Lowell's allusions to them the heightened glow which even the most poetical objects take from their passage through a poet's mind.

Within doors, the house has no salient features that contradict the modest promise of its exterior, smallness, plainness, and colorlessness being everywhere the rule. The two rooms on the entrance floor were used by Mr. Lowell as sitting and dining rooms. They are not provided with the convenience of a door opening *en suite* through the partition wall; to get from one to the other, it is necessary to pass along the cramped and not too well-lighted hallway, with a treacherous step lurking midway in the floor between the two doors. From the window of the back room the only prospect is a high brick wall inclosing a small bit of paved yard, where the fishwomen thrust their wares through the gate, with shrill variations to the tune of "two-a-penny." But the condition of the tiny yard is always such as to prove to the eye the pleasure it may get from the brightness and brilliancy of cleanliness sole and simple. Polished black horse-hair covering still holds its own on the principal pieces of furniture in the front room, where there are easy-chairs in plenty, though there is no danger that their use will lead to sybaritic habits of resting after the day's exercise. There is not a suspicion of South Kensington sentiment in any of the numerous ornaments and "antimacassars," while cushions and curtains are equally innocent of an acquaintance with Liberty fabrics or artistic revivals; nevertheless, there is to be found a full measure of the ease and

comfort — born, one believes, of privacy and orderly quiet — that help to make the indefinable and apparently inimitable charm of the English sitting-room.

Whatever the imagination may be able to glean from the cold record of rooms and furnishings, it is of little interest compared with the recollections of the two occupants of the house, who, after their first British shyness and defiance of the stranger have worn off, can be won to the pleasantest reminiscences of their distinguished lodger. Mr. Lowell, in his turn, has said his appreciative word of them in several of his letters. In writing to them as well as of them, it is true, he would persist in a slight misspelling of their name, which they pronounce to have been "very wrong of him indeed." But his peace on this score was made by his interest in the unusual name itself, and by his whimsical identification of it with a venerable Italian original, famous in science, through which the dropping of the second *l* from the Yorkshire "Gallilee" was justified. Of the number of letters which preceded or followed his visits here, only one now remains in the hands of these landladies, and it, unfortunately, is shorn of its signature. The name has gone to swell one of those collections which are responsible for so many breaches of decorum on the part of their owners, contributions to which are part of the price celebrities now pay for their fame. The intact letter itself is interesting merely as it serves to show how considerably a request for a small service is put. A remark on the courteousness of its tone brings its owners at once to the point. The writer's thoughtfulness for others is a theme on which, once started, one in particular of these Puritan-bred sisters grows warm. A test for the value that may be set on qualities of character is supplied by one of her comments. "You could see he was a great man!" she will exclaim with conviction, after describing the gentleness of manner, the unselfish care to avoid a

need for attendance, and the gratitude with which Mr. Lowell rewarded her pains to please him.

Her judgment of Mr. Lowell is naturally helped out by observations of different kinds. Whitby has become a cosmopolitan though eminently select watering-place, and visitors to Welling-ton Terrace, when he was there, were of course frequent. Sometimes there were guests at dinner in the small back room, which, as their names are recalled one by one, seems to expand into vistas larger than the compass of its walls. In the eyes of the positive little person — an innate Yankee of Yorkshire blood — whose duty it was to change the courses on these occasions, literary men as such have no glamour at all. Her acquaintance includes a number, and her North Country vocabulary has terms wherewith to dispose of them briefly. But there is neither reservation nor qualification in the tone in which she says of the conclusion of a certain discussion, listened to between times in the serving, "I never forgot it." It had wound up in a round-robin agreement, according to which each person present was to say by what he should best like to be remembered. The host spoke last, and the sentence in which his admiring hearer puts him on record is, "By kindly acts and helpful deeds."

She recalls many sadder sayings as well, — allusions to age or feebleness, made sometimes to her in the long August twilight, while from the open window the sombre abbey was still to be seen looming against the clear eastern sky, above the darkened graveyard. It is easy to see that books and solitary meditation must have occupied many of Mr. Lowell's hours near the window from which all the changes of hour and weather on the weird cliff might so easily be watched. Two of the volumes he was in the habit of using may still be seen in the house. They are now brought forth from some hiding-place only as a favor to the discreet visitor, but in hap-

pier summers were always loaned to him. They bear the title "A History of Whitby and Streoneshall Abbey; with a statistical survey of the vicinity to the distance of twenty-five miles: By the Rev. George Young," and the year 1817 is the date of their printing. The small bit of paper between two yellowing pages of one volume is said to be where Mr. Lowell put and left it. Whether this be the case or not, the passage it marks is worthy of note for its own sake. It relates to St. Hilda's management of her nuns. "The pious abbess not only labored to enlighten their minds, but to improve their hearts and regulate their conduct. She pressed upon them the exercise of every grace, and the practice of every virtue: above all, she earnestly inculcated that true Christian love which excludes selfishness, and is attended by humility and a contempt of the world. In her monastery, as in the primitive church, there were none rich and none poor; for they had all things in common, and no one challenged anything as his own."

Any one who sees the bright, friendly Whitby of to-day will easily understand the attraction which draws a visitor to it year after year. The "brave cliffs," as Mr. Henry James has aptly called them, — blond, many-tinted, soft sand cliffs, — face the sea breezes above a broad beach, gay in summer, at low tide, with beves of sunbonneted children, who paddle bare-legged in the shallow pools, or enjoy exhilarating rides on phlegmatic donkeys. The harbor has all the intricate confusion of mast and sail, of dark hull, clear reflection, and rippling water surface, that provides numberless pictures in the crude; the quay and the fishing quarter show a bewilderingly picturesque succession of leaning roofs, slanting balconies, lines of flying clothes hung out to dry, bright window gardens and deep shadows, with wreaths of blue smoke curling softly upwards over all. The atmosphere contains a mixture of sea and moorland air, bracing to nerves and muscles alike.

The situation gives the key to many of the coastward and inland beauties of the shire. Aislabie Moor, one of the nearest and loveliest of these, will seem like a place revisited, to any one who keeps in memory Mr. Lowell's description of his own visit there, of the fascination of its heather and bees, its clear sunshine and keen-scented air. From the height of the moor the tall abbey on the coast is seen in dwindled but still conspicuous grandeur. As one wanders still further on and up towards the old British "cairn" on the steep summit of Egton Moor, one may, if one has the fancy, test the verisimilitude of some of Mr. Lowell's comments on certain Yorkshire characteristics. Nothing more is needed than to strike up an acquaintance with some of the tow-headed youngsters, who are sure to be found playing bareheaded among the heather, in order to gain proof conclusive that "'sir' and 'ma'am' are only half-hardy exotics here." One party of pedestrians was content to accept the truth of Mr. Lowell's dictum that "the manners and ways of the people are much like those of New England" on the evidence supplied by an old man in a garden on the edge of the moor. He was gathering white strawberries in a basket, and brought them to the garden gate in response to a request to buy. The measure he gave in return for a few pence was an overflowing one; his plain, unvarnished instruction to the recipient, embarrassed by their quantity, was to hand some of them "to the woman there."

Next in order of nearness after Aislabie, in the circle of easily accessible points, comes Rigg Mill. Here the tourist used to the spaciousness and comparative monotony of New World scenery will once more wonder at the quick transitions, the sudden leaps from scene to scene, that nature, in the picturesque shires of England, makes within limits so circumscribed. Breadth of horizon plays no part in the attractions of Rigg Mill. Wildness of heather and bracken

and rock there is not, nor even noisy rush of water. The streamlet flows along cheerfully, but with low voice. The big mill-wheel ceased its turning and splashing a long while ago, long enough for the great wooden circumference to have reached just the ideal of ornamental decrepitude. The dell itself is a soft, serene spot that may win the fancy, but can never take by storm an eye on the lookout for large and florid effects of size and color. Turf and flowers and vines have the graceful trimness, the restrained abundance, that are attained only where climate fosters luxuriance but never rankness of growth. Rugged, gnarled, and wind-bent trees shut in this tiny vale on all sides. They stand on the hilltops like ancient sentinels guarding mill and granary, which, tempered in their turn with the infinite mellowness of age, show no trace of the spick-and-span newness that often clashes, in man's work, with the venerable work of nature. There is a table on the turf before the door of the mill, and all the simple requisites for the function that cheers the waning of the afternoon in this land of lingering sunset are always in readiness. Tea taken here with congenial spirits, after the pleasant fatigue of the walk, was one of Mr. Lowell's familiar summer habits, his comment on the broad Yorkshire spoken by the old couple living in the mill being that it delighted him; perhaps partly by distant kinship to Hosea Biglow his dialect.

The gap in mention by name of the companions who came here with Mr. Lowell may easily be filled in from records left in another place. If one decides to go from Whitby to this ancient spot, called by right of legendary association Robin Hood's Bay, he may envy, before he arrives, the qualities of a goat or a fly. The village is built in a cove of the bay, at the base of a declivity so steep that the descent, after leaving the railway station on the level ground above, is in the nature of a climb

rather than a walk. But when one can finally look back and see the cliff rising perpendicularly overhead, instead of falling away beneath the feet, one finds one's self in a tiny fishing-port that leaves surprise and admiration not a moment's breathing-space. Compactness and solidity of structure are the principles which have given its small dwellings their sound and shapely old age; irregularity and diversity of plan, the accidents which lend them their fascinating picturesqueness. To find another such combination, outside of Yorkshire, of orderly preservation and artistic confusion of building, one would have to travel far and wide. The panes of the small windows shine with a brightness dear to the soul of the housewife who is able to boast her best china, her Sunday gown, and her family Bible with a respectable list of births and burials on its fly-leaves. The stone-flagged thoroughfares, of a width that should be measured by inches, turn and twist and wind in conflicting directions between houses that stand at every possible angle to, or directly above and beneath, one another. Here and there a small, sweet-smelling garden has been squeezed into some odd angle, and two or three tenacious apple-trees spread their roots under the flags, and throw their gnarled, leafy branches from window to window.

The timeworn pathways of "Bay," like the still more venerable proverbial roads, all lead to one terminus, — in this case the sea. The inn is perched above the sea on a boldly jutting rock. It is a comfortable little house, full of homely dignity and convenience. An unsuspected attraction, which discovers itself with a sort of melodramatic suddenness, is the roofless balcony, or railed *loggia*, that opens out from the coffee-room over the water. Here is the very heart of the beauty of Bay. The bold headlands that inclose its harbor are seen, on either side, projecting into the sea in all their fineness of outline and color. The summits of their red-

brown rocky sides are clothed by vivid green turf, which, bare of tree or shrub, runs inland to the towering moorland beyond. At the base of the cliffs, the water, broken near at hand into foam by an occasional reef, stretches away indefinitely. Along the shore, fishermen in blue blouses are busy casting nets or setting their clumsy craft in order. Overhead, behind the white sea-front of the inn, the little town rises in tiers, not incomparable to the "little town by river or seashore" that was emptied of its folk one "pious morn." On this attractive balcony thin bread and butter and no less excellent tea may be disposed of; then any one who wishes to enjoy the pleasures of association on the spot must go into the kitchen, across the hall from the coffee-room, and beg the landlady for the loan of her disused visitors' book. Among its crumpled and frayed pages are two that amply reward search. The first bears the date Sunday, August 18, '87, and opposite the date is the name "George du Maurier." Then follows, in varying handwriting, this list of names: "Henry James, Boston; Emma du Maurier, Hampstead; J. R. Lowell, U. S. A.; Phæbe G. Smalley, Boston, U. S. A.; Eleanor Smalley, London; Evelyn Smalley, U. S. A.; Phillips Smalley, Cambridge, U. S. A.; Sylvia Jocelyn Burn du Maurier (Hoch!)." The second page, of similar interest, is dated August 30, '88. The autographic collection here is headed "J. R. Lowell, Cambridge, U. S. A." Next in order come "Thos. Hughes, Chester, England; Fanny Hughes, Whitby."

In Yorkshire, along the coast, there is seldom a day when it forgets to rain. This, however, is no reason for staying indoors, since it almost always clears off brilliantly between whiles. So long as a shower lasts, high hedgerows, those on the side of the road from which the rain does not come, give a most hospitable shelter. There is beside — as holiday-makers to the manner born, in that part of

the world, very well know — one appreciable advantage to be gained from getting caught out in the rain; namely, the excuse that is furnished for taking refuge in cottage kitchens, and making the acquaintance of the country folk at their own firesides. It is on this ground, also, that a good, brisk downpour is to be regarded in the light of an opportunity, during an expedition to Runswick, another village that hangs like a gull's-nest to the cliffs. How the large-framed Runswick fishermen manage to accommodate themselves to the minute dimensions of their cottages is a problem of measurement that never becomes clear to the mind. The amount of comfort that may be extracted from one of their small open fires is, on the contrary, a quantity capable of practical demonstration. The grate is not large enough to contain more than a handful or two of coals, but over it always hangs a kettle ready for brewing at a moment's notice, while a miniature bake-oven flanks it on one side, and a small tank filled with hot water on the other. The warmth and brightness that issue from the open bars are enough in themselves to give cheer to a dull day; but what with the flower-pots on the broad sill of the window, the china cupboard in the corner, and the soft voice of the fisherman's wife who does the honors of the room, it will be strange if one does not envy the environment of the lodgers who have installed themselves in her best room across the scrap of a hallway. Besides Runswick, one must, to make the cycle of Whitby excursions in any wise complete, also see "Falling Foss," which is reached only by one of what Mr. Lowell has called the "shy footpaths." His own longer expedition to Rievaulx Abbey has been described by his companion, Mr. Henry James, as charmingly as befits the theme.

It may safely be said, however, that, no matter how charming the excursion, when he comes back from it the tourist will always feel fresh pleasure at the sight

of Whitby. Not only has her bold situation a perennial attraction, but her variety of interests is inexhaustible. Her leading photographer, Sutcliffe, is an artist in his profession; the purveyor of cakes and confections across the road is another in hers; the man who sells mushrooms and gooseberries and damsons from a handcart beside the pavement is just the sort of person whose further acquaintance one will wish for before dealings with him have come to an end; while a veritable *rara avis* of antiquity dealers is to be met with in a spot withdrawn from the bustle of summer shoppers. This queen of her class lives on the hill that overhangs the harbor, and sets out her wares in a handsome lower window which gives only a hint of the wealth in the rooms above. A tour of inspection involves no necessary financial difficulties; for the mistress of the place loves her Delft and Wedgwood, her Spode and old Nankeen, for their intrinsic interest, and will accept admiration of them in lieu of pounds, shillings, and pence. She keeps a keen eye on the treasures of the potter's art stowed away in dressers and cupboards of farmhouses and sailors' cottages, and knows just when to descend on their owners, silver in hand. She has an eye to London auctions as well, and probably can estimate with the best what an object will fetch in Wardour Street. There is, of course, the famous jet to be seen everywhere, in all stages of its transformation, from the uncouth lump to the carved and polished ornament. And there is the human interest of the quays, where the fishing-people unload and repack their draughts. But above all, there are always the cliff-tops, grassy and spacious and breezy. Any one who watches from them the panorama of sky and sea will have the key to Mr. Lowell's saying, "There is not a corner of England that has not its special charm, and the freaks of the atmosphere interest me more than any novel I ever read."

*Eugenia Skelding.*

## GODFREY'S COVE.

NEAR YORK HARBOR, MAINE.

THESE downs that sink and swell across the land, —  
 Soft fields suffused with yellow mistiness, —  
 These pastures growing greener to the strand,  
 The willows with their whispered cadences,  
 The rocky sculpture of the waves and skies,  
 The clear, cool waters prisoned peacefully,  
 Are prophets all of what beyond them lies, —  
 The infinitely changeful, changeless sea.

O Soul, thy multitudinous happenings,  
 The trivial events of nights and days,  
 The griefs that darken and the hopes that shine,  
 The pleasant places and the stormy ways,  
 Are hints and heralds of eternal things,  
 Inflowings from the tide of the Divine!

*John Hall Ingham.*

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THE POLITICAL AND PROFESSIONAL LIFE OF A FRENCH  
 "MAÇON."

IN a former paper I have related the rough up-bringing of a French building operative, who yet was heir to an ancestral property of which the acquisition dated back for centuries. Nothing, I think, came out more vividly in the picture than the strength of the family feeling. At seventeen the lad takes upon himself part of the burden of the family debt, and his main concern in after-life is to pay it off. We left that debt reduced in 1842 to one thousand francs. He tells us it was not entirely paid off till 1848.

Other sides of the writer's career have now to be shown. It will be remembered that his father was a strong Bonapartist. It was the Emperor's son whom he would have wished to see proclaimed in 1830. By 1834 the younger Nadaud was already a republican, and, being a better scholar than his fellow-workmen, used

every morning to be asked to read aloud in the wineshop the *Populaire*, a communistic paper edited by Cabet. A young medical student noticed one morning that he read with energy, and complimented him. "It was the first time that a *bourgeois* shook me by the hand, and I own that I felt much flattered." The student asked him if he would join the then well-known *Société des Droits de l'Homme*, a secret political society, and he was enthusiastically admitted a member in one of its sections, together with two workingmen friends. He found himself here in company with educated and well-mannered men, and this stimulated his desire to learn. When he opened his classes, as described in the previous paper, the book which he first selected for class-reading was Lamennais's *Paroles d'un Croyant*, a work nearly forgotten now,

but which exercised an immense influence at the time. From 1838 to 1848 he bought "the most revolutionary" papers and pamphlets to read to his pupils. "I taught them to love the republic, and to look upon that form of government as being alone capable of gradually lifting the people to the level of the other classes of society, from the moral point of view and from that of political and social rights." He made parade of his republicanism, wearing the obnoxious Phrygian cap, proclaiming his views at the wineshop where he took his meals. Already in 1842, as he discovered more than thirty years later, his movements were reported to the police as those of a "dangerous man," and the record was consigned to a *dossier* (register of documents relating to a suspicious person), which was from thenceforth regularly continued. He had the honor, as he also discovered on another occasion, of a similar dossier in his department. Still, he was getting on, earning one hundred and fifty francs a month for an eighteen months' engagement, which was almost the maximum pay of a *maître compagnon*, and he was able eventually to send for his wife. Meanwhile he was becoming acquainted with the leading Socialists and Communists of the day, Cabet in particular, on whose behalf he, with some other workmen, went on deputation to Louis Blanc, Proudhon, Pierre Leroux, to obtain support for the *Populaire*.<sup>1</sup>

All this time Louis Philippe's government was carrying on its insane policy of repression, gagging the press, suppressing public meetings, at last forbidding political dinners. One day when Nadaud was working on the *mairie* of the Pantheon, he saw the troops of the line occupy the *place* on one side, the national guard on the other. Some political move-

ment was evidently going on, and work was at once suspended. At two P. M. the colonel of the national guard received tidings of the king's abdication. The revolution of 1848 had taken place.

After the republic had been proclaimed, Nadaud was surprised to find that those workmen who had till then been most indifferent to their rights and liberties had become suddenly so exacting that no measure taken by the provisional government could satisfy them. Instead of spending their evenings in the clubs, many took to meeting in the open air, and there, before long, the malcontents began to put forward Louis Napoleon as their chief. Nadaud now began to feel himself at issue with the mere revolutionists by whom he was surrounded. They had the republic, they had universal suffrage; he would have been satisfied with consolidating these two great conquests, and would fain have concentrated his whole energies on questions of association. Meanwhile a national assembly had to be elected, and a meeting of Creusois was to be held at the Sorbonne for the choice of departmental candidates to the "Constituent Assembly." He went straight from work, in his working dress. A crowd of young men, "skipping about like grasshoppers," had come up from the Creuse to offer themselves as candidates. He listened to them, and they seemed to him "as parrots trying to amuse the gallery." By a sudden impulse — never having spoken in public before — he rose from one of the back benches of the amphitheatre and asked to speak. His voice was strong, and when he had to repeat the request it was in a louder tone yet. "Turn him out!" cried some. "To the tribune!" called others; and the tribune he reached at

<sup>1</sup> Cabet, a man of very ordinary capacity, was nevertheless one of sterling character and great kindness. Nadaud has told me that he took great pains to correct not only faults of speech, but faults of manner, in the workmen whom he befriended, and, for instance, would teach

them how to take off their hats, how to come into a room, would send them out to wipe their boots on the mat if they had not done so, etc.; and all this was done in such a kindly, fatherly way as never to give offense.

last. He spoke at once against the last representative (Émile de Girardin), and against all the young candidates, so prodigal of promises, who had just been heard. At the conclusion of his speech, which was frequently applauded, a well-dressed young man, whom he had never seen (a working tailor), proposed him for a candidate, and he was accepted. He failed, however, at the election, and, after speaking at two meetings, returned to Paris, where he found his place taken, but had it restored to him a month later.

A terrible commercial stagnation had soon followed on the revolution, and Bonapartists found easy recruits amongst famished men; nay, the crowds of miscellaneous workers or idlers which poured forth daily from the national workshops, Nadaud declares, would have torn in pieces any one who should have uttered any other cry than that of "Vive Napoléon!" He was himself named a delegate to the Labor Commission for the study of industrial questions, presided over by Louis Blanc, but, owing to his occupations, does not appear to have attended as delegate any meeting after the first. He took part in the founding of a coöperative association in his own trade, which for years stood at the head of the French productive associations. But the year had been an expensive one. His wife had had a severe illness which was to cost her her life. He had intended to start for America, to join Cabet's colony, with the second band of Icarians. On the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly, however, he was pressed by his workmen friends to stand for its successor, the Legislative Assembly, and, notwithstanding a trick sought to be played off upon him by the reactionists, of setting up as a dummy candidate another Nadaud (not Martin), he received, one morning, while at work, a letter directed "Citoyen Nadaud, Représentant du Peuple."

He sat in the Assembly from 1849 to the *coup d'état*, spoke frequently, sometimes for hours at a time, and was

complimented by men like Jules Favre and Michel de Bourges. He took part in an abortive protest (meant to be something more) against French intervention in Italy. At the prorogation of 1851, the air being full already of rumors as to an impending coup d'état, he went to his department, and, in spite of the enmity of the prefect, was received everywhere with cries of "Vive Nadaud, notre maçon!" More than this, Émile de Girardin, the most influential of French journalists, had put forward the idea of a workman as President of the republic for the elections of 1852, and Nadaud's name was foremost among those of the workmen representatives; so that as early as September, 1850, a squib was published on the subject in a reactionary journal. On the other hand, the President, in his struggle against the Assembly, had struck a shrewd blow in his own favor through the reëstablishment of universal suffrage. From this time forth many workmen among Nadaud's friends began to say that the President was better than the Assembly, and many who had been in the habit of coming to him kept away. Shortly after midnight, on the morning of the 2d of December, when he had scarcely dropped asleep, his *concierge* woke him up, and he found in his room a *commissaire de police* and four strapping *sergents de ville*. He was told at first that he was only to be taken to the house of the police officer; but this was a trick. As soon as he had stepped into the cab that stood in waiting, he found that he was being taken to the prison of Mazas. The yard of the prison was already filled with hackney coaches which had brought other prisoners. Thiers and the ultra-republican Greppo were brought in while Nadaud was waiting in the office. For nineteen days he remained at Mazas in solitary confinement, but after three days obtained books, and made acquaintance with Guizot's two works on the History of Civilization in Europe and in France, the perusal of which was of

advantage to him years after, during his career as a teacher. Better days came when he was transferred to Sainte-Pélagie. All the representatives who had been arrested were placed in the left wing of the prison, groups of several in a large room. The room he occupied contained, besides friends of his own, political opponents, such as Duvergier de Hauranne and General Leydet. Their days were quiet, and "as agreeable as possible." Friends were allowed to come to see them, and supply them with provisions, even beyond their wants. Relations of brotherly esteem grew up between monarchists and republicans. Nadaud was even offered by General Leydet a sum of one thousand francs, subscribed for him by the latter's friends, which he refused, saying that he could always earn his living by his trade. One morning the prisoners received a copy of the official paper, which informed Nadaud that he and sixty-five other republican representatives were exiles for life. Nadaud took a passport for Belgium, and the clerk who handed it over to him offered him a letter to a Brussels architect.

At Brussels he seemed to himself to be in the corridors of the Palais Bourbon, where the Assembly had sat, so many former colleagues and friends did he find there. He went into lodgings with one who was both a colleague and a friend, Agricol Perdiguier, nicknamed "Avignonais-la-Vertu," a joiner, and one of the chief writers in the workingman's paper, *L'Atelier*, whose *Livre du Compagnonnage* is often spoken of by George Sand, and had more effect, according to Nadaud, in moralizing French workmen than all the laws and penalties of the Louis Philippe *régime*. Perdiguier was the cook, and so economical was he that their expenses rarely exceeded a franc a day each. On the other hand, Nadaud found that wages in his trade were very low in Brussels, not exceeding two and a quarter or two and a half francs a day, and a great public meeting, organ-

ized by the Brussels workmen in honor of the exiles, at which he was chosen to return thanks in their names, soon led to his being driven away. On the morrow of the meeting he was ordered to present himself to the burgomaster, who made him understand that he must leave Brussels. Victor Schœlcher and another received the same notice, and all three were sent to Antwerp, where for the first time Nadaud saw the sea. But here also, on inquiry, he found wages in the building trade very low, though somewhat higher than at Brussels, — three francs a day. On learning (January, 1852) from Louis Blanc, then in England, and to whom he had written, that he could earn more than double this amount (five shillings) in London, and that Louis Blanc had already spoken about him to Mr. Pickard,<sup>1</sup> manager of a then existing North London Working Builders' Association (founded in connection with the Christian Socialist movement of the time), he crossed the Channel (at the cost of dreadful seasickness) to the country which was to be his home for eighteen years.

The day after his arrival his future employer (who, alas, went to the bad eventually, both morally and pecuniarily) called upon him, and it was settled that he should begin work three days later. He did not yet speak a word of English, and Louis Blanc not only got him an interpreter, in the person of a boy of thirteen or fourteen, but himself took him, the first day, to the building yard at Islington where he was to work. The rain was pouring down in torrents; the roads in the neighborhood of the yard were almost impracticable for foot-passengers, and poor little Louis Blanc sank so deep in the mud, tearing himself out of one rut only to tumble into another, that his sturdy companion hardly knew whether to laugh or to urge him to go no farther. Nadaud soon made friends, particularly with two worthy Irishmen, who

<sup>1</sup> Louis Blanc had been put in relation with Mr. Pickard by the late Mr. Vansittart Neale.

came every day to fetch him from his lodgings, and bought and cooked his dinner for him. He did not find the English plasterer's work as fatiguing as that of the Parisian, and, as the result of four years' experience, considers that English workmen in the trade do not work as hard as those of Paris. But it may be questioned whether this impression was not in consequence of the far better nourishment and generally healthier conditions of life of the worker in England.

Finding thus work at once, Nadaud escaped the "great miseries" that for some time crushed the greater part of the refugees. More than this, indeed: the London building operatives having subscribed to a fund for his support, he declined it, and handed over the amount collected to a general fund established by his countrymen, out of which twelve francs a week were paid for more than three years to every poor French refugee, and he was able to continue subscribing to this fund without ever drawing upon its resources. But the old divisions subsisted, and the refugees split into three groups, one headed by Ledru Rollin, another by Félix Pyat, the third (to which Nadaud himself belonged) by Louis Blanc. Years after, when he had the opportunity of looking over his police dossier, he found reports sent in by false brethren of most of the meetings of refugees which he had attended in London. Of course, the letters which the refugees wrote to their friends in France were opened, and their contents noted.

It was at this time that I first knew Nadaud, a short, sturdy man, with an open countenance and a pleasant smile, who looked you straight in the face, and could evidently hold his own whenever it was needful. I was struck by the enormous size and strength of his wrists, not knowing then that he had broken them both, as related in my previous paper; the result being to increase the power of his grip, though at the cost of its suppleness.

After working in London or its neigh-

borhood, — at one time on two houses built for my friend Tom Hughes and myself at Wimbledon by the North London Builders' Association, — and afterwards in Kent, the building trade becoming very slack in the south at the beginning of the Crimean war, he went to Manchester, where there was more work going on, and where he obtained employment through an Alsatian friend, though he was somewhat coolly received by the men. Here he found himself for the first time in the midst of a dense manufacturing population, and was a witness of a great strike at Preston. Never, he says, can he forget the sight of men coming in for four consecutive hours, laden with long sacks filled with copper money, which they emptied on the floor, when the contents were distributed among the destined recipients, most of whom, though famished, received their portion with a laugh. He was also invited (with Louis Blanc) to a meeting of a so-called Labor Parliament in Manchester, and was introduced by the Chartist leader, Ernest Jones (whom he miscalls "Ernest John"). He now became anxious to see more of industrial England: visited Sheffield, Leeds, the Wigan collieries, Liverpool; crossed over to Dublin; went to Greenock and Glasgow, where he was amazed at the sight of the "vast lighted furnaces streaming forth true flames of hell," whilst "men, bare to the waist, struck blow after blow on the anvil." He pushed on as far as Loch Lomond, then visited Edinburgh, and returned to London by boat; having spent his last copper, but feeling himself "another man" after his four months' tour.

He had, however, a bad time to pass after his return, work being very slack; he took a contract to build two small houses, and found at the end that he had earned less money than his workmen. Some of his friends urged him to become a French teacher, and one of them — a pleasant and able man named Barrère, whom I have known personally — gave him two months' training, and at the close of this

time found for him a place at a small private school at Brighton. The pay was very poor, — sixteen pounds a year, with board and lodging, — but the treatment he received was friendly; the sea air restored his health, which had been failing; he had leisure for self-improvement. At the end of nine months a better place was found for him at Putney, near London, at forty-eight pounds a year; and though the school was given up after a few months, he simply passed from it, on the same terms, to another at Ealing, kept by a brother-in-law of his late chief. The work was harder, but he still found leisure for study in the evenings, and gained sufficient proficiency in English to give a lecture in the local institute. He was here eighteen months, and left only to take the place of a refugee friend and former colleague at a great school at Wimbledon, chiefly preparatory for the services, where he remained (1858-70) till his return to France, receiving at first eighty pounds a year. I myself was living at Wimbledon, and it was then that I was able really to appreciate the simplicity and sincerity as well as the strength of Nadaud's character. He was a very successful teacher, owing to the unstinted pains he took with his pupils, and, what is most rare for a French master in an English school, he was popular, being often chosen as umpire at cricket or football. So well were his services appreciated that when his name was included in the imperial amnesty, in 1859, and he informed his employers that he wished to go to France for some weeks and to leave the question of his return an open one, they offered to raise his salary to one hundred and sixty pounds a year if he returned.

He did return. His idea had been to join the Association des Maçons, now in full prosperity. But there was no inclination to receive him. The association was patronized by the Emperor's ministers, by imperial princes. The spirit of 1848 had avowedly altogether died out. Years were still to elapse before the fall

of the empire. In the mean while (this detail is not to be found in the book) he began after some years to be pressed with invitations to stand again for the Creuse, where his election, he was told, would be a dead certainty. Only an oath to take, as a necessary condition. The temptation was great; not a few republicans succumbed to it. But he resisted, and has told me since how glad he was to have done so. He began now a history of the working classes in England, spending all available leisure at the British Museum Library. The book was published in 1872.

At last the downfall of the empire came. Then Nadaud threw up his professor's place and returned to France. Friends took him to Gambetta, who at once handed him his nomination as prefect of the Creuse. Here his one preoccupation was to save all unnecessary expenditure, and to send as many men as possible to the war. He has told me how, when he took possession of the *préfecture*, and a tall liveried major-domo came to take his orders for dinner and ask how many covers were to be laid, he replied that he did not want any dinner cooked for him, and meant to have all his meals from the restaurant, and proceeded to get rid of cook, major-domo, and every servant that could be dispensed with, whilst his meals were supplied to him at the rate of one franc seventy-five centimes each. His secretary was a now well-known French diplomat, Camille Barrère, son of his old friend. Nadaud resigned his place on Gambetta's retirement, and returned to Paris on the outbreak of the Commune, believing that the Versailles Assembly intended to restore the monarchy. After the Commune, he became member of the Paris Municipal Council, and carried several important proposals; held (1872-73) a series of "conferences," on historical and industrial subjects, to a public which sometimes numbered two thousand persons, more than twenty deputies often attending; and in 1876 he was elected member

for Bourgneuf, though by a small majority. In his first speech (May 16) he asked for a credit of 100,000 francs (which was granted) for sending workmen delegates to the Philadelphia Exposition. He took part chiefly in the promotion of measures of social importance, such as the extension of railways, the improvement of prison discipline, industrial education, the reduction of the hours of labor, old-age pensions, sanitary improvements, compensation to workmen for accidents, the relief of the poor, public works, the water supply of Paris. He avowed himself a free-trader, in opposition to the dominant protectionism. Although it is to be observed that his name was never mentioned for the presidency of the republic, as it had been in 1849, however better fitted he might be for the office through the ripening of experience and self-improvement, he received a testimony of the esteem of his colleagues by being elected, without any solicitation, one of the *questeurs* of the Chamber, and retained the post for eight years.<sup>1</sup> As such, he occupied at the Palais Bourbon the apartments formerly assigned to Prince Napoleon. He was very happy here, working in the library of the Chamber, and scarcely ever leaving the precincts of the palace, although on one occasion he recrossed the Channel with a deputation, and found himself, with his colleagues, invited to a dinner at the Mansion House. At the elections of 1889, however, he failed to be reelected, obtaining only 3908 votes as against 4120 given to the successful candidate. Accusations were brought against him that he was receiving a pension of 1080 francs a year as a victim of the coup d'état, that he had voted for the increase of taxation, for the Tonquin war, etc. The report made to the Chamber on the election completely exonerated him as to the first accu-

sation, showing that he had never touched his pension for himself, but had always shared it amongst twenty old men of his neighborhood in the Creuse. That he had been a partisan of colonial expansion was not to be denied. Since then he has lived in his own country and his own house, troubled only with deafness and failing sight. He was operated on some years ago for cataract in one eye; but the other is also affected, and a journey which he took to Paris in his eightieth year to have it operated on was in vain, the surgeons refusing to make the attempt, on account of his age. He might probably have been reelected in 1893, but declined to stand.

There remains to be said that, besides the *Mémoires de Léonard* and the *Histoire des Classes Ouvrières en Angleterre*, a work containing mistakes in detail, but bearing witness of a remarkable insight into the general development of events, Nadaud has published a volume of speeches and *Six Mois de Préfecture*, an account of his experiences as prefect.

I have not dwelt upon the passages in the *Mémoires* which here and there are repugnant to me, as the glorification of Robespierre, or the unmeasured enmity toward the Church, — personified, of course, for Nadaud, in that of Rome, — an enmity which sometimes reaches a distinctly anti-religious tone. But if I have failed to convey to the reader the idea of a strong, fearless, upright, kindly, and so far as his lights go entirely just man, the fault is my own.

Let me conclude with a few words taken from the last page of the *Mémoires*, which apply as fully to the working classes of England or of America as to those of Continental Europe: —

"The most imperative of all duties for the people is less to occupy itself in pulling to pieces the faults of its adversaries than to seek to correct its own."

*J. M. Ludlow.*

<sup>1</sup> I do not know if there is anything answering to this office in America; there is certainly nothing in England. The nearest approach to

it would probably be the position of the clerk of the House of Commons, if this were held by a member.

## A WOMAN'S LUNCHEON.

MRS. CHESTER REX, hostess, assisted by her daughter ISABEL, a girl of twenty-eight. The guests (invited to meet MISS WALTON, just returned from a long residence abroad) are: —

MRS. LORING, a woman of seventy.

MRS. TERESA BRINTON MUNN, an ardent believer in and worker for the cause of the New Womanhood.

MRS. CLEVELAND COXE, very fashionable.

ETHEL, her daughter, in her third season.

MRS. OGDEN-SMITH, very rich.

MISS OGDEN-SMITH, an heiress, very plain, but a social success.

MRS. JOHN REX, a young matron.

MRS. VAN COTT, a novelist.

MISS CRAVEN, a Fellow of Victoria College and a Ph. D.

MISS SYNNOTT, a piquant-looking girl, a clever writer.

MABEL SYNNOTT, her sister, a débutante, and the beauty of the season.

The table is round; the decorations are carnations and violets. Each married woman has a bunch of violets, and each unmarried woman a bunch of carnations.

Admiring comments are buzzed round the table as the guests take their places.

The moment she has crossed the Rubicon, she has crossed the Rubicon.

*Mrs. Van Cott.* Some man said of matrimony that it was a state into which all who were outside longed to enter, while all who were inside longed to be out. Somehow we women never make those little jokes about our condition.

*Mrs. Teresa Brinton Munn.* They would mean too much.

*Miss Rex.* Now, Teresa, do you intend to suggest that we girls are all longing to be married? I protest.

*Mrs. John Rex.* Do you mean that we married women are all longing to be maids? I protest.

*Miss Walton.* We women mix up our personal emotions with our theories of life, and cannot speak with the ease and finesse of men on certain subjects. For example, a bachelor of my age might declare, in joke or earnest, that he had an inextinguishable desire for matrimony, but not so a woman.

*Teresa.* Simply because woman's whole habit of thought and expression has so long been regulated by a very complicated and insincere formula, according to what appeared proper and correct. Now that we are finding a freer outlet for our personal opinions, feelings, cravings —

*Miss Synnott.* We shall all, no doubt, be declaring that we might, could, would, and should be married at once.

1. *Grape Fruit.*

*Mrs. Rex.* Isabel tells me that my choice of flowers is tame and old-fashioned; that the flower of the New Woman is the orchid.

*Miss Walton.* An orchid never seems to me a flower at all, — a sort of cross between a flower and a butterfly.

*Mrs. Loring.* In my day women used to be compared to roses.

*Miss Synnott.* But we modern women are orchids. I like that. Next to a mushroom, an orchid has a look of mystery, of being perhaps deadly and poisonous. Yes, we are orchids. But all the same, Mrs. Rex, I prefer your Dresden china effect.

*Mrs. Rex.* You will observe that I have given all of you who are not married the carnations, which, as they say in Italy, are for good luck. We matrons have the violets.

*Mrs. Van Cott.* Which are typical of our giving out most perfume when most crushed.

*Miss Walton.* You seem to make no distinction between us spinsters, dear Mrs. Rex, whether we are eighteen or a hundred.

*Miss Rex.* Here is Jack's wife, just twenty, and she has a bunch of violets. Age makes no difference. Either a woman is married or she is not married.

*Mrs. Coxe.* But really, Teresa, don't you think there is some fundamental spiritual difference between the sexes? I fancy girls are still girls, and will go on being girls in spite of all the new creeds about woman's place in the world.

*Mrs. John Rex.* I hope so. I adore girls. My only objection to marrying Jack was that I could not be both a girl and a married woman. And I observe nowadays, with some humility, a certain condescension in the manner of girls. "Of course, you poor thing, you can't do it!" they seem to say. I am so grateful, dear Mrs. Rex, when you set us all down at one table at once, and make no difference between girls and matrons.

*Mrs. Loring.* So am I. I have an undying curiosity about you young people, — what you say, what you do. I know that I lag superfluous in a world which has outgrown me, that perhaps I am a bore to the generation which is presently to wear my diamonds and lace and spend my money; but I still feel that it is an unkind fashion to build up any wall between the young and the old.

*Mrs. Coxe.* I confess I never quite approve of too much being done in the way of rosebud luncheons and dinners for debutantes. Yet it is the fashion to set aside all other claims for them.

*Mrs. Rex.* Not in this house. What a girl's coming-out means is simply that she is admitted on equal terms to the society of her betters.

*Mabel Synnott.* I feel it, I realize it.

*Mrs. Rex.* I do not consider society, so to speak, society at all unless it includes women of every age. I delight in girls, I love my contemporaries, but I particularly adore old women.

*Mrs. Loring.* Oh, thank you, thank you. I'm quite unique here, and you may all say nice things of me. We have all been young, but you have not yet been old.

## 2. Bouillon.

*Miss Walton.* I assure you, I feel a veritable Rip Van Winkle, returning to a

world of novelty and surprise which has outgrown me.

*Teresa.* You must know, Miss Walton, I never go out to mere luncheons, and I came to-day to find out what impressions you have gathered in your return to America.

*Miss Walton.* Do not ask me for any clear impressions yet. Everything so far is surmise, conjecture, bewildered observation. For example, when you say you never go out to a "mere" luncheon, I am not sure what you mean.

*Teresa.* I mean that I never go out for amusement. I enjoy society, but it dissipates an incalculable amount of valuable time. I have to divide up my days very carefully, in order to get through the duties I have appointed to myself and the work that others lay out for me to do. I go to my desk punctually at a quarter past eight o'clock each morning, glance through my correspondence, next for two hours dictate letters and papers to my secretary, which she takes down in shorthand, and afterwards type-writes. By eleven or twelve I see the people who are waiting to consult me; then I am ready for the actual work of the day.

*Mrs. Ogden-Smith.* When she has already accomplished more in one morning than I find time to do in a month!

*Miss Walton.* Pray go on, Mrs. Munn, and tell me how you occupy yourself until bedtime.

*Teresa.* I attend committee meetings; I am president of a woman's club; and there are often meetings where I preside, — at least sit on the platform.

*Ethel Coxe.* She often addresses meetings herself.

*Teresa.* There are so many important questions to be agitated.

*Miss Walton.* Female suffrage?

*Teresa.* Of course, first and foremost everything which concerns the full enfranchisement of woman; but besides, the questions of water filtration, street-cleaning, school boards, nominations for mayor and city council.

*Miss Walton.* Although I hardly venture to offer a compliment, a cat may look even at a king, and say, "How wonderfully in earnest, not to say energetic, your majesty has grown since I saw you last!"

*Teresa.* You must, I am sure, see with one glance that American women have gained in seriousness, in high purpose, since you went abroad.

*Miss Walton.* In old days, it seems to me, *ennui* used to be rather the fashionable complaint. To be bored by things in general was considered rather the correct tone.

*Miss Synnott.* Nowadays, instead of being bored, we bore.

*Miss Walton.* When I went abroad to live, everybody envied me for being able to get away from America. Since I have come back, everybody pities me for having lived in Europe so long that I am, so to speak, *dépaysée*, out of touch with America.

*Miss Synnott.* Oh, we love to go to Europe still; only formerly we used to go for ideas, stimulus, occupation; now we go for intellectual rest.

*Mrs. Rex.* That is right, Miss Synnott, brush up our wits a little with your sarcasm. But actually, Miss Walton, we have grown patriotic.

*Miss Synnott.* Yes, formerly we used to be a little ashamed of America, like the woman who explained she was so high-toned that when she went to visit her relations she was obliged to sit down and weep because they had no manners.

### 3. *Lobster en Coquilles, Sauce Tartare.*

*Mrs. Cox.* Since we rummaged up our genealogies to find out whether we could be Colonial Dames, and brought out our silver candlesticks and our grandmothers' brocades, we have plucked up a spirit, and stand by our country, its history, and our pedigrees.

*Miss Walton.* Yes, I have perceived that notable change. You have discovered America.

*Teresa.* The American woman has discovered herself; she is finding her relations to her surroundings, to the events of past, present, and future. She no longer ignores the great events of the world. She is interested in public affairs, in good administration of government, in purity of politics. Our young girls, instead of being taken up with balls and Germans, are absorbed in cleansing and uplifting the world.

*Mrs. Cox.* Here is my little Ethel, who belongs to nine clubs and is on eleven committees.

*Ethel.* Isabel far surpasses me, Miss Walton, and she has the delightful talent not only of doing more all day and doing it better than any other woman, but of going to balls at night and beating all the society girls at their own game.

*Teresa* (with admiration). The New Woman is not one-sided. She is a complete microcosm.

*Mrs. Rex.* The dear girls do pick up and assimilate all the new ideas with the most astonishing ease.

*Mrs. Ogden-Smith.* They read everything; they understand everything. Nothing daunts them, — they undertake everything.

*Miss Synnott.* Oh, don't we! Somebody said of a scientific man that he would create a new continent, to carry out a theory, as easily as a cook made a pancake.

*Teresa.* Women are raising the general average of truth, cleanliness, and purity day by day.

*Mrs. Rex.* We used to be taught the beauty of self-abnegation: that it was the duty of a woman to put up with everything uncomplainingly; that to be a woman was to learn how sublime a thing it was to suffer and be strong.

*Teresa.* The first lesson the New Woman had to learn was how to complain. She does not bear a grievance silently: she writes letters about it to the papers; she sets all the members of her club talking about it; she calls a meeting; they

discuss it, they pass resolutions, they petition, — they leave the men no peace. No, what the modern woman insists on, dear Mrs. Rex, is how sublime a thing it is to make things go right. She does not attempt to serve two masters, to acknowledge a higher and a lower law of action.

*Mrs. Rex.* We older women feel our banks; not she. She overflows, carries everything along with her. She approaches life so differently from the way we were taught to do; ideas which startle us she can handle with a real scientific knowledge of the subject.

*Mrs. Van Cott.* Still I do feel like saying, "Be clever, be clever, by all means be clever; but, my dear New Woman, be not too clever! Leave yourself just a few illusions."

*Miss Walton.* I would n't flatter the New Womanhood too much. It may become puffed up with incense. Don't you remember Voltaire's story of the grand vizier who was afflicted with such inordinate vanity that his master, the king of Babylon, ordered him to be set upon a throne, and a grand chorus to stand before him and sing, —

"Ah, combien monseigneur  
Doit être content de lui-même!"

And when the chorus got out of breath, the lords and chamberlains took up the refrain, —

"Ah, combien monseigneur  
Doit être content de lui-même!"

The New Woman ought to beg everybody to wait until she has accomplished some of the miracles predicted of her.

*Teresa.* But she has, dear Miss Walton. I assure you she has accomplished wonders.

*Mrs. Loring.* But what I claim, Teresa, is that we have always been accomplishing wonders ever since the beginning of the world. I will confess that when people first began to talk about the New Woman, her profound learning, her degrees, her professions, her public speeches, I was inspired with some awe of her superior wisdom, her higher edu-

cation, her fine-spun sense of duty. I said to myself that my day and the day of such as I was past and gone; that I must give way to fitter survivors. Then, just as I was about to retire from society, the fashion of sleeves like barrels and skirts like umbrellas came in, and I perceived that women had not changed to any alarming extent; that no matter how many clubs they belonged to, or how many hard questions they could answer at a pinch, radically they were just the same, identical, sweet, silly, charming, clever creatures I had known and loved for seventy years.

#### 4. *Hors d'Œuvres.*

*Miss Synnott.* Frances Power Cobbe says she believes in her sex until she sees a fashion-plate.

*Miss Rex.* Nevertheless, I insist that if we were the dowdies we used to be we could n't venture to do half we do. The sleeves and the furbelows and the stiff skirts are our wings and tail feathers, so to speak; they enable us to fly gracefully. I sometimes wonder if Redfern did not chiefly contrive the modern woman. For it is he who gives us *chic*, just the natty, jaunty, half-defiant air which makes us piquant to ourselves. I am ready to confess that when I look in the glass at my hat, jacket, and skirt, I receive a high moral support and feel my energies revive. Even Teresa, the strong-minded Teresa, gets her things from Redfern.

*Teresa.* Of course one would prefer never to think of clothes at all.

*Miss Walton.* It does seem as if woman could not change to any surprising degree until the question of her good looks is eliminated.

*Miss Craven* (with peculiar energy). Eliminate the question of good looks, and the solution of every feminine problem becomes easy at once.

*Mrs. Cove.* I think, Miss Craven, if the question of good looks were eliminated, the feminine problem would be difficult indeed.

*Mrs. Rex.* Increasingly difficult.

*Mrs. Loring.* Impossible.

### 5. Sweetbreads ; Green Peas.

*Mrs. Van Cott.* The necessity of preserving her good looks has always been a large part of the bondage of woman. I fancy that the new movement might gain dignity and consistency, if all who belonged to it were to adopt a sort of uniform.

*Miss Craven.* I agree with you.

*Miss Synnott.* Bifurcated skirts ?

*Mrs. Van Cott.* Not necessarily. Look at trained nurses, look at sisterhoods, at the Salvation Army. Their dress is not only the badge of their calling, but it gives clear meaning to the ideas they profess, and sanctity to the work they undertake.

*Mabel.* And it is very becoming.

*Ethel.* Oh, Mabel, don't let yourself be carried away by any such ideas. The men laugh at us now, but they admire us ; they would laugh at us, and not admire us, if we tried to set ourselves apart. And I find that when I go to the Settlement and the Guild, when I visit the sick, everybody, boys and girls, old men and old women, admire me the more for being pretty and fashionable. They delight in the swish and flare of my skirts and the balloon-like circumference of my sleeves.

*Teresa.* A woman should use all her talents. Did you see Henrietta Coan Brown yesterday ?

*Ethel.* See her ? I blushed for her.

*Miss Rex* (explaining to Miss Walton). Poor Henrietta never had in all her life the leisure and repose of mind to dress herself properly. Her hooks never quite catch, and, being always in a hurry, she goes straight through her sleeves.

*Mrs. Van Cott.* She is so earnest she is carried beyond those futile strivings ; she has no feeble self-consciousness ; does not, I am certain, ever wake up in the middle of the night, as I do, in a cold perspiration, at the thought that she has possibly made herself absurd.

*Miss Synnott.* I wonder if Miss Caroline Weeks does.

*Mrs. Rex.* Oh, did you see her at the Friday Club ?

*Mrs. Van Cott.* No, but I can imagine her, — all black satin, and a regular lace exhibition hung over it.

*Miss Synnott.* There was a great deal of lace in Miss Weeks's family, Miss Walton, and she inherited it.

*Mrs. Cox.* Also, no doubt, the unique bracelet.

*Miss Rex.* And the arms. You must understand, Miss Walton, that, like Madame de Staël, Miss Weeks possesses one beauty : her arms are always *en évidence*.

*Miss Synnott.* Even at midday there is a hint of them. Her sleeves fall off at the elbow. She wears long gloves.

*Ethel.* And the bracelet, quite a gorgeous thing, set with — What is it set with ? Can they be diamonds ?

*Mrs. Ogden-Smith.* They may be her family diamonds. I should call them moonstones.

*Ethel.* At any rate, the bracelet with those priceless gems is always clasped midway between her wrist and elbow, and she plays with it.

*Miss Ogden-Smith.* In a pretty, girlish way, as if she were sixteen years old.

*Teresa.* Caroline Weeks has her absurdities, but she is always effective, and helps to give any cause she undertakes the *cachet* of elegance. I find her useful as a sort of link between the fashionable woman of old family and the New Womanhood.

*Mabel.* The living link.

### 6. Croquettes.

*Teresa.* A little individuality in dress may add charm to private life, but, actually, the tailor-made gown is an important factor in social evolution. Hitherto, the Western woman has been impeded in everything she undertook by her clothes, just as a Chinese woman is crippled by her feet. She could not go out if it were wet, if it were dusty, if it were hot, if it

were cold, because her dress never suited the weather. Then her whole life was absorbed in making the useless, ill-fitting things, or having them tried on; in winter she was preparing for spring, in spring for summer, and so round the circle. Nowadays, she is born, as it were, ready-made; she steps forth, like Minerva, armed and equipped for battle. Her housekeeping is no longer a makeshift, but a science. She can put on her bonnet when she dresses for breakfast, set forth at nine o'clock, lunch at her club, and stay out till dinner-time.

*Mrs. Van Cott.* Why not until bedtime, and then let herself in decently and quietly with a latch-key?

*Teresa.* Of course she can do so, if she wishes; she is no longer hampered by foolish terrors and conventions.

*Mrs. Loring.* But my chief grievance against your superior modern woman is that she is always out. Thank Heaven, I have two friends who are chronic invalids, or I should never have a chance to go and tell anybody my news.

*Mrs. Coxe.* The other day, as I was passing, I thought I might as well drop a card at Mrs. James Wise's door; and when the man said she was at home, and ushered me into the room where she was sitting with her feet on the fender, reading a novel, I was quite taken aback. I really thought there must have been a death in the family.

*Mrs. Van Cott.* Was it Lady Ashburton who said she wished her husband had two wives, and then she would let the second wife stay at home and work, while she went out and enjoyed herself, and came back and amused the second by telling her all about it? One needs that sort of thing.

*Miss Walton.* I wish I were rich, I wish I could take a house: then you could all find me sitting before the fire, with my feet on the fender, ready to see my friends.

*Miss Synnott.* Nobody would come. I have tried it. It is of no use fighting

against the stream of tendency. The modern woman has no inclination to sit down with you in front of the fire, with her feet on the fender; she has no time to do anything except to go out. In a week you would do just as the rest of us do.

*Mrs. Rex.* You see, Miss Walton, there are so many charities, lectures, club meetings, classes, afternoons, that, as Teresa says, we cannot afford time or strength to be merely friendly and sociable.

*Mrs. John Rex.* Jack says the girls are so wrapped up in their fads of all sorts, it is driving all the best fellows into athletics.

*Ethel.* Oh, we do not venture to think of vying with football as an attraction.

*Mabel.* We are not so presumptuous.

*Teresa.* Let the men console themselves with football. We used to be the football ourselves.

*Mrs. Van Cott.* Men have always some sham solution of the feminine problem. They have been explaining all their faults by our follies since the beginning of the world.

*Mrs. Loring.* But young men do find girls nowadays too dreadfully serious. Only last night I was telling a nice fellow he ought to marry, and he said he was looking for a wife who was n't "viewy."

*Miss Rex.* Find me a girl who is n't "viewy," and you will find a girl who is not worth a man's loving. The best of us are impetuous idealists.

*Miss Synnott.* All bent on reforming something; and no doubt the reason young men run away from us is that they are afraid of being reformed themselves.

*Mrs. Coxe.* I confess I have some sympathy for the men. I myself love to go and sit down for an hour with some dear woman who is as comfortable as an old shoe; who has no fad, no hobby, no quarrel with the universe; who simply accepts the every-day facts

of existence and makes the most of them.

*Mrs. Loring.* In my day the men had n't so many clubs, and they ran after girls instead of running away from them. They loved to dance, they fell in love irresistibly; unless I had at least three offers the day after a ball, I was sure some other girl had outshone me.

*Mabel.* Oh, dear Mrs. Loring, I want to say it — but I don't dare —

*Mrs. Loring.* I give you absolution. Go on.

*Mabel.* What a dreadful flirt you must have been!

*Mrs. Loring.* I hope I was, my dear. When I was of your age, a girl had to be something of a coquette in self-defense.

*Mrs. Rex.* You see we expected to fall in love and marry; we did not put ourselves in antagonism to love and marriage. We were taught not to intrude too much of our individuality upon society. If a girl looked pretty and held her tongue, she did enough.

*Mrs. Cox.* We were not pulled this way and that by contrary ideas; we did not stop to think whether our life offered us the best chance of development.

*Mrs. Loring.* We did not aspire to development. We simply wanted a happy life all of a piece.

*Miss Craven.* Did you find it?

*Mrs. Loring.* More than you bright critical girls ever will.

*Miss Synnott.* It is lucky that humanitarianism or social science offers an alternative to taking the veil.

#### 7. Pâtés.

*Teresa.* Miss Synnott will have her little joke. The fact is that social evolution has finally reached woman, drawn her into the arena, and put her into rivalry with man. She says to him, not, "Admire me, make love to me, marry and support me," but, "You have more than your fair share of rights. Give me mine!"

*Miss Rex.* I hate to have it said even

in joke that our fads are taken up as an alternative to matrimony, or in rivalry with men. What I feel is that women are at last awakening to the injustice of a scheme of things whereby only the happiness of a few is secured, and the others take their chances. The sentiment of humanity condemned slavery, and that was gotten rid of at any cost; and now the sentiment of humanity is condemning poverty, and more and more we are so heartbroken by the thought of the wrong and evil which poverty brings along with it that the question of individual comfort, of individual happiness, seems something to be postponed until poverty is cured.

*Miss Craven.* This sensitiveness to the pain of humanity, indeed to the pain of every sentient being, is increasing; still, there are people going hungry in this very city, while here are we, who ate breakfast a few hours ago, now enjoying a most delicious luncheon; we shall go on to two, three, or four places between now and six o'clock, where we shall be offered ices, muffins, sandwiches, tea, and chocolate; then we shall dine, and not a few of us may probably take an elaborate supper at midnight.

*Miss Rex.* That is what I say, that poverty is to be gotten rid of at any cost.

*Mrs. Ogden-Smith* (plaintively, as if personally addressed). I give to everything. I am willing to do anything the right sort of person advises. There is no day I do not fill out a check or two. As for Mr. Ogden-Smith, he is munificent.

*Miss Synnott.* There are drawbacks to being Dives even in this world.

*Miss Ogden-Smith.* And everybody is so sure that Dives has no chance in the next, it seems to them no particular injustice if his torments begin before their appointed time.

*Miss Walton.* When Dickens wrote *Bleak House*, Mrs. Jellyby was considered an amusing caricature, just the type of woman to be avoided. It seems rather odd that she is at last being brought

to the front as the typical modern woman.

*Teresa.* I cannot admit it. We neglect no home duties.

*Mrs. Cox.* I'm sure I do. I neglect everything.

*Mrs. Ogden-Smith.* And so do I.

*Miss Walton.* Mrs. Jellyby was in advance of her day. Nowadays civilization has caught up with women's expanding energies.

*Mrs. Ogden-Smith.* Everything, as Mrs. Munn says, can be bought ready-made, and there are kindergartens.

*Teresa.* I cannot admit that Mrs. Jellyby —

*Miss Synnott.* Oh yes, Dickens possessed

“ the prophetic soul

Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,”  
and actually invented the modern woman.

### 8. *Petites Timbales.*

*Teresa* (with energy). The real enemies to woman's advance are to be found in her own sex. Of course I know that a cause which cannot stand being laughed at is too feeble to live; but believe me, my dear Miss Walton, in spite of wit, satire, paradox, a great natural force is working through the New Womanhood, and if any of us refuse to acknowledge it, it is because mankind has always refused to acknowledge the miracle which takes place before its eyes.

*Mrs. Rex.* It startles me sometimes when I find that my own private tastes and prepossessions seem more important than the future welfare of the whole sex.

*Miss Synnott.* I too have to confess that my antagonism to woman's emancipation is largely a matter of whim and caprice. If I long to ride a bicycle, the moment I see a certain pet aversion of mine astride one I feel it to be a violation of every feminine instinct.

*Ethel.* Now I love to dare and do; I like to float on the rising wave.

*Miss Synnott.* But the rising wave is

so frothy with sham idealism; you have to be associated with women who simply love agitation, noise, self-display; who like to jump over barriers for the notoriety of the thing; who want something new, something hitherto untried, be it another husband, or a new religion, hypnotism, spiritualism, Buddhism.

*Teresa.* You must love and pity and take in the aspirations of all women, good or bad, wise or foolish. You must realize that they are all your sisters; that the whole sex is developing from the chaotic conditions in which it has existed until now; that the fact of your dislikes has nothing to do with an evolution which is working itself out irresistibly.

*Miss Synnott.* I feel helpless when people talk about evolution, but I do not believe that the general scheme of things provides for any development out of normal conditions. And does not the old deep-seated centripetal instinct of woman for a merging of her life in that of her husband and children rest on a really more scientific basis of natural and spiritual law than the centrifugal force which you describe as carrying her off into wildly erratic orbits?

*Teresa.* There is a centrifugal law just as there is a centripetal.

*Miss Craven.* Woman has hitherto accepted a fable man has imposed upon her; she has been under the witchery of the ideal the poets have held up; she has been flattered, and has conceded everything for the sake of harmonizing with pretty fictions, has sold her birthright for the sake of being petted and beloved.

*Mrs. John Rex.* Is n't that better than throwing away a pearl richer than all our tribe? After you have evolved and developed all that is sweet and womanly out of existence, what remains? If we are n't just women, what are we? I confess I object quite decidedly to being developed, if it is to separate me from Jack.

9. *Sorbet à la Romaine.*

*Miss Rex.* Is not that delightful? Is not that the irrepressible feminine instinct? It reminds me of the new engagement.

*Teresa.* Cora Bellamy's? You know I never gossip, but I had wondered that no one had alluded to it.

*Mrs. Ogden-Smith.* Cora Bellamy engaged? To whom?

*Mrs. Cox.* Well, after that, nobody need despair.

*Mrs. Rex.* Of course to some man in Washington!

*Miss Synnott.* Let us trust, some far-off attaché, Russian, Turkish, Japanese.

*Mrs. Van Cott.* They have tried New York, they have tried Philadelphia, Bar Harbor, Newport, and Lenox, without result; they have taken three trips to Europe, and one to the East. When Mrs. Bellamy told me they were to winter in Washington—

*Ethel.* I wondered at their being back so early. I saw Cora in the street yesterday.

*Mabel.* So did I, looking positively ancient in that sage-green thing, every line straight up and down, and not a particle of flare.

*Miss Ogden-Smith.* I spoke to her, and she seemed a little out of spirits.

*Mrs. John Rex* (as if with a sensation of relief). Perhaps she is not engaged, after all.

*Teresa.* I assure you, I could n't have invented it if I had tried. Cora is engaged, and not to a stranger, but to somebody in town, whom you all know.

*Mabel.* Surely not to Frank Bellamy?

*Ethel.* Frank Bellamy! Oh, impossible!

*Miss Rex* (laughing). Quite impossible. We know where Frank Bellamy was last night at one o'clock, do we not, mamma?

*Miss Ogden-Smith.* Oh, tell us, tell us!

*Miss Rex.* It would n't be fair.

*Mabel.* Everything is fair in love or

war. We want to know where Frank was last night at one o'clock. Young men need to be looked after.

*Mrs. Rex.* I assure you, we looked after Frank up and down, and right and left. Not that he was our first object. You see I was chaperoning a very charming girl, and she vanished. You know what a huge house Mrs. Clark's is; well, this charming girl vanished, flatly vanished out of sight.

*Mabel.* I see, and Frank Bellamy also.

*Mrs. Rex.* I did not think at first of that coincidence. I suspected old oak chests, some place of solitary confinement, not *solitude à deux*. I said to Mrs. Clark, "I cannot think where Ethel is!"

*Ethel.* Oh, oh!

*Mabel and Miss Ogden-Smith.* Ah, ah, ah!

*Mrs. Rex* (correcting herself). Yes, I said to Mrs. Clark, "I cannot think where one of my charges is. I have looked everywhere for her." Mrs. Clark smiled, and returned, "Do you happen to see Frank Bellamy anywhere?" "No," I answered, startled. "Then," she explained, "you might happen to look in the window nook on the staircase."

*Miss Rex.* Accordingly we looked, and I agree with Ethel that it is quite impossible that Frank is engaged to his cousin Cora.

*Ethel.* We were only talking about—

*Mrs. Loring.* My dear, you began by saying it was impossible.

*Teresa.* Quite impossible. Guess again.

*Miss Rex.* Is it Dupont-Smith?

*Mrs. Ogden-Smith.* I will vouch for its not being Dupont.

*Mrs. Cox.* He may have been in the hunt, but it was a case where the tiger hunted the man, not the man the tiger.

*Miss Synnott.* How droll to call Cora a tiger! But what is the use of exhausting ourselves in conjectures! Whoever it is, Mrs. Munn, we will accept him like the dew from heaven after the long agony of drought and longing.

*Teresa.* John Tucker Green.

*Miss Rex.* John Tucker Green? I never heard of him.

*Mabel.* Oh yes, you saw him constantly at Bar Harbor. His mother calls him "Collie;" I don't know why.

*Miss Rex* (pointedly to Miss Synnott). Oh, *your* faithful shepherd dog.

*Miss Synnott.* Yes, my collie, or Cora's, which is not exactly the same thing. "'T was mine, 't is hers, and has been slave to thousands!"

*Miss Rex.* Indeed, no; he was yours, you trained him, you made him. I remember the first time I ever saw him, all legs and arms; bright, no doubt, but —

*Miss Synnott.* I do hate to see a bright man whose bad manners are in his way. Besides, it was very dull last summer at Bar Harbor.

*Miss Rex.* For other people, who had only to look on, — not for you, surely; for him it seemed exciting in the extreme.

*Miss Synnott.* But you see he has transferred his affections.

*Miss Rex.* Let us hope so.

*Ethel.* I wonder how she managed it.

*Miss Synnott.* I? How I managed it?

*Ethel.* Oh, we know very well how you manage such things. I meant, how Cora induced him to fall in love with her.

*Miss Synnott.* Who ever said he was in love with Cora?

*Miss Ogden-Smith.* Yes, I noticed she seemed not in high spirits.

*Mabel.* It must be a painful check to high spirits to be engaged to Collie Green.

#### 10. *Suprême de Volaille.*

*Miss Rex.* But nobody has asked about the new engagement I alluded to.

*Miss Synnott.* What? Another? How can I endure these successive blows?

*Mabel.* Perhaps this is Frank Belamy's —

*Miss Rex.* Not quite yet. I shall give no names; I shall leave them to your imagination to fill up. This is the

story. There is a club, no matter where; it is not one of the clubs which get into the papers. It exists solely for the satisfaction of twenty girls who try to carry zeal and truth into whatever they undertake, be it visiting the slums or reading one of Ibsen's plays. They discuss everything that comes in their way, and particularly they discuss the novels, of which there seem to be so many nowadays, that touch on delicate and essential questions of life and of art. Now, the other night the subject came up of a certain book which you have all read.

*Miss Synnott.* Name, name!

*Miss Rex.* Well, say it was Heavenly Twins. At least it was a book which set several of the more serious girls to talking about the grim tragical mistake girls might make in marrying; they spoke of men's ideas, their freedom, their license, their insisting, "One law for me, and another for you," and so on; and one of them became just a little bitter against the dominant sex. Well, all at once, one very pretty girl, who had been listening, with eyes growing bigger and bigger, and cheeks redder and redder, and lips wider and wider apart, jumped up, and said, "I don't know what other girls' experience may have been, but I have a dear father and three brothers whom I love and respect with all my heart, and I cannot stay any longer to listen to such horrible insinuations against men." And she walked straight out of the room and out of the house, although her carriage was not ordered until an hour later, and the streets were deep in slush.

#### 11. *Asperges en Branche; Caille et Salade; Fagots de Fromage.*

*Mrs. Loring.* Oh, what a dear girl!

*Miss Synnott.* What happened afterwards? An engagement, you say?

*Miss Rex.* Before dinner-time next day, two men had offered themselves, and she had accepted one.

*Miss Synnott.* Was it a coincidence? Or had anybody told?

*Miss Rex.* Who could have told? Yet I heard of a third man's saying he was just about to propose to her, if the others had not been ahead of him.

*Miss Synnott.* Of course I know whom you mean.

*Mrs. Loring.* I wish I did. I would go to her and say, My dear, I love you. I like a girl to be loyal. I don't think loyalty can be safely left out of a woman's heart, soul, and intellect. It is not only a good old-fashioned motive of thought and action, but it has a thousand times more to do with a girl's real happiness and usefulness than any clear-eyed analysis and speculation. After living for seventy odd years, I should say that a woman was better off for loving and believing blindly, even if she were disappointed, than in beginning with a spirit of skepticism and doubt, and an entire absence of illusion.

*Teresa.* I cannot agree with you. I cannot agree with you at all, Mrs. Loring!

*Mrs. Loring.* Man is a creature who can love only what belongs to him, what looks up to him, what he can guard.

*Ethel.* Woman ought to be a creature who can love only what belongs to her, what she can look up to, what will protect and cherish her.

*Mrs. Loring.* I see, my dear, you know all about it. The world will go on the next thousand years the way it has gone on the last thousand years, in spite of a few little earthquakes and avalanches.

*Mrs. Rex.* Every generation has a new language of its own, I suppose, and the writers make use of it. But the new books do startle one.

*Mrs. Core.* I have not read any of them. My mother used to decide what I might be permitted to read, and now my daughters choose my books for me.

## 12. *Fraises Glaces.*

*Ethel.* We do rather insist that mamma shall stick to Miss Austen and Cranford, as a rule. After all, one likes to

know that one's axis is turning round safely.

*Mrs. Loring.* I rather like these girls, Miss Walton, in spite of the books they read and the ideas they profess.

*Miss Walton.* I admire them; they are absolutely sublime to my perceptions. After they have turned the world upside down a little more, I should like to come back and see what sort of a place they have made it.

*Mrs. Loring.* Heaven defend me from seeing! Of course, society — that is, society in any real sense of the term — will be out of the question. Indeed, it is already.

*Miss Walton.* There are too many people, you mean.

*Mrs. Loring.* What people call society to-day has become a mere matter of coaching-parties, of dressing, of sitting at tables, — a fashion of offering attractive novelties. Real society, man's best invention —

*Miss Walton.* Was it not a woman's invention?

*Mrs. Loring.* Oh no; women may pile the fagots, but men bring the fire. Man is the social animal. Don't you know most women like to carry about little bits of tatting, or crochet, or embroidery, as a defense against sheer idleness? But take half a dozen men, and they are contented to sit idle for hours, with only their brains active, as the talk leaps from topic to topic, and each opens a chapter in his memory, and brings out some striking experience, some characteristic anecdote.

*Miss Ogden-Smith.* But, dear Mrs. Loring, none of us ever sew, or crochet, or do tatting, and I cannot even embroider.

*Mrs. Loring.* All the worse for you, my dear. Life will be just so much the more dull for you.

*Teresa.* You would n't surely have these highly educated girls —

*Mrs. Loring.* I am an old woman, and must have my say; and I tell you that

when you all come into the fullest intelligence, you will find that the three really interesting things of life are, that human beings are born, marry, and die; that we grow up in families, have friends, lovers, husbands, children; that the real fillip of existence, the stimulating charm, the ever renewed cordial, come from these simple elementary facts; that they occasion the talk, the wit, the fun, the absurdities, the follies, the heartaches, which make life worth having. Oh, you unlucky people who have to live bustling and rushing on into the dreary twentieth century! I see you all now surreptitiously looking at your watches. You each have to go somewhere else.

*Teresa.* Yes, indeed, much as one regrets to break up this pleasant reunion. I am obliged to be at the Club exactly at a quarter past three.

*Mrs. Rex.* Coffee shall be served at once. Isabel, too, has something on hand.

*Miss Rex.* Only a private concert, where I have to play a very unimportant part.

*Ethel.* I wish we could go, but the historical tableaux have to be rehearsed, and mamma and I are in for it until dinner-time.

*Mrs. Ogden-Smith.* I have five teas before me, — to meet certain people, so that a card will not do.

*Mrs. Van Cott.* None of you speak of the lecture at Mrs. Kelsey's; but, alas, I have promised to be there.

*Miss Craven.* It is I who am to lecture, alas.

*Miss Synnott.* Ah, unhappy ones! I am simply going home to read a novel, quietly, until dinner-time; are n't you, Mabel?

*Mabel.* No, dear — I — promised — to go to walk.

Coffee is brought. Each takes a cup in great haste, and the guests make their adieux.

## A TALK OVER AUTOGRAPHS.

### FOURTH PAPER.

To many people the word "autograph" means nothing more than the signature of a man more or less eminent. A collection of autographs they regard as only a collection of signatures, and for signatures they care nothing at all. Nevertheless, the mere name of a great man, written with that right hand which for many a long year served him so well, may raise thoughts in us such as naturally pass through the mind as we wander through Westminster Abbey. I often think that the last place whither a man should wish his friends to go, when their thoughts dwell not unkindly on his memory, would be his grave. On it his mind, so long as it is in a healthy state, never meditates: "Homo liber de nulla

re minus quam de morte cogitat." Still less has the man whose soul the truth has made free thought of the place of his burial. Not round his grave, not in a country churchyard or a town cemetery, would a scholar's spirit willingly hover. In his study, among his beloved books, we might indeed fancy it dwelling. In his name, not as it has been carved by the stone-mason, but as it stands written by his own living hand, something of his old self is still seen. So strongly does the mere handwriting sometimes bring before me those who have long mouldered in the dust that there are some signatures which I could not bear to keep in my collection, such horror would they excite. I could never look at the name of

Philip II., or Mary, — Bloody Mary, I mean, — or Alva, or Torquemada, or Charles IX. without a shudder, as I recalled the awful sufferings to which, by the few letters traced by each of those cruel wretches, so many a noble spirit had been consigned. Their graves I could pass by with cold indifference, or, if my feelings were at all aroused, with a certain sense of exultation that at last the world had been rid of them forever.

To the bare autographs of famous men, when unsupported by anything interesting in what is written, we may apply the old saying, "He who would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry the wealth of the Indies with him." A showman, it is said, who was exhibiting a panorama of Egypt, described the pyramids as having been built by several eminent persons long since deceased. Much the same description would be given by an ignorant fellow who glanced over a collection of signatures of men, however famous they might have been. But let it be set before a man whose mind has been made full by reading: what associations are at once aroused, what chains of memory are at once woven! How rich a stream of anecdotes would have flowed forth over it from Macaulay's lips, each one beginning with, "Don't you remember?" as if he did not for one moment doubt that his listener's memory was as vast as his own. An old publisher told me that Macaulay called at his father's office one day, to talk over the publication of Horace Walpole's letters. He came, he said, merely to express his regret that he could not himself edit them. The publisher begged him to sit down, but he refused, saying that he had an engagement which would not allow him to stay. In spite of his haste he began to speak of Walpole and his times, and then, leaning on the back of a chair, which his listener in vain kept urging him to put to its proper use, for nearly two hours he heaped anecdote on anecdote, and criticism on criticism. We are none of us

Macaulays; nevertheless, a collector of autographs who has something of a literary turn — without such a turn, to collect them is ridiculous — can clothe these scraps of handwriting with some semblance of life by illustrations drawn from a wide range of reading.

If I were a professor of English literature in a university, from time to time I would select a scholarly letter full of names, quotations, and allusions, which I would set the members of my class, each in the best way he could, to edit. Such a task continued term after term would do much towards making the real student acquainted with books. While his indolent companions would have turned to biographical dictionaries, and would have gathered only what was already collected, he would have gone to original sources. Many a time he would have gone in vain; but in those cases he would have got his reward, like the old man's sons who dug up the field in the hope of finding the hidden treasure. Even a mere set of signatures might be made the centre of an interesting study. Round the names, for instance, of the worthies of Boston, what anecdotes, what varied judgments passed on them by friend and foe alike, might be made to cluster! I take pleasure sometimes in bringing together names in odd contrast. Thus I have the signature of Alexis de Tocqueville. This I set by a letter of Louis Blanc, and I recall the passage in which De Tocqueville describes the wild scene in the Constituent Assembly, when, on May 15, 1848, the mob broke in upon the sitting, and swarmed over the floor of the House. From his bench he watched Louis Blanc carried up and down in triumph on the shoulders of some of the rioters. "Ils le tenaient par ses petites jambes au-dessus de leurs têtes; je le vis qui faisait de vains efforts pour leur échapper; il se repliait et se tordait de tous les côtés sans pouvoir glisser d'entre leurs mains, tout en parlant d'une voix étranglée et stridente; il me faisait l'effet d'un serpent auquel on pince

la queue. On le posa enfin sur un banc au-dessous du mien. Je l'entendis qui criait : 'Mes amis, le droit que vous venez de conquérir . . .' Le reste de ses paroles se perdit dans le bruit."

Louis Blanc's letter, of no interest in itself, is dated "Le 6 Mars, 1870," and ends, "Je vous serre la main." Late in May or early in June of the following year, the young man whose hand the old Socialist had thus grasped in the spirit came to my house. He found me sitting by an open window. How well I recall the quiet, sunny look of the meadows and the deep shadow of the trees, that fine summer afternoon! It all imprinted itself on my memory through the strong contrast into which it was suddenly brought, when my unexpected visitor began to describe the scenes of violence through which he had just passed. He had been rash enough to take part in the mad rising of the Commune. When the troops forced their way into Paris, he had found a hiding-place in a house close to the Luxembourg, where many of the insurgents were imprisoned. Day after day he had heard the volleys with which his comrades were swept out of the world. Every hour he feared his turn would come. He had been saved by an Englishman, who brought him a suit of English-made clothes, a large umbrella such as every Englishman is supposed to carry, a Bradshaw's Continental Guide, and a pair of dark spectacles. Fortunately, he spoke our language with perfect ease. Thus equipped, furnished with his friend's passport and accompanied by a genuine John Bull, the night before he came to see me he had passed undiscovered, first at the railway station at Paris, and next on the quay at Boulogne, through a long double line of watchful detectives. He chattered away in English as carelessly as he could, and was not unsparing of that ejaculation which was one of the two words that Dumas's Mousquetaire had been able to retain in his memory: "D'Artagnan dit au patron, *Come*.

C'était, avec *Goddam*, tout ce qu'il avait pu retenir de la langue anglaise."

Brougham and Macaulay meet quietly enough in my collection, who in life never met with friendly feeling. Of Macaulay I have nothing but the fragment of a letter with the signature. Of Brougham I have two letters, neither of any interest, — one unsigned, the other signed H. B. When, on being made Lord Chancellor, he was raised to the peerage, he did not, according to the invariable custom, drop his Christian name in his signature. He wished, perhaps, to show the unwillingness with which he left the House of Commons, the scene of his triumphs and his strength. I once had in my hands a letter written by him, in which he furnished one more instance, where instances are so common, that the extremes of skepticism and credulity are often found in the same mind. The extent of his skepticism I learnt from an old man to whom he said, "You Unitarians swallow the whole bull, and stick at the two horns." His credulity he showed by asking a friend to make some inquiries about a quack who advertised the discovery of a secret by which life could be prolonged to a hundred years. "I do not suppose," Brougham wrote, "there is anything in it, but it might be worth while to inquire." Perhaps his credulity was a sign that dotage was setting in, for it was in his old age that he wrote. In the Correspondence of Macvey Napier, the second editor of the Edinburgh Review, Brougham and Macaulay are brought together in comical contrast. Brougham, as every one knows, was one of the founders of the Review; Macaulay raised it to the full height of its splendid fame. Each man, without the slightest reserve, confided to his friend the editor his hatred and his contempt of his brother contributor. "As for Brougham," wrote Macaulay, "he has reached that happy point at which it is equally impossible for him to gain character or to lose it." "Macaulay," wrote Brougham, "is ab-

solutely renowned in society as the greatest bore that ever yet appeared. I have seen people come in from Holland House breathless and knocked up, and able to say nothing but, 'Oh dear! oh mercy!' 'What's the matter?' being asked. 'Oh, Macaulay!' Then every one said, 'That accounts for it, — you're lucky to be alive.'" Sydney Smith, that other founder and pillar of the great Review, in the character he drew of Mackintosh has, no doubt, a sly hit at Macaulay. "Mackintosh's memory," he wrote, "vast and prodigious as it was, he so managed as to make it a source of pleasure and instruction, rather than that dreadful engine of colloquial oppression into which it is sometimes erected." Emerson, who, unlike Sydney Smith, was a good listener, discovered none of this oppression when he met Macaulay. "He is," he wrote, "the king of diners-out. I do not know when I have seen such wonderful vivacity. He has the strength of ten men, immense memory, fun, fire, learning, politics, manners, and pride, and talks all the time in a steady torrent. You would say he is the best type of England." Brougham's manners are thus described by Ticknor, who met him and two bishops at Lord Fitzwilliam's dinner-table: "I never saw anybody so rude in respectable society in my life. Some laughed, some looked sober about it, but all thought it was outrageous." Miss Martineau had also met him at dinner. "He talked excessively fast," she wrote, "and ate fast and prodigiously, stretching out his long arm for any dish he had a mind to, and getting hold of the largest spoons which would dispatch the most work in the shortest time."

Between Macaulay's somewhat slovenly signature and a fragment of a letter which contains no more words than, "Farewell, dear children. From your loving father, John Bright," I like to place Palmerston's name, in that strong, bold handwriting so characteristic of the man. "Of all English statesmen," writes

Sir George Trevelyan, "Macaulay liked him the best." In the House of Commons Palmerston once made an insolent attack on John Bright, who was striving to keep England out of the madness of the Crimean war. He sneered at him as "the honorable and reverend gentleman." "For the first and last time in his life Macaulay had nothing to say for his hero." A correspondent of the *Daily News*, who had known Bright well, wrote on his death: "There was one great Englishman of whom I never heard Mr. Bright say a good word, — Lord Palmerston. Antagonism to Lord Palmerston and to the Palmerstonian policy at home and abroad was one of the most rooted sentiments in his heart."

To the man and his policy Cobden was as much opposed as Bright. On March 23, 1858, he wrote: "During my experience, the higher classes never stood so high in relative social and political rank, as compared with other classes, as at present. The middle classes have been content with the very crumbs from their table. The more contempt a man like Palmerston (as intense an aristocrat at heart as any of them) heaped on them, the louder they cheered him." Mr. John Morley, writing of Mr. Gladstone, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Palmerston's ministry, says: "It is true that to one powerful member of the Cabinet its military policy, now and after, was as abhorrent as it was to Cobden himself, who wrestled with his conscience by day and by night as to the morality of his position, and who only escaped from his own reprobation by the hope that in a balance of evils he had chosen the course which led to the less of them."

Here then we have four statesmen, all men of high character, strong judgment, and extraordinary ability, all nearly of the same age, all belonging to the Liberal party, passing judgment on a contemporary whose career they had the fullest opportunity of studying. Who can won-

der that Plutarch's and Shakespeare's Brutus, "the noblest Roman of them all," is placed by Dante with Judas Iscariot in the lowest pit of hell, and that the characters of Cæsar and Cicero are still one of the cockpits of history, when he finds that our great historian's hero among the statesmen of his own time was a man whom Bright and Cobden abhorred, and under whom Gladstone served with a troubled conscience? The judgment of Englishmen has slowly swung round, and Macaulay's hero is a hero no longer. When we reflect on this fallen idol, we may well be excused if at times a fear steals over us lest the foundations of the noble monuments which the historian has raised to William of Orange and the Earl of Chatham are laid, not on rock, but on sand.

In striking contrast with this group of men, all gifted, in addition to their other qualities, with strong common sense, is the Socialist and enthusiast, Robert Owen. In his autograph letter there is nothing worth quoting. In the year 1828, Charles Knight, the publisher and author, thus wrote about him to one of my uncles: "Owen has been in town with a grand new scheme for the Mexican government giving him a *Sovereignty* — the province of Texas — for a small coöperative experiment! He wants Cuba and Canada for the same object. He has been drawing up a memorial about the Texas affair, and swears he shall do the job." His Brook Farm he did indeed plan on a most glorious scale. Daniel Webster's vast, wild, illimitable Texas was too small for this earthly paradise. About this time, Rowland Hill, who had not yet turned his thoughts towards postal reform, was eager to found a coöperative community. Owen urged him to take part with him in establishing one in America. I do not know whether the whole of Texas was dangled before his eyes; enough was shown him to make him look upon the scheme as visionary. A small English parish would have been to him what

Texas, Canada, and Cuba were to Owen. He almost succeeded in getting hold of one where he would have founded his "social community." Unfortunately, in the middle of the village stood a public house which was not for sale. There cannot be a public house among the many mansions even of an earthly paradise, and so this English forerunner of Brook Farm came to nothing.

Owen had tried to win over Miss Martineau to his views. "Having," she writes, "still strong hopes of Prince Metternich for a convert, he might well have hopes of me. His certainty that we might make life a heaven, and his hallucinations that we are going to do so immediately, under his guidance, have caused his wisdom to be overlooked in his absurdity." He once told my father of a scheme he had for remodeling all the towns of the world. Henceforth all mankind was to live in parallelograms. So convinced was he of the vast merits of his plan that he assured my father that within three years of its publication London would be a desert, the whole population having migrated, east, west, south, and north, to suburban parallelograms. Southey coupled him with Clarkson, the Garrison of West Indian emancipation, and Bell, the advocate of a new system of popular education. "Such men," he says, "are not only eminently useful, but eminently happy also; they live in an atmosphere of their own, which must be more like that of the third heaven than of this everyday earth in which we toil and moil."

It is a long stride from Robert Owen, with his wild scheme for Texas, Canada, and Cuba, to Ismail Pacha, who for a brief space managed to add to his dominions a vast district of Central Africa. General Gordon, to whom the autograph note in my collection was written by the Khedive, had all Owen's simplicity and benevolence, and much of his enthusiasm, with the addition — the strange addition to such an assemblage of qualities — of the strongest common sense. The

Khedive's note, written on thick paper, adorned with his monogram in gilt surmounted by a gilt crown, is brief. It was, no doubt, a New Year's greeting sent from Cairo to the Soudan. He wrote :—

LA FAVORITE, le 4 janvier, 1880.

recevez, mon cher Gordon Pacha, l'expression de ma haute estime et de toute mon amitié.

ISMAIL.

La Favorite was, I think, one of the Khedive's palaces.

A far worthier ruler than this Khedive was Benito Juarez, President of the Mexican republic, Indian or half-caste though he was. His signature was given me many years ago by the son of a wealthy merchant of Mexico, who, in the frequent revolutions, had escaped plunder by the supplies which he always furnished to the needs of all parties alike when their side was down. He found it far cheaper, he told me, to support the needy than to bribe the powerful. So uncertain was the tenure of office, so great and sudden were the blows of fortune, that, even if gratitude were silent, prudence protected him from being plundered by men who at the next turn of the wheel might be reduced from splendor to beggary. In those days there was not a single bank in Mexico; checks and bank-notes were unknown, payments being always made in specie. For the requirements of foreign trade there was a constant transmission of silver dollars between the capital and the port. The safe conveyance of this treasure was secured by a guard of soldiers. My friend the merchant once lamented to me the loss of a large sum. It was no corporal or sergeant who proved faithless, nor even a lieutenant or a captain; a general turned brigand and decamped with the dollars.

From the Mexican President I turn to the first President of the United States. In my earliest childhood my father instilled into me such a veneration of that

great man that, when I was a schoolboy of the age of eight or nine, I once angered my little comrades by crying out, "I wish I was an American, for then I should be a countryman of George Washington!" It has long been enough for me to be an Englishman. This autograph is nothing more than an order for payment, but it is all in Washington's hand, and is the more interesting as it was written in the last year of his life. It runs as follows :—

MOUNT VERNON, May 16<sup>th</sup>, 1799

The Cashier of the Office of Discount & Deposit, Baltimore, Will please pay E<sup>n</sup> Greetham Esq<sup>r</sup> or bearer the sum of Three Hundred & Seventy one dollars Nineteen cents and chg the same to My Acct.

G<sup>R</sup> WASHINGTON.

371  $\frac{19}{100}$  Dolls.

In my collection, by the side of this autograph, I always keep one of the stamps which George III. and his worthless ministers, supported by a Parliament which far more represented the king than the people, attempted to force on the American colonies. On the top of the face of the stamp is printed "America," with the legend "Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense" round a crown, and "ii S. vi P." below. In the middle is a small metal plate. On the reverse, which is covered with gum, are the letters "G. R." on each side of a crown, and the numbers 3 and 178. This stamp, with a few others, was found either in the London post-office or in the stamp-office (I forget which), and was given by Sir Rowland Hill to my father. The Stamp Act was carried after "the most languid debate" Edmund Burke had ever heard. Hume wrote to a friend, soon after Parliament met, "I think there is all the probability that this will prove a quiet session, and there is a general tranquillity established in Europe, so that we

<sup>1</sup> I am not sure what the letter is that follows G, if indeed it is a letter, and not a flourish.

have nothing to do but cultivate letters." Nothing at this time disturbed the mind of the philosopher but "the mad and wicked rage of the English against the Scots," which was likely, he feared, to lessen the reputation of his history. "There has been nothing of note in Parliament," said Horace Walpole the same year, "but one slight day on the American taxes." Six weeks later, he wrote: "I don't remember the day when I was reduced to complain, in winter and Parliament-tide, of having nothing to say. There has not been an event, from a debate to a wedding, capable of making a paragraph. Such calms," he added, with what now looks like prophetic insight, "often fore-run storms." The silly young king was so little aware of the mischief he was doing that, in the speech with which he prorogued Parliament, he described the session as "this season of tranquillity." The House of Lords, however, had not been careless of the tranquillity of America. On March 6 of the year when the Stamp Act was passed the keeper of the Sun Tavern in the Strand was summoned to their bar, and examined about an exhibition in his house of two Indian warriors. He assured their lordships "that they had had their meals regularly, and drank nothing stronger than small beer." The House resolved "that the bringing from America any of the Indians who are under his Majesty's protection, without proper authority for so doing, may tend to give great dissatisfaction to the Indian nations, and be of dangerous consequence to his Majesty's subjects residing in the colonies." When, eight or nine years later, Lord Chesterfield's Letters were published, the following passage was suppressed: "The repeal of the Stamp Act was carried in both Houses by the ministers, against the king's declared inclinations, which is a case that has seldom happened, and I believe seldom will happen." It is a curious fact that the editor had not the courage to print these words.

If George III. did his best to crush

patriots in America, he pensioned one in Europe. I have a long letter written by the Corsican hero, Pascal Paoli, who lived in England for nearly forty years on a noble pension from the crown. In the king's eyes he had atoned for the guilt of fighting for liberty by fighting against the French. The French, in their turn, who crushed the rising liberties of the Corsicans, on the other side of the Atlantic supported the young American commonwealth. Rousseau, in his anger at their invasion of Corsica, wrote of the French, "S'ils savaient un homme libre à l'autre bout du monde, je crois qu'ils y iraient pour le seul plaisir de l'exterminer." It was not as friends of freedom, but as enemies of England, that they supported the United States. Individual Frenchmen, such as La Fayette, were inspired, no doubt, by a love of liberty, just as, a few years earlier, individual Englishmen had been inspired by the same love to send a supply of arms to Paoli. When I was in Corsica I was shown Paoli's house, with its window shutters lined with thick layers of cork to keep out the bullets of assassins. He never mastered our tongue, as his letter shows. That he did not speak it much more correctly than he wrote it we can see by the following record, by Miss Burney, of the account he gave her of Boswell's visit to him in Corsica: "He came to my country, and he fetched me some letter of recommending him; but I was of the belief that he might be an impostor, and I supposed in my minte he was an espy; for I look away from him, and in a moment I look to him again, and I behold his tablets. Oh! he was to the work of writing down all I say. Indeed I was angry. But soon I discover he was no impostor and no espy; and I only find I was myself the monster he had come to discern. Oh! he is a very good man; I love him indeed; so cheerful, so gay, so pleasant! but at the first, oh! I was indeed angry."

The date of the letter is not given, but

it must have been written soon after the battle of the Nile: —

MY DEAR MISS MAINARD, — Much indebted, indeed, to Miss Jones for having made an apology with you for my seemingly neglect to answer the letters you honored me with since a long time.

The pain I feel to write, or read since that time I got the contagious disease which our victory in Egypt brought over to England, a melancholy truth it is that every time the Europeans go to any of the three quarters of the Globe with an hostile force, by sad merited penance they come back with some malady which continues incurable for along period of time. I consulted many Physicians — oculists in vain, the obstinacy of my complaint has baffled all their skill and ointments. I cannot read two pages of a book or write a letter without feeling such a pressure in my Eyes which obliges me to stop for a quarter of an hour. I hope it won't be so now, as I hope this answer to your last letters may dissipate the injurious doubt you seem to have entertained that I would have forgot the many obligations I owe to kindness and friendship you had for me in so many occasions when I was at Clifton, where without your kind assistance I never would have been acquainted with the beauties of the country about, or with the persons of the best sort and characters. Among those I shall always be proud of the acquaintance of the worthy Colonel [illegible] to whom I pray you to make agreeable my best compliments. My dear you have a write to call yourself my *niece* with our commons friends, as with them speaking of you I have always used the very same appellation. Very seldom I ride on the Coach upon the Pavement nor can I walk at such a distance as St. James Street; but after what you hint me of the Pictures of M<sup>rs</sup> Right, I will go there though I am unacquainted, but your name shall be my passport. If I get admittance I shall feel sadly the imperfection

of my sight. I am not a judge of Pictures, but I could have said something about those which form a great deal of the merit of M<sup>r</sup> Wright. In my country the mountains are very conspicuous and very little inferiors to [illegible] or if you please to call it with his ancient name [illegible], or the highest of the Alps —

M<sup>rs</sup> Rich was but a child when I frequented the house of her worthy mother, nevertheless I am vastly proud for the remembrance she entertains of me, and hope you will be so good by to make her agreeable my respectful returns of compliments. I don't doubt She and Daughters have inherited the talents of mind and the charming of the conversation of M<sup>rs</sup> Draper, and don't wonder that they are the first rate Constellations among the Beauty of Clifton. Our acquaintance if he succeed to emancipate his country will have a singular place in the temple of fame, if unsuccessful will have a [illegible] of the sincere Lovers of Liberty [illegible] of the scriblers of the Day. Adieu my dear Neice read if [illegible] thy servant.

DE P.

I have in my collection two or three poems and letters of Mrs. Hemans, addressed to Paoli's niece by adoption, Miss Maynard, of Clifton. On one occasion she sends her friend her inscription for the Waterloo Column. With a feeling of modesty rarely found in a poet, she does not think it right to inflict both poetry and postage on her correspondent. Above the address of her letter she has written, "Three sheets. Post paid." Below there is marked in red ink, no doubt by the postmaster, "Pd 2 s. 9. d." Two shillings and ninepence would certainly have been a heavy price to pay for such lines as the following, even though they are in the poet's autograph: —

"Soldier! whose eyes this trophied stone survey  
Graced with the tale of England's proudest day;

Here, at the shrine whose deathless records  
tell

In freedom's battle how the valiant fell;  
Here be thy vows of patriotism poured,  
Here to thy country consecrate the sword."

Our grandmothers greatly admired Mrs. Hemans, almost adored her. To our grandfathers she was not quite so dear. There were not a few among them who would have agreed with Sir Walter Scott when he wrote, "Mrs. Hemans is somewhat too poetical for my taste, — too many flowers, I mean, and too little fruit, — but that may be the cynical criticism of an elderly gentleman."

In one of her letters, dated "Daventry, 5th March," she says: "I am constantly wishing that some fortunate occurrence would transport us into your part of the world; the people here (with the exception I have just mentioned) are remarkably inhospitable, and from what I have seen of them, however earnestly I may wish for society, I certainly cannot consider it as any deprivation not to be welcomed into *theirs*. You know that the society at St. Asaph is by no means distinguished for its intelligence, but I can assure you it is in every respect far superior to that of Daventry."

Falstaff's red-nosed innkeeper of Daventry seems to invest this little country town with something of an hospitable air; but perhaps his red nose and hospitality were strictly personal and professional. Of the bishop's palace at St. Asaph, Johnson, who had visited it many years earlier, wrote, "They have a library, and design a room." It would seem that the bishop, though he had books, had no place in which to keep them. It is not, therefore, surprising that in Mrs. Hemans's time "St. Asaph was by no means distinguished for its intelligence." It had once boasted of a great deal of intelligence in William Lloyd, one of the seven bishops who were sent to the Tower by James II. Of him a brother bishop said that "he had the most learning in ready cash of any he ever knew." But

"times and seasons they must change," and red-nosed innkeepers and quick-witted and learned bishops alike must "pass away."

The following letter I received from Mr. John Forster in acknowledgment of some notes I had sent him on his *Life of Oliver Goldsmith*. The engravings were two portraits of that great patriot Sir John Eliot, who died a lingering death in the Tower, a victim of the cruelty of Charles I. One of the pictures, taken on the eve of his imprisonment, represents him in full health; the other, painted a few days before his death, shows a body wasted with disease and suffering. In midwinter he had written to John Hampden, "My lodgings are removed, and I am now where candle-light may be suffered, but scarce fire." "To the end that a likeness might be preserved of him in the condition to which he had been brought by his imprisonment, he sent for a painter to the Tower. He was to paint him exactly as he was; his friends, so long denied access to him, were to see again the familiar face as the last few months had changed it; and his family were to keep the picture on the walls at Port Eliot 'as a perpetual memorial of his hatred of tyranny.' So the tradition has been preserved from generation to generation of his descendants." His son petitioned the king for leave to lay his father to rest among his dead ancestors. "Where-to was answered, at the foot of the petition, 'Lett Sir John Eliot's body be buried in the Church of that parish where he dyed.' And so he was buried in the Tower." When I remember Eliot's sufferings and death, I rejoice in the thought that not many years were to pass by before it was seen that it was no lying vision which had passed before the eyes of the great Puritan poet when he uttered the stern threat, —

"That two-handed engine at the door  
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no  
more."

PALACE GATE HOUSE, KENSINGTON W.  
8<sup>th</sup> April, 1874.

MY DEAR SIR, — Thank you for the list, which contains what will be useful to me.

As to Boswell I do not think that any one has done him greater justice than myself. Certainly no one has more honestly endeavoured to do it — but I hardly think I shall agree in the kind of estimate of him which you hint at.

The Saturday Review was good enough to discover lately that I was not a Boswell — and I somehow felt it to be a compliment even from that quarter.

Yet I would rather have his book than any other single work published in these last two centuries.

The engravings are gone to-day to Messrs. Chapman and Hall, 193 Piccadilly, and perhaps you will kindly send for them as soon as you conv<sup>ly</sup> can.

Very truly yours,

JOHN FORSTER.

B. HILL, Esq.

I wonder what has become of the million and more copies of Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy which were scattered over England and America? Of one copy, finely bound in best morocco, I can tell the fate. It had been given to my wife, on leaving school, by one of her companions; for in those days of the world's innocence young ladies adored the mild Tupper. One idle morning, discovering this handsome volume on a bookshelf, I held a secret court of justice, and condemned it to much the same end as befell Don Quixote's books of chivalry. I had constituted myself sheriff and executioner as well as judge and jury; so I heated the poker red-hot, and bored the pages through. The covers I left uninjured. I then restored the book to its proper place, where it slumbered peacefully for some months, or perhaps years. A day came at last when our first-born, having taken it down to use it as a brick

in building a house, brought it, with awe-stricken eyes, to her mother. In my undergraduate days I once heard Mr. Swinburne mock his brother bard by playfully maintaining that he had seen a book advertised with the title *The Poet, the Proverbialist, and the Philosopher*, or *Selections from the Writings of Solomon, Shakespeare, and Martin F. Tupper*. Of such a selection and such a title Tupper would have been quite capable. In a free rendering of "*Non omnis moriar*" he joins himself with Horace and Shakespeare, as all three destined to immortality. A slight but amusing instance of his vanity was told me by a friend of mine, who was taking part in the election of the representatives to Parliament of the University of Oxford. Tupper, who had come up to vote, with an air of importance had given in his name. The official, not catching it, asked him to repeat it. With great dignity, but yet with a certain plaintive tone, as if such a question should not have had to be put to so famous a man, he deliberately said, "*Martin Farquhar Tupper, the poet.*" Of the vanity shown in the following letter his was not a solitary instance: a poetess, who had not mastered enough of her art to count on her fingers the number of feet in her verses, was convinced, like him, that Gordon, beset as he was in Khartoum, would be cheered by her poetry, if only I could manage to break through the blockade and transmit it to him. Tupper wrote as follows: —

UNDERHILL, CINTRA PARK,  
UPPER NORWOOD,  
Sep. 9, 1884.

DEAR SIR, — I am deep in your most interesting "autotype" of the great and good Gordon, and commend you heartily for your wise and true book. In proof that I am fully of your mind as to the hero I send you enclosed my latest stave in his honour (having written several, published in the *Globe*, *Morning Post*, etc.), and if by possibility you can

get one of these to reach him at Khar-toum it might help to cheer him.

I would give you other staves of mine about Gordon, but I cannot lay hands on them; if you care to see them I could perhaps tell you the newspaper dates when they appeared.

Believe me to be

Truly your well-wisher,

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

G. B. HILL, Esq.

In my undergraduate days, a friendly band of young pre-Raphaelite painters, as a work of love, covered the walls of the new debating-room of the Oxford Union Society with frescoes, and the ceiling with a graceful pattern. The leaders among these enthusiasts were Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Arthur Hughes, Edward Burne-Jones, William Morris, and Valentine Prinsep. Unhappily, they began to paint when the walls were not thoroughly dry; before many years had gone by the frescoes were almost ruined by the dampness. Rossetti left his work incomplete. Throughout his life it far too frequently happened that he did not finish even the pictures for which he was paid, if he had received the money in advance. That which had been begun in enthusiasm was little likely to bind him fast. The undergraduates were not satisfied with an imperfect panel, and, in their simplicity, hired a man to complete the great painter's work. In one of the patterns on the ceiling Rossetti had drawn a comical likeness of William Morris. It was so inconspicuous that it was little likely to be discovered by any chance observer. I often pointed it out to my friends, till a summer vacation came when the undergraduates had the whole ceiling repainted, with as much indifference as if the original work had been done by a set of oil-and-color men.

In June, 1858, I rowed down the Thames from Oxford to a village on the outskirts of London, in company with Mr. Morris and another friend. With

the improvidence of youth, by the time we reached Henley we had spent all our money. One of the three had a watch-chain, on which he raised enough to enable us, with close economy, to continue our voyage. The weather was unusually hot. I have not forgotten the longing glances cast on a large basket of strawberries at Henley, and on many a tavern on the bank as we rowed by, as effectually constrained as ever was Ulysses not to listen to their siren call. It was through no earthly paradise that the young poet and artist and his companions passed on the afternoon of their last day. When we reached the landing-stage where we were to leave our boat, our common stock of money amounted to just one penny. We were still seven or eight miles from our destination; but by neither train nor omnibus would our empty pockets allow us to travel, so we hired a cab, the fare of which we could pay when we reached our friends. We were, I well remember, in some alarm lest we should have to pass through a toll-gate. Though these gates were common enough in those days, our road, happily, lay clear of them. At last we arrived at one of the old houses in Red Lion Square, where Rossetti and Burne-Jones occupied the first story.<sup>1</sup> At night five mattresses were spread on the carpetless floor, and there I slept amidst painters and poets.

The following undated letter was written by Rossetti soon after the publication of the illustrated edition of Tennyson's Poems. "Ned" is Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

Tuesday.

DEAR —: And how goes it with you? And are you going it still at your picture?

You know our little Exhibition opens here on Monday, and I want much to send the *Blue Closet*, as every one so ad-

<sup>1</sup> It was the story above the ground floor; in America it is more properly called the second.

vises. Could you get at it *at once* for me, and have it sent to London by *Friday* — to 4 Russell Place, Fitzroy Square? Will you now? Do. I am going to send several others but I hardly know which yet.

Would you believe — but you will easily — that *The Seven Towers* is not done yet? However perhaps it may be at Russell Place still. I've got rid of its *black* stage I hope, and should have done it long ago, had it not been for interruptions, chiefly about this Exhibition. Nor have I done anything else. Should n't I like to come to Oxford, — and ain't I seedy! but I must touch up drawings now till Monday. *Friday* is the hanging day — so *Blue Closet* should be there by then.

You know no doubt of Ned's ups and downs. I hope he's getting round — not in the wombat sense however — that seems far off indeed.

Let me hear from you.

Yours affectionately

D. G. ROSSETTI.

Have you seen the Tennyson? I loathes mine.

"I loathes" was, if I remember rightly, a common saying of Rossetti's. Perhaps he had found it in some novel of the time.

The following letter was written to my father, a schoolmaster, by Lytton Bulwer, who was looking out for a school for his little son, the late Lord Lytton. What answer my father sent I do not know; at all events, the boy was not put under his care. A century earlier, the Earl of Chesterfield had spared no pains in training his son for the career for which Bulwer destined his boy, but he had worse material to deal with. Young Stanhope rose to no higher post than that of envoy at the court of Dresden, while Lord Lytton, little more than thirty years after the date of his father's letter, had gained the highest prize open to English diplomatists. He was our ambassador to the French republic. I

offered to send him his father's letter when he was in Paris, thinking that he might care to use it in writing his life. The reply which he sent I subjoin.

SIR, — . . . May I further ask — 1<sup>st</sup> supposing a boy enter at the age of nine, with good abilities and an inclination towards study, — able to read, write and construe the easier French writers with some fluency, but ignorant of the rudiments of Latin — what will probably be his progress in the Classics and general attainments at the age of 12? And secondly at what age would you propose that he should learn to speak the principal modern languages — i. e. French, German, and Italian?

I may as well perhaps add in explanation of my own pertinacity on this last head, that I contemplate for this young pupil the career of Diplomacy — in which to speak French almost as a native is an absolute essential — and an accurate and fluent mastery of the other languages highly desirable.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Y<sup>r</sup> obliged Sert.

E. LYTTON BULWER.

POST OFFICE, CHELTENHAM,  
Nov. 2, 1841.

Bulwer, it may be noticed, in writing "honor" followed the American, and not the ordinary English spelling of that word.

BRITISH EMBASSY, PARIS,  
Oct<sup>r</sup> 4, 1873.

SIR, — Pray pardon my delay, occasioned by a heavy pressure of official business, in acknowledging the receipt of yr letter of the 20<sup>th</sup> ult. I am much obliged by yr considerate offer to allow me to look at the letter therein referred to as having been written by my father to yours. If you have no objection to forward it to the above address I will return it to you as soon as I have read it.

Yrs truly,

LYTTON.

I have a touching memorial of a Polish exile who had escaped from his country after the unsuccessful rising of 1830. My father sought by preference his French masters among these unhappy men. One of them made the boys a farewell address at the prize-giving before the Christmas holidays. "And forever remember the banished Pole" were the last words I heard from my teacher. They touched me as a child, and, though it is nearly fifty years since I heard them, they touch me still. To an invitation to a dance he sent the following answer:—

"Fain would he now have join'd the dance, the song;

But who may smile that sinks beneath his fate?"

(L. BYRON.)

"Miss —— and Mr. —— will have the kindness to excuse Bryzinski's absence at the evening party, since his wounds after leaving his home are not yet healed, and the view of enlivened company might cause him, by recalling the past, still greater pain under which he is continually labouring. All destroying time will perhaps calm his mournful heart, and then he will be able to share gayety of others, whereas now his sadness might be unpleasant and diminish the liveliness of enjoying company."

More than thirty years later my father received from him a far happier letter. He was no longer eating the bitter bread of exile. An amnesty had allowed him to return to his home.

*George Birkbeck Hill.*

## THRIFT.

It was that moment in the end of March when the firm Canadian snow roads suddenly change their surface, and become a chain of miniature rivers and lakes, interspersed by islands and bogs.

A young priest had started out of the city of Montreal to walk to the suburb of Point St. Charles. He was in great haste, so he kilted up his long black petticoats, and hopped and skipped at a brisk pace. The hard problems of life had not yet assailed him; he had that set of the shoulders that belongs to a good conscience and an easy mind; his face was rosy-cheeked and serene.

Behind him lay the hillside city, with its gray towers and spires and snow-clad mountain. All along his way, budding maple-trees swayed their branches over his head; on the twigs of some there was the scarlet moss of opening flowers, some were tipped with red buds, and some were gray. The March wind was surging through them; the March clouds were flying overhead, — light gray

clouds, with no rain in them, veil of mist above veil, and each filmy web traveling at a pace of its own. The road began as a street, crossed railway tracks and a canal, ran between fields, and again was bordered by houses. The houses were of brick or stone, poor and ugly; the snow in the fields was sodden with water; the road —

"I wish that the holy prophet Elijah would come to this Jordan with his mantle," thought the priest to himself, "or Joshua, or Moses."

These were pious thoughts, and he skipped and splashed and waded along conscientiously. He had been sent on an errand, and had to return to discharge a still more important duty in the same afternoon.

This suburb consisted chiefly of workmen's houses and factories, but there were some ambitious-looking terraces. The priest stopped at a brick dwelling of fair size; it had an aspect of flaunting respectability. Lintel and casements

were shining with varnish, cheap starched curtains decked every window. When the priest had rung a bell which jingled inside, the door was opened by a young woman. She was not a servant; her dress was furbelowed, and her hair was most elaborately dressed; she was, moreover, evidently Protestant. She held the door, and surveyed the visitor with an air that was meant to show easy independence of manner, but was in fact insolent.

The priest had a slip of paper in his hand and referred to it. "Mrs. O'Brien?" he asked.

"I'm not Mrs. O'Brien," she replied, looking at something which interested her in the street.

A loud voice, belonging as it seemed to a middle-aged woman, made itself heard. "Louisy, if it's a Cath'lic priest, take him right in to your gran'ma; it's him she's expecting."

A moment's stare of surprise and contempt, and the young woman led the way through a gay and cheaply furnished parlor, past the door of a best bedroom which stood open to show the frills on the pillows, into a room in the back wing. She opened the door with a jerk, and stared again as the priest passed her. She was a handsome girl; the young priest did not like to be despised; within his heart he sighed, and said a short prayer for the virtue of patience.

He entered a room that had nothing of the attempt at elegance of the front part of the house; plain as a cottage kitchen, it was warm and comfortable withal. A large bed with patchwork quilt stood in a corner, and in an iron stove logs crackled and sparkled. The air was hot and dry, but the priest, being accustomed to the atmosphere of stoves, did not mind it; indeed, he noticed nothing but the room's one inmate, who from the first moment compelled his whole attention.

In a wooden armchair, dressed in a black petticoat and a scarlet bedgown,

sat a strong old woman. Weakness was there as well, certainly, for she could not leave her chair, and the palsy of excitement was shaking her head; but the one idea conveyed to the eye in every wrinkle of the aged face and hands, in every line of the bowed figure, was strength. One brown, toil-worn hand held the head of a thick walking-stick, which she rested on the floor, well in front of her, as if about to rise and walk forward. Her brown face, nose and chin strongly defined, was stretched forward as the visitor entered; her eyes, black and commanding, carried with them something of that authoritative spell that is commonly attributed to a commanding mind. Great physical size or power this woman apparently had never had, but she looked the very embodiment of a superior strength.

"Shut the door; shut the door behind ye." These were the first words that the youthful confessor heard; and then, as he advanced, "You're young," she said, peering into his face. Without a moment's intermission further orders were given him: "Be seated, be seated. Take a chair by the fire, and put up your wet feet. It is from Father Macleod, of St. Patrick's Church, that ye've come?"

The young man, whose boots were well soaked with ice-water, was not loath to put them up on the edge of the stove. It was not at all his idea of a priestly visit to a woman who had represented herself as dying, but it is a large part of wisdom to take things as they come, until it is necessary to interfere.

"You wrote, I think, to Father Macleod, saying that as the priests of this parish are French, and you speak English" —

She seemed to be hurried into the midst of what she had to say by some current of excitement that pushed her onward, as a hurricane compels the speed of bodies that fly before it.

"'T was Father Maloney — him that

had St. Patrick's before Father Macleod — who married me; so I just thought, before I died, I'd let one of ye know a thing concerning that marriage that I've never told to mortal soul. Sit ye still and keep your feet to the fire; there's no need for a young man like you to be taking your death with the wet because I've a thing to say to ye."

"You are not a Catholic now?" said he, raising his eyebrows with intelligence as he glanced at a Bible and hymn-book that lay on the floor beside her.

He was not unaccustomed to meeting perverts; it was impossible to have any intense emotion about so frequent an occurrence; her manner of treating him had already made clear that religious help was not the object of this appointed interview. He had had a long walk, and the hot air of the room made him somewhat sleepy; if it had not been for the fever and excitement of her mind, he might not have picked up more than the main facts of the information she gave. As it was, his attention wandered for some minutes from the words that came from the palsied lips. It did not wander from her; he was thinking who she might be, and whether she was really about to die or not, and whether he had not better ask Father Macleod to come and see her himself. This last thought indicated that she impressed him as a person of more importance and interest than had been supposed when he had been sent to hear what she had to say.

All the time, fired by a resolution to tell a tale for the first and last time, the old woman, steadying as much as she might her shaking head, and leaning forward to look at the priest with bleared yet flashing eyes, was pouring out words whose articulation was often indistinct. Her hand upon her staff was constantly moving, as if she were going to rise and walk; her body seemed about to spring forward with the impulse of her thoughts; the very folds of the scarlet bedgown were instinct with excitement.

The priest's attention returned to her words.

"Yes, marry, and marry, and marry, — that's what you priests, in my young days, were forever preaching to us poor folk. It was our duty to multiply and fill the new land with good Cath'lies. Father Maloney, that was his doctrine, and me a young girl, just come out from the old country with my parents and six children younger than me. Had n't I had enough of young children to nurse, and me wanting to begin life in a new place respectable, and get up a bit in the world? Oh yes; but Father Maloney, he was on the lookout for a wife for Terry O'Brien. He was a widow man with five little helpless things, and drunk most of the time was Terry, and with no spirit in him to do better. Oh, but what did that matter to Father Maloney, when it was the good of the Church he was looking for, wanting O'Brien's family looked after? O'Brien was a good, kind fellow, so Father Maloney said, and you'll never hear me say a word against that. So Father Maloney got round my mother and my father and me, and married me to O'Brien; and the first year I had a baby, and the second year I had another, so on and so on, and there's not a soul in this world can say but that I did well by the five that were in the house when I came to it.

"Oh, house! D'ye think it was one house he kept over our heads? No, but we moved from one room to another, not paying the rent. Well, and what sort of a training could the children get? Father Maloney, he talked fine about bringing them up for the Church. Did he come in and wash them when I was abed? Did he put clothes on their backs? No, and fine and angry he was when I told him that that was what he ought to have done! Oh, but Father Maloney and I went at it up and down many a day; for when I was wore out with the anger inside me, I'd go and tell him what I thought of the marriage

he'd made, and in a passion he'd get at a poor thing like me teaching him duty!

"Not that I was ever more than half sorry for the marriage myself, because of O'Brien's children, poor things, that he had before I came to them; likely young ones they were, too, and handsome. What would they have done if I had n't been there to put them out of the way when O'Brien was drunk and knocking them round, or to put a bit of stuff together to keep them from nakedness?"

"Well," said Father Maloney to me, "why isn't it to O'Brien that you talk with your scolding tongue?" Faix, and what good was it to speak to O'Brien, I'd like to know? Did you ever try to cut water with a knife, or to hurt a feather-bed by striking at it with your fist? A nice good-natured man was Terry O'Brien, — I'll never say that he was n't that, except when he was drunk, which was most of the time; but he'd no more backbone to him than a worm. That was the sort of husband Father Maloney married me to!

"The children kept a-coming till we'd nine of them, — that's with the five I found ready to hand, — and the elder ones getting up and needing to be set out in the world; and what prospect was there for them? What could I do for them, me always with an infant in my arms? Yet 't was me, and no other, that gave them the bit and sup they had, for I went out to work; but how could I save anything to fit decent clothes on them, and it was n't much work I could do, what with the babies always coming, and sick and ailing they were half the time. The Sisters would come from the convent to give me charity. 'T was precious little they gave, and lectured me, too, for not being more submissive! And I did n't want their charity; I wanted to get up in the world. I'd wanted that before I was married, and now I wanted it for the children. Likely girls the two eldest were, and the boy just beginning to go

the way of his father; but he had ten times more spirit in him."

She came to a sudden stop, and breathed hard; the strong old face was still stretched out to the priest in her eagerness; the staff was swaying to and fro beneath the tremulous hand. She had poured out her words so quickly that there was in his own chest a feeling of answering breathlessness, yet he still sat regarding her placidly, with the serenity of healthy youth.

She did not give him long rest. "What did I see around me?" she demanded. "I saw people that had begun life no better than myself getting up and getting up, having a shop, maybe, or sending their children to the Normal School to learn to be teachers, or getting them into this business or that, and mine with never so much as knowing how to read, for they had n't the shoes to put on. And I had n't it in me to better them and myself. I knew I'd be strong if it was n't for the babies, and I knew too that I'd do a kinder thing for each child I had to strangle it at its birth than to bring it on to know nothing and be nothing but a poor wretched thing like Terry O'Brien himself."

At the word "strangle" the young priest took his feet from the ledge in front of the fire and changed his easy attitude, sitting up straight and looking severe.

"It's not that I blamed O'Brien overmuch; he'd just had the same sort of bringing-up himself, and his father before him, and when he was sober a very nice man he was; it was spiritiness he lacked; but if he'd had more spiritiness, he'd have been a wickeder man, for what is there to give a man sense in a rearing like that? If he'd been a wickeder man, I'd have had more fear to do with him the thing I did. But he was just a good sort of creature, without sense enough to keep steady, or to know what the children were wanting; not a notion he had n't but that they'd got all

they needed, and I had it in me to better them. Will ye dare to say that I had n't?

"After Terry O'Brien went, I had them all set out in the world, married or put to work with the best, and they've got ahead. All but O'Brien's eldest son, every one of them have got ahead of things. I could n't put the spirit into him as I could into the littler ones and into the girls. Well, but he's the only black sheep of the seven; for two of them died. All that's living but him are doing well, doing well," — she nodded her head in triumph. — "and their children doing better than them, as ought to be. Some of them are ladies and gentlemen, real quality. Oh, ye need n't think I don't know the difference!" Some thought expressed in the priest's face had evidently made its way with lightning speed to her brain. "My daughter that lives here is all well enough, and her girl handsome and able to make her way, but I tell you there's some of my grandchildren that's as much above her in the world as she is above poor Terry O'Brien, — young people that speak soft when they come to see their poor old granny, and read books. Oh, I know the difference! Oh, I know very well! Not but what my daughter here is well-to-do, and there's not one of them all but has a respect for me." She nodded again triumphantly, and her eyes flashed. "They know, they know very well how I set them out in the world. And they come back for advice to me, old as I am, and see that I want for nothing. I've been a good mother to them, and a good mother makes good children, and grandchildren too."

There was another pause, in which she breathed hard. The priest grasped the point of the story. He asked, "What became of O'Brien?"

"I drowned him."

The priest stood up in a rigid and clerical attitude.

"I tell you I drowned him."

She had changed her position to suit his, and with the supreme excitement of telling what she had never told there seemed to come to her the power to sit erect. Her eagerness was not that of self-vindication; it was the feverish exaltation with which old age glories over bygone achievement.

"I'd never have thought of it if it had n't been O'Brien himself that put it into my head. But the children had a dog; 't was little enough they had to play with, and the beast was useful in his way, too, for he could mind the baby at times. But he took to ailing, — like enough it was from want of food; and I was for nursing him up a bit and bringing him round, but O'Brien said that he'd put him into the canal. 'T was one Sunday that he was at home sober, for when he was drunk I could handle him so that he could n't do much harm. So says I, 'And why is he to be put in the canal?'

"Says he, 'Because he's doing no good here.'

"So says I, 'Let the poor beast live, for he does no harm.'

"Then says he, 'But it's harm he does taking the children's meat and their place by the fire.'

"And says I, 'Are ye not afraid to hurry an innocent creature into the next world?' For the dog had that sense he was like one of the children to me.

"Then said Terry O'Brien, for he had a wit of his own, 'And if he's an innocent creature, he'll fare well where he goes.'

"Then said I, 'He's done his sins like the rest of us, no doubt.'

"Then says he, 'The sooner he's put where he can do no more, the better.'

"So with that he put a string round the poor thing's neck, and took him away to where there was holes in the ice of the canal, just as there is to-day, for it was the same season of the year; and the children all cried, and thinks I to myself, 'If it was the dog that was going to put their father into the water,

they would cry less,' for he had a peevish temper in drink, which was most of the time.

"So then I knew what I would do. 'T was for the sake of the children that were crying about me that I did it; and I looked up to the sky, and I said to God and the holy saints that for Terry O'Brien and his children 't was the best deed I could do; and the words that we said about the poor beast rang in my head, for they fitted to O'Brien himself, every one of them.

"So you see it was just the time when the ice was still thick on the water, — six inches thick, maybe; but where anything had happened to break it, the edges were melting into large holes. And the next night, when it was late and dark, I went to the tavern myself to fetch O'Brien home.

"He was just in that state that he could walk, but he had n't the sense of a child, and we came by the canal, for there 's a road along it all winter long; but there were places where, if you went off the road, you fell in, and there were placards up saying to take care, but Terry O'Brien had n't the sense to remember them. I led him to the edge, and then I came on without him. He was too drunk to feel the pain of the gasping. So I went home.

"There was n't a creature lived near for a mile then, and in the morning I gave out that I was afraid he'd got drowned, so they broke the ice and took him up. And I had a little money laid by, and I buried him well. There was just one person that grieved for Terry O'Brien. Many 's the day I grieved for him, for I was accustomed to have him about me, and I missed him, like, and I wore blacks, as a widow should, and I said in my heart, 'Terry, wherever ye may be, I have done the best deed for you and your children; for if you were innocent, you have gone to a better place, and if it were sin to live as you did, the less of it you have on your soul the bet-

ter for you; and as for the children, poor lambs, I can give them a start in the world, now I am rid of you.' That 's what I said in my heart to O'Brien at first when I grieved for him; and then the years passed, and I worked too hard to be thinking of him.

"And now when I sit here facing the death for myself, and can look out of my windows there back and see the canal, I say to Terry again, as if I was coming face to face with him, that I did the best deed that I could do for him and his. I broke with the Cath'lic Church long ago, for I could n't go to confess; and many 's the year that I never thought of religion. But now that I 'm going to die, I try to read the books my daughter's minister gives me, and I look to God and say that I 've sins on my soul, but the drowning of O'Brien, as far as I know right from wrong, is n't one of them."

The young priest had an idea that the occasion demanded some strong form of speech, but precisely what he did not know. "Woman," he said, "what have you told me this for?"

The strength of her excitement was subsiding. In its wane the afflictions of her age seemed to be let loose upon her again. Her words came more thickly, her gaunt frame trembled more, but not for one moment did her eye flinch before his youthful severity.

"I hear that you priests are at it yet. Marry, and marry, and marry, — that 's what ye teach the poor folks that will do your bidding, in order that the new country may be filled with Cath'lics; and I thought, before I died, I'd just let ye know how one such marriage turned out; and, as he did n't come himself, you may go home and tell Father Macleod that, God helping me, I have told you the truth."

The next day an elderly priest approached the door of the same house. His hair was gray, his shoulders were bent, his face was furrowed with those

benign lines which tell that the pain which has graven them is that sympathy which accepts as its own the sorrows of others. Father Macleod had come far, because he had a word to say, a word of pity and of sympathy, that he hoped might yet touch an unrepentant heart, and which he felt was due to this wandering soul from the Church he represented, whether repentance should be the result or not.

When he rang the bell, it was not the young girl, but her mother, who answered the door. Her face, which told of ordinary comfort and good cheer, bore marks of recent tears.

"Do you know," asked the Father curiously, "what statement it was that your mother communicated to my friend who was here yesterday?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"Your mother was yesterday in her usual health and sound mind?" he interrogated gently.

"She was indeed, sir," and she wiped a tear.

"I should like to see your mother," persisted he; "but first, are you in distress?"

"She had a stroke in the night, sir; she's lying easy now, but she knows no one, and the doctor says she'll never hear, or see, or speak again."

The old man sighed deeply.

"If I may make so bold, sir, will you tell me what business it was my mother had with the young man yesterday, or with yourself?"

"It is not well that I should tell you," he replied; and he went away.

*L. Dougall.*

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## MARS.

### IV. OASES.

SUGGESTIVE of irrigation as the strange network of lines that covers the surface of Mars appears to be, the suggestion takes on more definite shape yet with the last addition to our knowledge of the planet's surface detail,—the recognition of a singularly correlated system of spots.

The canals, as we have seen, show a remarkable attachment to their kind. Not content with such casual meetings as chance would afford them in the course of their long careers, they make a point of rendezvousing as often and in as great numbers as possible. Indeed, the ingenuity with which they manage to combine unswerving rectitude with meetings by the way grows more and more marvelous, the more one studies it. The meeting-places, or junctions, evidently possess an attraction for the canals. The

crossings, in fact, seem to be the end and aim of the whole system; the canals, but means to that end. So much is at once inferable from the great intrinsic improbability that such crossings can be due to chance.

The inference receives, apparently, striking verification from a something which turns out to exist at these junctions. This something shows itself as a round or ovate spot. To such spot, planted there in the midst of the desert, do the neighboring canals converge.

Dotted all over the reddish-ochre ground of the great desert stretches of the planet, the so-called continents of Mars, are an innumerable number of dark circular or ovate spots. They appear, furthermore, always in intimate association with the canals. They constitute so many hubs to which the canals make

spokes. These spots, together with the canals that lead to them, are the only markings to be seen anywhere on the continental regions. Otherwise the great reddish-ochre areas are absolutely bare; of that pale fire-opal hue which marks our own deserts seen from far.

That these two things, straight lines and roundish spots, should, with our present telescopic means, be the sole markings to appear on the vast desert regions of the planet is suggestive in itself.

Another significant fact as to the character of either marking is the manifest association of the two. In spite of the great number of the spots, not one of them stands isolate. There is not a single instance of a spot that is not connected by a canal to the rest of the dark areas. This remarkable inability to stand alone shows that the spots and the canals are not unrelated phenomena, for were there no tie between them they must occasionally exist apart.

Nor is this all. There is, apparently, no spot that is not joined to the rest of the system, not only by a canal, but by more than one; for though some spots, such as the Fountain of Youth, have appeared at first to be provided with but a single canal connection, later observation has revealed concurrence in the case. The spots are, therefore, not only part and parcel of the canal system, but terminal phenomena of the same.

They are, generally speaking, more difficult features to see than the canals. In consequence, they have been among the most recent details to be made out upon the planet's surface. It was not until 1892, at Arequipa, that they were seen in anything like their real numbers. Of them, indeed, are the forty lakes found by Professor W. H. Pickering. This year, at Flagstaff, still others have been discovered, to detection of their character, as I think.

In the first place, as I have said, there appears to be no spot that has not two or more canals running to it; in the

second place, I find, reversely, that apparently no canal junction is without its spot. Such association is a most tell-tale circumstance. I believe the rule to have no exception. The more prominent junctions all show spots; and with regard to the less conspicuous ones, it is to be remembered that, as the canals are more easy to make out than the spots, the relative invisibility of the latter is to be expected. From which it would seem that the spots are fundamental features of the junctions, and that for a junction to be spotless is, from its very nature, an impossibility.

Next to their regularity of position is to be remarked their regularity of form. Their typical shape seems to be circular; for the better the atmosphere, the rounder they look. Under poor seeing they show as irregular patches smooching the disc, much as the canals themselves show as streaks; the spots differing from the canals in being thicker and not so long. As the seeing improves, the patches differentiate themselves into round dots and connecting lines. Such is the shape of the spots associated with single canals; that is, canals not double. In the case of the double canals, the spots look like rectangles with the corners rounded off. One of the most striking of all of them is the Trivium Charontis, which is nearly square.

Now it will be noticed that these shapes are as unnatural as they are definite, and that they all agree in one peculiarity: they are all convex, not concave, to the entering canals. They are not, therefore, mere enlargements of the canals, due to natural causes; for were the spots enlargements of the canals at their crossing points they should be more or less star-shaped, or concave to the canals, whereas they are round, or roundish rectangles, — that is, convex to the same. Such convexity negatives, at the outset, their being purely natural outgrowths of the canals.

The majority of the spots are from

120 to 150 miles in diameter; thus presenting a certain uniformity in size as well as in shape. There are some smaller ones, not more than 75 miles across, or less.

To the spot category belong all the markings other than canals to be seen anywhere on the continental deserts of the planet, from the great Lake of the Sun, which is 540 miles long by 300 miles broad, to the tiny Fountain of Youth, which is barely distinguishable as a dot. That all are fundamentally of a kind is hinted at by their shape and emphasized by their character, a point to which we shall come in a moment.

To this end, we will start with an account of where and how they begin to show; for, like the canals, they are not permanent markings, but temporary phenomena. It is in the region about the Solis Lacus that they appear first. The Solis Lacus, or Lake of the Sun, is perhaps the most striking marking on Mars. It is an oval spot in lat.  $28^{\circ}$  S., with its greater diameter nearly perpendicular to the meridians, and encircled by an elliptical ring of reddish-ochre land, which in turn is bordered on the south by the blue-green regions of the south temperate zone. The whole configuration is such as to simulate a gigantic eye which uncannily turns round upon one as the planet slowly revolves. It is so conspicuous a feature of the disc that it has been recognized for a great many years. The resemblance to an eye is further borne out by a cordon of canals that surround it on the north. Upon this cordon, composed chiefly of the Araxes and the Agathodæmon, are beaded a number of spots, two of them, the Phœnix and the Tithonus lakes, being conspicuously prominent. Closer scrutiny reveals several more of the same sort, only smaller. These are all interconnected by a network of canals. Now just as it is in this region that the canals first show, so likewise is it here that the spots first make their appearance.

Although it was here that at this last opposition the spots were first seen, it was not here that their character and purpose became apparent. It was not until later in the season, when the Eumenides-Orcus began to give evidence of being yet more peculiarly beaded, that the true nature of the spots suggested itself.

The Eumenides-Orcus is a very long and important canal, connecting the Phœnix Lake with the Trivium Charontis. It is so long, 3540 miles from one end of it to the other, that although it starts in lat.  $16^{\circ}$  N., and ends in lat.  $12^{\circ}$  S., it belts the disc not many degrees inclined to the equator. For a great distance it runs parallel to the northern coast of the Sea of the Sirens. From this coast several canals strike down to it; some stopping at it, others continuing on down the disc. Especially is the western end of the sea, called the Gulf of the Titans, a point of departure for canals; no less than six of them, and doubtless more, leaving the gulf in variously radiating directions. At the place where these canals severally cross the Eumenides-Orcus, I began in November to see spots. I also saw others along the Pyriphlegethon, an important canal leading in a more northerly direction from the Phœnix Lake; along the Gigas, a great canal running from the Gulf of the Titans all the way to the Lake of the Moon; and along other canals in the same region. I then noticed that the spots to the north of the Solis Lacus region had darkened, since August, relatively to the more southern ones. In short, I became aware both of a great increase in the number of spots, and of an increase in tint in the spots previously seen.

It was apparent that the spots were part and parcel of the canal system, and that in the matter of varying visibility they took after the canals, — chronologically, very closely after them; for a comparison of the two leads me to be-

lieve that the spots make their appearance subsequent, although but little subsequent, to the canals which conduct to them.

Furthermore, the spots, like the canals, grow in conspicuousness with time. Now when we consider that nothing, practically, has changed between us and them in the interval; that there has been no symptom of cloud or other obscuration, before or after, over the place where they eventually appear, we are led to the conclusion that, like the canals, they grow.

Indeed, in the history of their development the two features seem quite similar. Both grow, and both follow the same order and method in their growth. Both are affected by one progressive change that sweeps over the face of the planet from the pole to the equator, and then from the equator toward the other pole. In the case of the southern hemisphere, it is, as we have just seen, the most southern spots, like the most southern canals, that appear first after the melting of the polar snows. Then gradually others begin to show farther and farther north. The quickening of the spots, like the quickening of the canals, is a seasonal affair. But there is more in it than this. It takes place in a manner to imply that something more immediate than the change in the seasons is concerned in it; immediate not in time, but in relation to the result. A comparison of the behavior of three spots — the Phœnix Lake, the spot at the junction of the Iris and the Gigas, at the upper extremity of Ceraunius, and a spot where the Steropes, a newly found canal, and the Nilus meet — will serve to point out what this something is. The Phœnix Lake lies in lat.  $17^{\circ}$  S., the upper Ceraunius in lat.  $12^{\circ}$  N., and the spot on the Steropes in lat.  $28^{\circ}$  N. In August of last year, the first of these markings was very conspicuous, the second but moderately so, while the third was barely discernible. By November, the Phœnix Lake had become less sa-

lient, Ceraunius relatively more so, and the spot on the Steropes nearly as evident as Ceraunius had formerly been. In the Martian calendar, the August observation corresponded to our 20th of June, the November one to our 1st of August, of the southern hemisphere; or to our 20th of December and 1st of February, respectively, of the northern one. All three spots were practically within the equatorial regions. Now, on earth, no such marked progression in seasonal change occurs within the tropics. With us, it is to all intents and purposes equally green there the year through. On Mars it is not. Clearly, some more definite factor than the seasons enters into the matter upon our neighbor world.

That this factor is water seems, from the behavior of the blue-green areas generally, to be pretty certain. But just as the so-called seas are undoubtedly not seas, nor the canals waterways, so the spots are not lakes. Their mode of growth, so far as it may be discerned, confirms this conclusion. Apparently, it is not so much by an increase in size as by a deepening in tint that they gradually become recognizable. They start, it would seem, as big as they are to be, but faint in tone, premonitory shades of their future selves. They then proceed to substantiate by darkening in tint throughout. Now, to deepen thus in color with one consent all over would be a peculiar thing for a lake to do. For had the lake appreciable depth to start with, it should always be visible; and had it not, its bed would have to be phenomenally level to permit of its being all flooded at once. If, however, the spots be not bodies of water, but areas of verdure, their deepening in tint throughout is perfectly explicable, since the darkening would be the natural result of a simultaneous growth of vegetation. This inference is further borne out by the fact that to the spot class belong unquestionably those larger oval markings of which the Lake of the Sun is the most conspicuous

example. For both are associated in precisely the same manner with the canal system. Each spot is a centre of canal connections in exactly the way in which the Solis Lacus or the Phoenix Lake itself is. But the light coming from the Solis Lacus and the Phoenix Lake showed, in Professor W. H. Pickering's observations, no sign of polarization such as a sheet of water should show, and such as the polar sea actually did show.

When we put all these phenomena together, — the presence of the spots at the junctions of the canals, their strangely systematic shapes, their seasonal darkening, and last, but not least, the resemblance of the great continental regions of Mars to the deserts of the earth, — a solution of their character suggests itself at once: to wit, that they are oases in the midst of that desert, and not wholly innocent of design; for, in number, position, shape, and behavior, the oases turn out as typical and peculiar a feature of Mars as the canals themselves.

Each phenomenon is highly suggestive considered alone, but each acquires still greater significance from its association with the other; for here in the oases we have an end and object for the existence of canals, and the most natural one in the world, namely, that the canals are constructed for the express purpose of fertilizing the oases. Thus the mysterious rendezvousing of the canals at these special points is at once explicable. The canals rendezvous so entirely in defiance of the doctrine of chances because they were constructed to that end. They are not purely natural developments, but cases of assisted nature, just as they look to be at first sight. This, at least, is the only explanation that fully accounts for the facts. Of course all such evidence of design may be purely fortuitous, with about as much probability, as it has happily been put, as that a chance collection of numbers should take the form of the multiplication table.

In addition to this general dovetailing

of detail to one conclusion is to be noticed the strangely economic character of both the canals and the oases in the matter of form. That the lines should follow arcs of great circles, whatever their direction, is as unnatural from a natural standpoint as it would be natural from an artificial one; for the arc of a great circle is the shortest distance from one point upon the surface of a sphere to another. It would, therefore, if topographically possible, be the course to take to conduct water, with the least expenditure of time or trouble, from the one to the other.

The circular shape of the oases is as directly economic as is the straightness of the canals; for the circle is the figure which incloses the maximum area for the minimum average distance from its centre to any point situated within it. In consequence, if a certain amount of country were to be irrigated, intelligence would suggest the circular form in preference to all others, in order thus to cover the greatest space with the least labor. In the case of the double canals, the same labor-saving intent would lead as instantly to a rounded rectangle.

Even more markedly unnatural is another phenomenon of this most phenomenal system, of which almost every one has heard, and which almost nobody has seen, — the double canals.

To see them, however, all that is needed is a sufficiently steady air, a sufficiently attentive observer, and the suitable season of the Martian year. When these conditions are observed, the sight may be seen without difficulty, and is every whit as strange as Schiaparelli, who first saw it, has described it.

So far as the observer is concerned, what occurs is this: Upon a part of the disc where up to that time a single canal has been visible, of a sudden, some night, in place of the single canal appear twin canals, — as like, indeed, as twins, if not more so, similar both in character and in inclination, running side by side the

whole length of the original canal, usually for upwards of a thousand miles, of the same size throughout, and absolutely parallel to each other. The pair may best be likened to the twin rails of a railroad track. The regularity of the thing is startling.

In good air the phenomenon is quite unmistakable. The two lines are as distinct and as distinctly parallel as possible. No draughtsman could draw them better. They are thoroughly Martian in their mathematical precision. At the very first glance, they convey, like all the other details of the canal system, the appearance of artificiality. It may be well to state this here definitely, for the benefit of such as, without having seen the canals, indulge in criticism about them. No one who has seen the canals well — and the well is all-important for bringing out the characteristics that give the stamp of artificiality, the straightness and fineness of the lines — would ever have any doubt as to their seeming artificial, however he might choose to blind himself to the consequences. An element akin to the comic enters criticism based not upon what the critics have seen, but upon what they have not. Books are reviewed without being read, to prevent prejudice; but it is rash to carry the same admirable broad-mindedness into scientific subjects.

In detail the doubles vary, chiefly, it would seem, in the distance the twin lines lie apart. In the widest I have seen, the Ganges, six degrees separate the two; in the narrowest, the Phison, four degrees and a quarter, — not a very great difference between the extremes. Four degrees and a quarter on Mars amount to 156 miles; six degrees, to 220. These, then, are the distances between the centres of the twin canals. Each canal seems a little less than a degree wide, or about 30 miles in the narrower instances; in the broader, a little more than a degree, or about 45 miles. Between the two lines, in the cases where the gemination,

as it is called, is complete, lies reddish-ochre ground similar to the rest of the surface of the bright regions. Deducting the two half-widths of the bordering canals, we have, therefore, from 120 to 175 miles of clear country between the paralleling lines.

The gemination of a canal is a phenomenon individual to the particular canal. Each canal differs from its neighbor not only in the distance the lines lie apart, but in the time at which the duplication occurs. The event seems to depend both upon general seasonal laws governing all the duplications, and upon causes intrinsic to the canal itself. Within limits, each canal doubles at its own good time and after its own fashion. For example, although it seems to be a rule that north and south canals double before east and west ones, nevertheless, of two north and south lines, one will double, the other will not, synchronously with a doubling running east and west; the same is true of those running at any other inclination.

Now this shows that the duplication is not an optical illusion at this end of the line; for, by any double refraction here, all the lines running in the same direction over the disc should be similarly affected, which they are not. On the contrary, there will be, say, two cases of doubling in quite different directions co-existent with several single canals.

Nor is there any probability of its being a case of double refraction at the other end of the line, — that is, in the atmosphere of Mars; for in that case it is hard to see why all the lines should not be affected, to say nothing of the fact that, to render such double refraction possible, we must call upon a noumenon to help us out, as we know of no substance capable of the quality upon so huge a scale. Furthermore, what is cogent to the observer, though of no particular weight with his hearers, the phenomenon has no look of double refraction. It looks to be, what it undoubtedly is, a double existence.

Strengthening this conclusion is the mode of development of the doubling. This appears to take place in two ways, although it is possible that the two are but different instances of one and the same process. Of the first kind, during this last opposition, the Ganges was an example.

The Ganges was in an interesting protoplasmic condition during the whole of last summer. About to multiply by fission, it was not at first evident how this would take place. Hints of gemination were visible when I first looked at it in August. It showed then as a very broad but not dark swath of dusky color, of nearly uniform width from one extremity to the other, with sides suggestively even throughout. It is probable that they were then, as afterward, parallel, and that the slight convergence apparent at the bottom was due simply to foreshortening. The swath ran thus N. N. W. all the way from the Gulf of the Dawn to the Lake of the Moon. By moments of better seeing its two sides showed darker than its middle; that is, it was already double in embryo, with a dusky middle-ground between the twin lines.

In October the doubling had sensibly progressed. The double visions were more frequent, and the ground between the twin lines had grown lighter. By November the doubling was unmistakable, and the mid-clarification had become nearly complete. It is to be remarked that the doubling did not involve the Fons Juventæ and the canal leading to it, both of which lay well to the right of the Ganges. The space included between the East and West Ganges was very wide, some six degrees. The canals themselves were, so far as could be seen, quite similar, and about a degree, or 37 miles wide. Both started in the Gulf of the Dawn, and ran down to the lower Lake of the Moon, one entering each side of the lake, or oasis. Two thirds of the way down both similarly touched the sides of another oasis, an

upper Lacus Lunæ. The whole length of each was 1200 miles.

Except for fleeting suspicions of gemination, and for possible doublings like the parallelism of the Styx and the Hades, the next canal to show double was the Nectar, which was so seen by Mr. Douglass on October 4, and under still better seeing, a few minutes later, the doubling was detected by him extending straight across the Solis Lacus. In the Solis Lacus this was evidently a case of mid-clarification. What occurred in the Nectar seems more allied to the second class of manifestations, such as happened later with the Euphrates and the Phison.

Glimpses of a dual state in these canals were caught during the summer and autumn, but it was not till the November presentation of the region that they came out unmistakably twinned. On the 18th of that month, just as the twilight was fading away, the air being very still and the definition exceptional, so soon as the sunset tremors subsided, the Euphrates and its neighbor the Phison showed beautifully doubled, exactly like two great railroad tracks with bright ground between, each set extending down the disc for a distance of 1600 miles.

After that evening, whenever the seeing was good enough, they continued to present the same appearance. Now with them no process of midway clarification, such as had taken place in the Ganges, had previously made itself manifest. They had indeed not been very well defined before duplication occurred, but apparently sufficiently so not to hide such broadening had it taken place; for though the twin canals were not as far apart as the two Ganges, they were quite comparably distant, being, instead of six, about four and a quarter degrees from each other. Evidently, the process was, in the case of the Euphrates at least, under way in October, and even earlier, but was not well seen because the twin canals were not yet dark enough.

There seem, I may remark parentheti-

cally, to be two other double canals in the region between the Syrtis Major and the Sabæus Sinus, one to the east of the Phison, and another between the Phison and the Euphrates, both debouching at the same points as the Phison and the Euphrates themselves.

On the 19th of November I suspected duplication in the Typhon, another canal in the same region. It looked to be double, with dusky ground between.

On the 21st I similarly suspected the Jamuna and the Nilokeras. Both looked broad and dusky, with very ill-defined condensation at the sides. But the seeing was not superlative. On the 22d I brought my observations to an end, in consequence of having to return East.

Exactly what takes place, therefore, in this curious process of doubling I cannot pretend to say. It has been suggested that a progressive ripening of vegetation from the centre to the edges might cause a broad swath of green to become seemingly two. There are facts, however, that do not tally with this view. For example, the Ganges was always broad, but fainter, not narrower, earlier in the season. The Phison, on the other hand, went through no such process. Indeed, we are here very much in the dark, certainly very far off from what does take place in Martian canal gemination. Perhaps we may learn considerably more about it at the next opposition. At this the tendril end of our knowledge of our neighbor we cannot expect hard wood.

To return now from these outposts of investigation to our main subject matter. We have seen what shows at one end of the canals, their inner end, namely, the oases. But it seems that there is also something exceptional at the other. At the mouth of each canal, at the edge of the so-called seas, appears a curious dark spot of the form of a half-filled angle; the sort of a mark with which one checks items on a list. Its form is singularly appropriate, according to mundane ideas, for it appears before the canal itself is

visible, as if to mark the spot where the canal will eventually be. It lies in the so-called seas, and looks to be of the same color as they, but deeper in tint.

All the canals that debouch into the dark regions are provided with these terminal triangles, except those that lead out of long estuaries, like the Nilosyrtis, the Hiddekel, the Gehon, and so forth. The double canals are provided with twin triangles. That the triangular patches are phenomena connected with the canals is evident from the fact that they never appear elsewhere. What exact purpose they serve is not so clear, but it would seem to be that of reservoirs or relay stations for the water before it enters the canals; what we see, upon this supposition, being not the station or reservoir itself, but the specially fertile area round it.

That, in addition to being in a way oases themselves, they serve some such purpose as the above is further hinted at by two facts: first, that whereas the oases develop, apparently, after the canals leading to them, the triangular spots develop before the canals that lead out of them; second, Mr. Douglass finds that it is in them that the canals in the dark regions terminate. They are the end of the one system at the same time that they are the beginning of the other. They would, therefore, seem to be way-stations of some sort on the road taken by the water from the polar cap to the equator.

Paralleling in appearance the oases in the bright regions are round spots that occur at the junctions of the canals in the dark ones. Speaking figuratively, these are the heads of the nails in the coffin of the idea that the seas are seas; since, if the blue-green color came from water, there could not be permanent darker dots upon it connected by equally dark streaks. Speaking unfiguratively, this shows that the whole system of canals and specially fertilized spots is not confined to the deserts, but extends in a

modified form over the areas of more or less vegetation.

One of these specially fertile spots, situated upon the borderland betwixt the dark and the light regions, has a picturesque history. It lies at the head of the *Margaritifer Sinus*, or Pearl-Bearing Gulf, so named some years ago by Schiaparelli; the name having been given by him to the gulf quite fortuitously. But it turns out that the gulf was prophetically named, for there in it is this round spot which makes terminus to a short canal connecting it with the lower end of the western *Sabæus Sinus*, and probably also terminus to a long canal coming from the *Chrysorrhoas*, across both branches of the Ganges. Diving into the depths of space has thus brought up the pearl from the bottom of the gulf.

We thus perceive that the blue-green areas are subjected to the same engineering system as the bright ones. In short, no part of the planet is allowed to escape from the all-pervasive trigonometric spirit. If this be Nature's doing, she certainly runs her mathematics into the ground.

To review, now, the chain of reasoning by which we have been led to regard it probable that upon the surface of Mars we see the effects of local intelligence: we find, in the first place, that the broad physical conditions of the planet are not antagonistic to some form of life; secondly, that there is an apparent dearth of water upon the planet's surface, and therefore, if beings of sufficient intelligence inhabited it, they would have to resort to irrigation to support life; thirdly, that there turns out to be a network of markings covering the disc precisely counterparting what a system of irrigation would look like; and, lastly, that there is a set of spots placed where we should expect to find the lands thus artificially fertilized, and behaving as such constructed oases should. All this, of course, may be a set of coincidences,

signifying nothing; but the probability seems the other way. As to details of explanation, any we may adopt will undoubtedly be found, on closer acquaintance, to vary from the actual Martian state of things; for any Martian life must differ markedly from our own.

The fundamental fact in the matter is the dearth of water. If we keep this in mind, we shall see that many of the objections that spontaneously arise answer themselves. The supposed Herculean task of constructing such canals disappears at once; for if the canals be dug for irrigation purposes, it is evident that what we see and call, by ellipsis, the canal is not really the canal at all, but the strip of fertilized land bordering it, — the thread of water in the midst of it, the canal itself, being far too small to be perceptible. In the case of an irrigation canal seen at a distance, it is always the strip of verdure, not the canal, that is visible, as we see in looking from afar upon irrigated country on the earth.

Startling as the outcome of these observations may appear at first, in truth there is nothing startling about it whatever. Such possibility has been quite on the cards ever since the existence of Mars itself was recognized by the Chaldean shepherds, or whoever the still more primeval astronomers may have been. Its strangeness is a purely subjective phenomenon, arising from the instinctive reluctance of man to admit the possibility of peers. Such would be comic were it not the inevitable consequence of the constitution of the universe. To be shy of anything resembling himself is part and parcel of man's own individuality. Like the savage who fears nothing so much as a strange man, like Crusoe who grows pale at the sight of footprints not his own, the civilized thinker instinctively turns from the thought of mind other than the one he himself knows. To admit into his conception of the cosmos other finite minds as factors has in it something of the weird. Any hypothesis to explain the

facts, no matter how improbable or even palpably absurd it be, is better than this. Snowcaps of solid carbonic acid gas, a planet cracked in a positively monomaniacal manner, meteors ploughing tracks across its surface with such mathematical precision that they must have been educated to the performance, and so forth and so on, in hypotheses each more astounding than its predecessor, commend themselves to man, if only by such means he may escape the admission of anything approaching his kind. Surely all this is puerile, and should be outgrown as speedily as possible. It is simply an instinct like any other, the projection of the instinct of self-preservation. We ought, therefore, to rise above it, and, where probability points to other things, boldly accept the fact provisionally, as we should the presence of oxygen, or iron, or anything else. Let us not cheat ourselves with words. Conservatism sounds finely, and covers any amount of ignorance and fear.

We must be just as careful not to run to the other extreme, and draw deductions of purely local outgrowth. To talk of Martian beings is not to mean Martian men. Just as the probabilities point to the one, so do they point away from the other. Even on this earth man is of the nature of an accident. He is the survival of by no means the highest physical organism. He is not even a high form of mammal. Mind has been his making. For aught we can see, some lizard or batrachian might just as well have popped into his place in the race, and been now the dominant creature of this earth. Under different physical circumstances he would have been certain to do so. Amid the physical surroundings that exist on Mars, we may be practically sure other organisms have been evolved which would strike us as exquisitely grotesque. What manner of beings they may be we have no data to conceive.

How diverse, however, they doubtless are from us will appear from such definite deduction as we are able to make

from the physical differences between Mars and our earth. For example, the mere difference of gravity on the surface of the two planets is much more far-reaching in its effects than might at first be thought. Gravity on the surface of Mars is only a little more than one third what it is on the surface of the earth. This would work in two ways to very different conditions of existence from those to which we are accustomed. To begin with, three times as much work, as for example in digging a canal, could be done by the same expenditure of muscular force. If we were transported to Mars, we should be pleasantly surprised to find all our manual labor suddenly lightened threefold. But, indirectly, there might result a yet greater gain to our capabilities; for if Nature chose, she could afford there to build her inhabitants on three times the scale she does on earth, without their ever finding it out except by interplanetary comparison.

As we all know, a very large man is much more unwieldy than a very small one. An elephant refuses to hop like a flea; not because he considers it undignified to do so, but simply because he cannot take the step. If we could, we should all jump straight across the street, instead of painfully paddling through the mud. Our inability to do so depends partly on the size of the earth, and partly on the size of our own bodies, but not at all on what it at first seems entirely to depend on, the size of the street.

To see this, let us consider the very simplest case, that of standing erect. To this every-day feat opposes itself the weight of the body simply, a thing of three dimensions, height, breadth, and thickness, while the ability to accomplish it resides in the cross-section of the muscles of the knee, a thing of only two dimensions, breadth and thickness. Consequently, a person half as large again as another has about twice the supporting capacity of that other, but about three times as much to support. Standing

therefore tires him out more quickly. If his size were to go on increasing, he would at last reach a stature at which he would no longer be able to stand at all, but would have to lie down. You shall see the same effect in quite inanimate objects. Take two cylinders of paraffine wax, one made into an ordinary candle, the other into a gigantic facsimile of one, and then stand both upon their bases. To the small one nothing happens. The big one, however, begins to settle, the base actually made viscous by the pressure of the weight above.

Now apply this principle to a possible inhabitant of Mars, and suppose him to be constructed three times as large as a human being in every dimension. If he were on earth, he would weigh twenty-seven times as much as the human being, but on the surface of Mars, since gravity there is only about one third of what it is here, he would weigh but nine times as much. The cross-section of his muscles would be nine times as great. Therefore the ratio of his supporting power to the weight he must support would be the same as ours. Consequently, he would be able to stand with no more fatigue than we experience. Now consider the work he might be able to do. His muscles, having length, breadth, and thickness, would all be twenty-seven times as effective as ours. He would prove twenty-seven times as strong as we, and could accomplish twenty-seven times as much. But he would further work upon what required, owing to decreased gravity, but one third the effort to overcome. His effective force, therefore, would be eighty-one times as great as man's, whether in digging canals or in other bodily occupation. As gravity on the surface of Mars is really a little more than one third that at the surface of the earth, the true ratio is not eighty-one, but about fifty; that is, a Martian would be, physically, fifty-fold more efficient than a man.

As the reader will observe, there is nothing problematical about this deduc-

tion whatever. It expresses an abstract ratio of physical capabilities which must exist between the two planets, quite irrespective of whether there be denizens on either, or how other conditions may further affect their forms.

Something more we may deduce about the characteristics of possible Martians, dependent upon Mars itself, a result of the age of the world they would live in.

A planet may in a very real sense be said to have a life of its own, of which what we call life may or may not be a detail. It is born, has its fiery youth, its sober middle age, its palsied senility, and ends at last in cold incapability of further change, its death. The speed with which it runs through its gamut of change depends upon its size; for the larger the body, the longer it takes to cool, and with it loss of heat means loss of life. It takes longer to cool because, as we saw in a previous paper, it has relatively more inside than outside, and it is through its outside that its inside cools. Now, inasmuch as time and space are not, as some philosophers have from their too mundane standpoint supposed, forms of our intellect, but essential attributes of the universe, the time taken by any process affects the character of the process itself, as does also the size of the body undergoing it. The changes brought about in a large planet by its cooling are not, therefore, the same as those brought about in a small one. Physically, chemically, and, to our present end, organically, the two results are quite diverse. So different, indeed, are they that unless the planet have at least a certain size it will never produce what we call life, meaning our particular chain of changes or closely allied forms of it, at all. As we saw in the case of atmosphere, it will lack even the premise to such conclusion.

Whatever the particular planet's line of development, however, in its own line it proceeds to greater and greater degrees of evolution, till the process is arrested by the planet's death, as above

described. The point of development attained is, as regards its capabilities, precisely measured by the planet's own age, since the one is but a symptom of the other.

Now, in the special case of Mars, we have before us the spectacle of an old world, a world well on in years, a world much older relatively than the earth, half-way between it and the end we see so sadly typified by our moon, a body now practically past possibility of change. To so much about his age Mars bears evidence on his face. He shows unmistakable signs of being old. What we know would follow advancing planetary years is legible there. His continents are all smoothed down; his oceans have all dried up. If he ever had a *jeunesse orangeuse*, it has long since been forgotten. Although called after the most turbulent of the gods, he is, and probably always has been, one of the most peaceful of the heavenly bodies. His name is a sad misnomer; indeed, the ancients seem to have been singularly unfortunate in their choice of planetary cognomens. With Mars so peaceful, Jupiter so young, and Venus bashfully dropped in cloud, the planets' names accord but ill with their temperaments.

Mars being thus old himself, we know that evolution on his surface must be similarly advanced. This only informs us of its condition relative to the planet's capabilities. Of its actual state our data are not definite enough to furnish much deduction. But from the fact that our own development has been comparatively a recent thing, and that a long time would be needed to bring even Mars to his present geological condition, we may judge any life he may support to be not only relatively, but really, more advanced than our own.

From the little we can see, such appears to be the case. The evidence of handicraft, if such it be, points to a highly intelligent mind behind it. Irrigation, unscientifically conducted, would

not give us such truly wonderful mathematical fitness in the several parts to the whole as we there behold. A mind of no mean order would seem to have presided over the system we see, — a mind certainly of considerably more comprehensiveness than that which presides over the various departments of our own public works. Party politics, at all events, have had no part in them; for the system is planet wide. Quite possibly, such Martian folk are possessed of inventions of which we have not dreamed, and with them electrophones and kinetoscopes are things of a bygone past, preserved with veneration in museums as relics of the clumsy contrivances of the simple childhood of their kind. Certainly, what we see hints at the existence of beings who are in advance of, not behind us, in the race of life.

For answers to such problems we must look to the future. That Mars seems to be inhabited is not the last, but the first word on the subject. More important than the mere fact of the existence of living beings there is the question of what they may be like. Whether we ourselves shall live to learn this cannot, of course, be foretold. One thing, however, we can do, and that speedily: look at things from a standpoint raised above our local point of view; free our minds at least from the shackles that of necessity tether our bodies; recognize the possibility of others in the same light that we do the certainty of ourselves. That we are the sum and substance of the capabilities of the cosmos is something so preposterous as to be exquisitely comic. We pride ourselves upon being men of the world, forgetting that this is but objectionable singularity, unless we are in some wise men of more worlds than one. For after all, we are but a link in a chain. Man is merely this earth's highest production up to date. That he in any sense gauges the possibilities of the universe is humorous. He does not, as we can easily foresee, even gauge those

of this planet. He has been steadily bettering from an immemorial past, and will apparently continue to improve through an incalculable future. Still less does he gauge the universe about him. He merely typifies in an imperfect way what is going on elsewhere, and what, to a mathematical certainty, is in some corners of the cosmos indefinitely excelled.

If astronomy teaches anything, it teaches that man is but a detail in the evolution of the universe, and that resemblance though diverse details are inevitably to be expected in the host of orbs around him. He learns that though he will probably never find his double anywhere, he is destined to discover any number of cousins scattered through space.

*Percival Lowell.*

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#### PRESIDENT POLK'S DIARY.

IN the Lenox Library of New York city may be seen the literary relics of the late George Bancroft, which that institution purchased in 1893 from the executors of his estate, after Congress had delayed action upon their offer of the whole undivided collection to the United States government at an appraised value of \$75,000, under a provision of the historian's will. The price paid privately was nearly ten thousand dollars more than that asked from the public; the entire collection numbering, in books, pamphlets, and manuscripts, about twenty thousand volumes.

Among the richest treasures of this collection, as well as its latest important accession during Mr. Bancroft's life, should be reckoned the private papers and correspondence of President James K. Polk; or rather, we should say, type-written copies of the original manuscripts, which were prepared under the venerable author's immediate supervision, and bound up, after careful verification, in handsome volumes of half turkey morocco with gilt-letter titles. Mr. Bancroft, as the last survivor of a Cabinet and an administration whose policy was in many respects profound and far-reaching, suddenly conceived, at the age of eighty-six, the purpose of making an authentic and complete narrative of that political term;

and accordingly, after writing to Nashville in April, 1887, he visited Mr. Polk's widow, and obtained full permission to take to his own home the mass of papers which had remained undisturbed as the ex-President left them at his death, nearly forty years earlier, and to make such use of them as he might deem fit. The scholar pursued his task with ardor, so far as to prepare and arrange the desired materials, a labor most congenial and easy to one of his long experience; he felt the first glow of this new literary undertaking, which was sure to bring hidden testimony to light. But his remarkable intellect and trained habits of industry were not equal, at so late an age, to the creative task of composition; his health declined, and on the 17th of January, 1891, he died. This final service of our historical sage in the interest of American past politics was a distinct and valuable one, but it was that of compiler, rather than of historian. He has, however, left on record the impressions made on his own mind by the perusal of the manuscript. "Polk's character shines out in these papers," he writes, "just exactly as the man was, — prudent, far-sighted, bold, exceeding any Democrat of his day in his undeviatingly correct exposition of Democratic principles."

Unquestionably, the chief historical value of the Polk collection consists in the twenty-four volumes of Mr. Polk's Diary, kept during nearly the whole term of his presidency; each volume averaging about a hundred type-written pages in the large octavo which Mr. Bancroft used. It must be a surprise to most of our fellow-countrymen to learn that another President besides John Quincy Adams kept an extensive journal while in office; and especially that an Executive so absorbed in difficult details as Mr. Polk should have found time to record his impressions from day to day at such great length, and with so obvious a determination to be exact and comprehensive. Such an enterprise steadily pursued, and with no full opportunity to change or suppress what at the time was written, reveals not only facts essential to a correct understanding of public actions, but, more unconsciously, the mental cast and political bias of the writer. Like his more erudite predecessor, Polk cherished — and probably with greater zeal — the purpose of vindicating some day his secret political motives and his public relations with other men; but his premature death, very soon after his four years' term had expired, left the Diary unrevised as its own expositor, an inner fountain of information unadorned. No two Presidents could have been more at the antipodes than were Polk and John Quincy Adams in political affiliations and designs. Yet each, after his peculiar fashion, was honest, inflexible in purpose, and pursuant of the country's good; and both have revealed views singularly alike — the one as a scholar, the other as a sage and sensible observer — of the selfish, ignoble, and antagonistic influences which surge about the citadel of national patronage, and beset each supreme occupant of the White House.

President Polk has stated the circumstances under which he commenced his Diary. On the 26th of August, 1845, he held with his Secretary of State,

James Buchanan, an important conversation over the Oregon troubles, which he reduced at once to writing; and after reflecting upon this narrative in his own solitude, he determined to open a diary at once and continue the plan. Next day he procured a blank book, with this purpose in view, and began his entries regularly, concluding to make them longer or shorter as convenience and the events worth recording might determine. The conversation of August 26, however, he did not again transcribe, but left the written sheets separate, beginning his book on the 27th. The journal thus commenced he continued from day to day for the remainder of his remarkable term, which lasted from March 4, 1845, to March 4, 1849. Leaving office, feeble and in failing health, on the latter date, he died in the middle of the following June.

Whatever may be thought of Mr. Polk's official course in despoiling Mexico for the aggrandizement of his own country, one cannot read this Diary carefully without an increased respect for his simple and sturdy traits of character, his inflexible honesty in financial concerns, and the pertinacious zeal and strong sagacity which characterized his whole presidential career. Making all due allowance for any personal selfishness which might color his narrative, we now perceive clearly that he was the framer of that public policy which he carried into so successful execution, and that instead of being led (as many might have imagined) by the more famous statesmen of his administration and party who surrounded him, he in reality led and shaped his own executive course; disclosing in advance to his familiar Cabinet such part as he thought best to make known, while concealing the rest. Both Bancroft and Buchanan, of his official advisers, have left on record, since his death, incidental tributes to his greatness as an administrator and unifier of executive action; both admitting in effect his superior force

of will and comprehension of the best practical methods for attaining his far-reaching ends. On the other hand, while the Diary shows that Mr. Polk held the one Secretary in high esteem, it is plain that he appreciated the many weaknesses of the other, with whom he had frequent differences of opinion, which in these secret pages elicit his own sharp comment. In fact, the Secretary of State, whom he repeatedly overruled, felt, for the first sixteen months, at least, of this executive term, so much dissatisfied with various features of Polk's policy, and in particular, like others of Pennsylvania, so discontented with the famous low tariff measure which Polk was bent upon carrying, that in the summer of 1846 he arranged definitely to retire from the Cabinet, to accept a Middle State vacancy on the supreme bench, which the President promised him, though with an overruling discretion deferring the appointment until the new tariff act was out of jeopardy at the Capitol, when Buchanan himself at last concluded to remain where he was. Buchanan's presidential aspirations, notwithstanding a condition exacted by the President from all who entered the administration that they should cease to aspire so long as they sat at his council board, annoyed him much as time went on. "He is selfish," says the Diary in March, 1848, "and controlled so much by wishes for his own advancement that I cannot trust his advice on a public question; yet it is hazardous to dismiss, and I have borne with him." And on another occasion Polk records, after repeatedly finding his Secretary timid, over-anxious, and disposed too much to forestall overtures from others which the administration knew were due and were sure to come, "Mr. Buchanan is an able man, but is in small matters without judgment, and sometimes acts like an old maid."

All hasty diarists are likely to repeat themselves; and no idea does Mr. Polk's Diary repeat so frequently as that of dis-

gust with the constant pressure for office which our chief magistrate encounters. It is the same phase of human nature which John Quincy Adams beheld with a like antipathy, though with a more dogged determination not to yield to such importunity. President Polk delineates his tormentors in the shape of callers at the White House as they may still be seen: some to seek office, others to beg money, and others still to pay, or profess to pay, their respects. "A year gone," records the Diary, March 4, 1846, "and the pressure for office has not abated. Will this pressure never cease? I most sincerely wish that I had no offices to bestow. If I had not, it would add much to the happiness and comfort of my position. As it is, I have no office to bestow without turning out better men than a large majority of those who seek their places." Again in September is his loathing expressed at this "constant stream of persons seeking office and begging money." "Almost the whole of my embarrassment in administering the government," he writes in May, 1847, "grows out of the public patronage which it is my duty to dispense." But the pressure of these "loafers for office" lasted his whole term; even "females" (as he expresses himself) seeking personal interviews and pleading "for their worthless relatives." During the summer of 1848, at a time when there were no existing offices to bestow, the President was besieged by applicants, simply because Congress was going to pass a bill for creating a board of commissioners upon Mexican claims, which might or might not meet the executive approval; and so greatly were the places sought in advance of their creation that one woman pleaded for her husband as a commissioner, shedding tears freely, and distressing the President with a story of their poverty and great need of an office; while another person — a man with whom Mr. Polk had once served in Congress — occupied more than an hour

in soliciting a place upon the board, "if the bill should pass." "I had," adds the diarist, "no idea of appointing him, and yet I could not avoid hearing him without rudeness." Even after the presidential election of 1848, in which Polk's own party candidate was defeated by the Whigs, the pressure upon this Democratic President continued strong, under the apparent conviction that the incoming Executive, General Taylor, was not likely to make many removals. "The herd of office-seekers," observes Mr. Polk at this late stage, "are the most unprincipled persons in the country. As a mass they are governed by no principle." And professing to be Democrats under him, he expected them to go *vice versa* under his Whig successor, whom many of them had helped elect. "The patronage," he finally adds, shortly before leaving office, "will, from the day any President enters upon his duties, weaken his administration."

Judge Mason, of the Cabinet, told the President in April, 1848, of one office-seeker whose papers were filed at his department without specifying any particular office. The Secretary asked him what office he wanted. "I am a good hand at making treaties," he replied, "and as some are to be made soon, I should like to serve as a minister abroad."

The constant interference of members of Congress in these matters of patronage was another source of annoyance upon which Mr. Polk made frequent comment. "Members of Congress," he writes, "attach great importance to petty offices, and assume their right to make the appointments in their own States, thereby joining issue with heads of the departments in such matters." He was much annoyed when a prominent member of the House, who had already declined the mission to Russia, pursued him for an appointment to the court of France, not only in writing, but in person at the White House, and face to face, most persistently; and when, after

much urging, the President yielded to his wishes, and the Senate rejected the appointment, this person grew angry because Polk promptly sent in another name, and he soon drifted into a semi-hostile position towards the administration. Two other members of the House, at the time the Mexican war was declared, desired appointments as military paymasters, under a new bill which they had done much to frame and push through Congress; but appointments trenching so closely upon the prohibition of the Constitution the President refused to make. Again and again did legislators at the Capitol oppose the Executive's wishes, or treat the highest incumbent with personal incivility over some quarrel of patronage. "Patronage is injurious to a President," was Polk's decided opinion, as he secretly expressed himself, and this partly because legislators did not stand by the consequences of their own recommendations. "Members of Congress," writes the President, December 16, 1846, "and others high in society make representations for friends on which I cannot rely, and lead me constantly into error. When I act upon the information which they give me, and make a mistake, they leave me to bear the responsibility, and never have the manliness to assume it for themselves." And yet few American Executives had seen greater experience than Polk in congressional life, or proved more capable, while at the other end of the avenue, of managing our national legislature so as to achieve their most cherished plans.

John Quincy Adams, while detesting Polk's political principles and his narrow conceptions of party infallibility, does justice to his unquestionable capacity for toilsome work and indefatigable industry. The same habits which made this son of Tennessee so conspicuous in dispatching legislative business while chairman of the Ways and Means committee or Speaker of the House insured his successful career as President. Failing

though he was in health during these four consummate years, he did not hesitate to put his shoulder to the wheel whenever the work of the departments got into deep mire. This was partly because he distrusted others, and felt constantly disposed to keep all executive details, foreign or domestic, great or small, under his personal control. With the unexpected burdens thrown upon his administration by the Mexican war, he soon found his Secretary of the Treasury quite overworked, and in danger of death; and the President, sending him away for recuperation, took an active hand in the financial guidance of the government, at the same time aiding his Secretary of War, who also was taken sick. General Scott he disliked greatly, as the ranking military officer, and found his presence at Washington so embarrassing that he resolved to send him off; and he strongly suspected that the detailed chiefs of the quartermaster and commissary divisions were hostile to his Mexican policy. Some of these subordinates (so he writes) "appear to be indifferent to our contest, and merely go through their ordinary routine." On general principle, too, he felt disposed to check such lesser chiefs. "Bureau officers," he writes in November, 1848, "whose duty it is to prepare estimates, are always in favor of large appropriations. They are not responsible to the public, but to the Executive, and must be watched and controlled in these respects." After the adjournment of the long session of Congress, in August of the same year, Polk, who had not been three miles away from the White House (as he relates) for more than thirteen months, took a brief vacation trip for his health to the mineral springs of Pennsylvania, and was back again in ten days; attending to his duties at the capital in the hottest summer weather, receiving important secret dispatches from abroad, and in fact conducting the government for a whole month without the aid of his Cabinet, who were mostly away. "So

familiar am I," he records at this time, "with all the principles and details of the administration that I have no difficulty in doing so;" and he declared that he found himself better acquainted with the work than his subordinates themselves. But he confessed to himself, while thus engaged, that he found the presidency no bed of roses. "No President," he writes at the close of this year, "who performs his duty faithfully and conscientiously can have any leisure. If he entrusts the details and smaller matters to subordinates, constant errors will occur. I prefer to supervise the whole operations of the government myself, rather than entrust the public business to subordinates; and this makes my duties very great."

Mr. Polk had much of Old Hickory's dislike of financial monopolists. While looking after the Treasury during Secretary Walker's absence, at the time of the Mexican war, he was greatly worried over what seemed to him a criminal abuse of official power, whereby a draft for two million dollars for prospective disbursements in the quartermaster-general's bureau had been lodged with private bankers, to be checked out as might become needful. To one of his own simple integrity in money matters, defalcation appeared imminent; but the Secretary exculpated himself from misconduct, and assured the President that the banking credit behind the draft was strong and adequate. Still probing into the transaction, the President found that confidential favors in the way of a special deposit were part of the consideration upon which our war loans had been negotiated; and others of the Cabinet coming to the rescue of their associate, and declaring such an arrangement legal in their opinion, the matter appears to have finally rested.

In various other respects our eleventh President bore strong resemblance to his immortal fellow-townsmen, as the disciple to the master, the less to the greater. With the qualities of civilian and legis-

lator, instead of warrior or forceful leader of the mass, he had nevertheless a corresponding tenacity of purpose within the circumscription of strict party lines. Andrew Jackson was his great patron and exemplar, and from that idolized Democrat of the Democracy came doubtless the chief inspiration of his own foreign policy; though Jackson died too soon after this new administration came into power to influence it greatly in particulars. Polk's affection and veneration for the general appear, however, in various letters copied among these papers; and Jackson wrote frequently from the Hermitage in confidence, being overrun with applications for office, not a few of which he pressed upon the new Executive with characteristic comment. We here see injected into the tale of his own bodily ailments some sensible political counsel as against the "Whiggs" and those "who run with the hare and cry with the hounds;" and Polk took strongly to heart the language of one letter which he sometimes quoted afterwards, — to take principle for his guide and make the public good his end, "steering clear of the intrigues and machinations of political cliques." Indeed, the new President of the Democracy valued so greatly the good will of his early predecessor, though not always free to follow his advice, that upon Jackson's death, in June, 1845, he sought eagerly a last letter written him, to show to incipient enemies that their cordial relation had continued to the close. This letter appears to have been mislaid, in the midst of household confusion at Nashville, and political treachery was suspected, until, after much anxious inquiry, it reached Washington with a suitable explanation. To Polk's dismay, however, the hero's dying communication proved unsuitable for publication, since the burden of it was, in all friendly confidence, to denounce Polk's chosen Secretary of the Treasury, whom Jackson much disliked, and to guide the chief Executive into a train of inquiry regarding this man

and a former government official, also stigmatized by the writer as dishonest, which might elicit certain facts and blow them both "sky-high." Some interesting accounts of Jackson's last hours and funeral are contained among the Polk papers; and it appears that in the last simple service at the Hermitage the hymn given out (most inappropriate to the exit of such a character) began, —

"What timorous worms we mortals are!"

Within the horizon of his mental vision President Polk was singularly clear-sighted and sensible; but he was hemmed in by partisan and religious prejudices which limited the range of his comprehension. His private and public writings alike afford full proof of this. In his Diary, the Whigs he persisted in styling "Federalists," until the political strength of that party with the people, and the genial influence of Henry Clay, who paid him a notable visit on returning to the Senate, won his fair respect as the canvass of 1848 approached. He records his disbelief in judges of opposition tendency who might become "Federalists" upon the bench in their construction of the law. Office-holders under Tyler's administration who claimed that they had been conservative Democrats found no favor with him; and when the Mexican war broke out, though he candidly admitted that Whigs must have some of the military appointments, his repugnance for Winfield Scott as the major-general commanding proved inveterate, and he began disparaging Zachary Taylor as soon as the latter's renown attracted those opposed to the party in power. More and more did he convince himself, as Taylor's star rose, that this favorite of the Whigs was without soldierly qualities except as a fighter; and he refused to allow a salute to be fired, on the news of Buena Vista. While trying earnestly, moreover, to assuage the factional quarrels of his party in New York State, he pressed constantly the

idea that principle and public good were bound up in the continuous success of the Democracy. In religion he showed, as a Presbyterian, the same rigid and inflexible adherence to his faith; being devout and devoted to public worship, decent not to fail in attendance upon the congressional funerals at Washington, of which there were many; and so much of a rigid Sabbatarian withal that he repeatedly recorded his regrets when forced to transact public business on Sunday, though some of the most crafty work of his whole term was dispatched on that day. With something, perhaps, of religious fervor, he seemed imbued with the idea that he led God's chosen people; whatever possessions his fellow-countrymen might appear to covet he was ready to go for, and fetch, with little scruple for the ownership of others. Like the great Jackson, he felt that "might makes right" in national policy, and was ready to despoil our Spanish-American neighbors, who were trying, in their own poor way, to emulate our example of self-government.

Polk's deficient ideality blinded him to some of the inevitable results of such a spoliation in debasing American character and engendering strife; and the gradual alienation of Democratic leaders from his support during the Mexican war he ascribed, possibly too closely, to personal grievances. In the sectional struggle for partitioning our conquered domains between slavery and freedom he could see nothing but "a wicked and senseless agitation," of which selfish statesmen were seeking to make a hobby. His lost political friendships he imputed unhesitatingly and altogether to political disappointments. Calhoun, he recalled, had been dissatisfied "ever since I did not retain him in the Cabinet." Benton, whom he certainly tried most assiduously to please, was uncivil to him, and threatening "from the day I appointed a court-martial on Frémont," his son-in-law; and he says, not untruly, that Benton "is

apt to think that nothing is properly done that he is not previously consulted about." Van Buren took early offense, he thought, because the new President would not let him make the selection of a Cabinet. "I have preserved," he writes, "his most extraordinary letter to me on that subject, making no reply to it; and I have since had no direct correspondence except to frank him two annual messages, and to receive his acknowledgment." Van Buren's acceptance of the Free-Soil nomination for President in 1848 against the regular Democratic candidate moved Polk greatly. "He is the most fallen man I have ever known," records the chief magistrate in his Diary; and he promptly removed Van Buren's personal friend from the district attorneyship in New York, appointing another in his place.

Mr. Polk's wife, who was a devout religious worshiper like himself, and whose decided views of social decorum strongly impressed the White House entertainments of her day, seems to have shared in some of her husband's personal dislikes, with that redoubled intensity to which many good wives incline. Her antipathy to the Van Buren family was shown in her bearing towards the ex-President's son, familiarly styled "Prince John." Her husband relates his amusement at finding that she had on two or three occasions countermanded his own order directing this schismatic Democrat to be invited to a White House dinner, and that on one occasion she burned a dinner ticket which the President had requested his private secretary to send him. The reason she assigned was that John Van Buren had not called on her; but we may question whether this was the only one.

In the presidential canvass of 1848, when for the first time our national elections were held on the same day throughout the Union, under an act of Congress, Mr. Polk felt strongly interested on behalf of the regular Democratic ticket.

Lewis Cass, the party candidate, was a personal friend, considerate enough to show his letter of acceptance, and modify it upon President Polk's advice; particularly on the point of announcing that if elected he would carry out his policy according to the convention platform, a pledge which Mr. Polk thought inexpedient as a rule. Over the successorship itself Polk had maintained a strict neutrality; inflexibly refusing to run for a second term, or to allow the use of his name before the convention, though many urged him to do so. He passed many sick days during this campaign, and had much apart from the political contest to worry him. But disastrously as the election turned out for his party, he gained in composure and spirit when all was over, and his own public work was substantially done. He felt proud to think that, after all, he had finished the Mexican war successfully before his retirement, and had commenced reducing the public debt besides; that he would leave office with foreign relations everywhere at peace, and no troubles to transmit. Towards the New York "Barnburners," or Free-Soil Democrats, his resentment was implacable; and when his Secretary of State, always bent on conciliating the doubtful elements, selected a Rochester newspaper of that party, soon after election day, to publish the laws of the United States for a year, he sternly countermanded the choice, refusing to allow the patronage of public printing to any press which had not approved his administration. Buchanan, unable to satisfy him by alleging that this newspaper had been moderate in its opposition, put upon the President the whole responsibility of revoking this appointment, and Polk accepted it; the Secretary drew up a letter stating that this revocation was at the President's special request, and the President permitted it to be sent.

Mr. Polk has recorded with evident relish and good nature whatever signs of civility and popular respect he observed

during the last few weeks that he occupied the White House. Hundreds of callers greeted him in the East Room at a January reception, and he walked through the parlors, delighted, with the famous Mrs. Madison on his arm. He thought it worth while to write out in his Diary a recipe for presidential handshaking, which he gave to some of his friends orally about this time: "If a man surrendered his arm to be shaken by one horizontally, by another perpendicularly, and by another with a strong grip, he could not fail to suffer severely from it; but if he would shake and not be shaken, grip and not be gripped, taking care always to squeeze the hand of his adversary as hard as the adversary squeezed him, he would suffer no inconvenience from it. I can generally anticipate a strong grip from a strong man; and I then take advantage of him by being quicker than he, and seizing him by the tip of his fingers." "I stated this playfully," he adds, "but it is all true."

When his chosen successor reached Washington, in February, 1849, the administration naturally felt some embarrassment, for the President's treatment of Zachary Taylor during the Mexican war had given the latter great offense. The two had never met in person, and Buchanan, over-anxious as usual, would have strained official etiquette in the endeavor to reconcile them. But Polk stood properly upon his executive dignity, which was far better, and waited for what was due him. Nor did he lose by doing so; for Taylor, bred to military habits, considerate and kind-hearted, paid his ceremonial visit to the White House in company with political friends; and Polk, reciprocating the courtesy, gave his fellow-Southerner an elaborate dinner party, which was attended by all the Cabinet officers with their wives, and many eminent men of both parties. "All went off in the best style," says the Diary, "and not the slightest allusion was made to political subjects."

Finally, on the 3d of March, our Democratic President closed his work by visiting the Capitol to sign bills during the last night session of Congress. He carried with him a carefully written veto message on internal improvements, to use if needful; but no bill of that character passed, — possibly, one might surmise, to his own regret, for he made record that he considered that unused message one of the ablest papers he had ever prepared.

Vice-President Dallas, who served through this whole four years' term, eulogizes Mr. Polk as plain, unaffected, affable, and kind in his personal deportment, with a consistent simplicity of life and purity of manners; as temperate but not unsocial, industrious but accessible. Concerning Polk's secretive disposition

and quiet persistency in his plans, more might have been added. But Dallas says very justly, "He left nothing unfinished; what he attempted he did." That Polk desired to be well remembered by posterity appears from his will; for, being childless, he devised his estate in successive interests to the worthiest who should bear the name of Polk. But this singular provision was lately set aside in the Tennessee courts, soon after the widow's death, as void for perpetuity, and the property passed absolutely to his legal heirs, — a new instance, among the many which our present age supplies, of the vanity of testamentary wishes.

In another article I shall consider President Polk's public policy and achievements, as illustrated and made clear by his private papers.

*James Schouler.*

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"LIKE A STAR."

No spirit have I, when the moon is full,  
 To run to greet it on the round earth's edge;  
 Nor, when the spring has mantled every hedge  
 With all the marvel and the miracle  
 Of blade, and leaf, and blossom white as wool,  
 Am I the first to cry aloud. All still,  
 When others shout, I lie upon the hill,  
 Beholding, maniple on maniple,  
 The ranks unfold, — leaf, blossom, beast, and bird;  
 Yet in my heart a high priest chants his praise,  
 Not less devout because it is not heard  
 Of men who pass me on the public ways.  
 I have no song, — no, not a single bar, —  
 But my soul, sleepless, gazes like a star.

*James Herbert Morse.*

## THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY:

BEING THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROBERT STOBO, SOMETIME AN OFFICER IN THE VIRGINIA REGIMENT, AND AFTERWARDS OF AMHERST'S REGIMENT.

## XIV.

THE most meagre intelligence came to me from the outer world. I no longer saw Gabord; he had suddenly been withdrawn and a new jailer substituted, and the sentinels outside my door and beneath the window of my cell refused all information. For months I had no news whatever of Alixe or of those affairs nearest my heart. I heard nothing of Doltaire, little of Bigot, and there was no sign of Voban. I think my guards saw and felt that I was determined to get away, if I could. Sometimes I could see my new jailer studying me, as if my plans were a puzzle to his brain. At first he used regularly to try the bars of the window, and search the wall as though he thought my devices might be found there.

Scarrat and Flavelle, the guards at my door, set too high a price on their favors, and they talked seldom, and then with brutal jests and ribaldry, of matters in the town which were not vital to me. Yet once or twice, from things they said, I came to know that all was not well between Bigot and Doltaire on one hand, and Doltaire and the Governor on the other. I imagined that Doltaire had set the Governor and the Intendant scheming against him because of his adherence to the cause of neither, and his power to render the plans of either of no avail when he chose, as in my case. Vaudreuil's vanity was injured, and besides, he counted Doltaire too strong a friend of Bigot's. Bigot, I doubted not, found in Madame Cournal's liking for Doltaire all sorts of things of which he never would have dreamed; for there is no such potent devilry in this world as the jealousy of such a sort of man over a

woman whose vanity and cupidity are the springs of her affections. Doltaire's imprisonment in a room of the Intendance was not so mysterious as suggestive. I foresaw a strife, a complication of intrigues, and internal enmities which would be, as they were, the ruin of New France. I saw, in imagination, the English army at the gates of Quebec, and those who sat in the seats of the mighty, sworn to personal enmities, — Vaudreuil through vanity, Bigot through cupidity, Doltaire by the innate malice of his nature, — sacrificing the country; the scarlet body of British power moving down upon a dishonored city, never to take its foot from that sword of France which fell there on the soil of the New World.

But there was another factor in the situation which I have not dwelt on before. Over a year earlier, when war was being carried into Prussia by Austria and France, and against England, the ally of Prussia, the French Minister of War, D'Argenson, had, by the grace of La Pompadour, sent General the Marquis de Montcalm to Canada, to protect the colony with a small army. From the first, Montcalm, fiery, impetuous, and honorable, was at variance with Vaudreuil, who, though honest himself, had never dared to make open stand against Bigot. When Montcalm came, practically taking the military command out of the hands of the Governor, Vaudreuil developed a singular jealous spirit against the General. It began to express itself about the time I was thrown into the citadel dungeon, and I knew from what Alixe had told me, and from the gossip of the soldiers, that there was a more open show of disagreement now.

The Governor, seeing how ill it was

to be at variance with both Montcalm and Bigot, presently began to covet a reconciliation with the latter. To this Bigot was by no means averse, for his own position had danger. His followers and confederates, Cournal, Marin, Cadet, and Rigaud, were robbing the King with a daring and effrontery which must ultimately bring ruin. This he knew, but it was his plan to hold on for a time longer, and then to retire before the axe fell, with an immense fortune. Therefore, about the time set for my execution, he began to close with the overtures of the Governor, and presently the two formed a confederacy against the Marquis de Montcalm. Into it they tried to draw Doltaire, and were surprised to find that he stood them off as to anything more than outward show of friendliness.

Truth was, Doltaire, who had no sordid feeling in him, loathed alike the cupidity of Bigot and the incompetency of the Governor, and respected Montcalm for his honor, and reproached him for his rashness. From first to last, he was, without show of it, the best friend Montcalm had in the province; and though he held aloof from bringing punishment to Bigot, he despised him and his friends, and was not slow to make that plain. D'Argenson made inquiry of Doltaire when Montcalm's honest criticisms were sent to France in cipher, and Doltaire returned the reply that Bigot was the only man who could serve Canada efficiently in this crisis; that he had abounding fertility of resource, a clear head, a strong will, and great administrative faculty. This was all he would say, save that when the war was over other matters might be conned. Meanwhile France must pay liberally for the Intendant's services.

Through a friend in France, Bigot came to know that his affairs were moving to a crisis, and saw that it would be wise to retire; but he loved the very air of crisis, and Madame Cournal, anxious to keep him in Canada, encouraged him

in his natural feeling to stand or fall with the colony. He never showed aught but a bold and confident face to the public, and was in all regards the most conspicuous figure in New France. When, in 1757, Montcalm took Oswego from the English, Bigot threw open his palace to the populace for two days' feasting, and every night during the war he entertained lavishly, though the people went hungry, and their own corn, bought for the King, was sold back to them at absurd prices.

As the Governor and the Intendant grew together in friendship, Vaudreuil sinking past disapproval in present selfish necessity, they quietly combined against Doltaire as against Montcalm. Yet at this very time Doltaire was living in the Intendance, and, as he had told Alixe, not without some personal danger. He had before been offered rooms at the Château St. Louis; but these he would not take, for he could not bear to be within touch of the Governor's vanity and timidity. He would of preference have stayed in the Intendance had he known that pitfalls and traps were at every footstep. Danger gave a piquancy to his existence. I think he did not greatly value Madame Cournal's admiration of himself; but when it drove Bigot to retaliation, his imagination got an impulse, and he entered upon a conflict which ran parallel with the war, and with that delicate antagonism which Alixe waged against him, long undiscovered by himself.

At my wits' ends for news, at last I begged my jailer to convey a message for me to the Governor, asking that the barber be let come to me. The next day an answer arrived in the person of Voban himself, accompanied by the jailer. For a time there was little speech between us, but as he tended me we talked. We could do so with safety, for Voban knew English; and though he spoke it brokenly, he had freedom in it, and the jailer knew no word of it. At first the fel-

low blustered, but I waved him off. He was a man of better education than Gabord, but of inferior judgment and shrewdness. He made no trial thereafter to interrupt our talk, but sat and drummed upon a stool with his keys, or loitered at the window, or now and again thrust his hand into my pockets, as if to see if weapons were concealed in them.

"Voban," said I, "what has happened since I saw you at the Intendance? Tell me first of Mademoiselle. You have nothing from her for me?"

"Nothing," he answered. "There is no time. A soldier come an hour ago with an order from the Governor, and I must go all at once. So I come as you see. But as for the Mademoiselle, she is well. Voilà, there is no one like her in New France. I do not know all, as you can guess, but they say she can do what she will at the Château. It is a wonder to see her drive. A month ago, a droll thing come to pass. She is driving on the ice with Mademoiselle Lotbinière and her brother Charles. M'sieu' Charles, he have the reins. Soon, ver' quick, the horses start with all their might. M'sieu' saw and pull, but they go the faster. Like that for a mile or so; then Mademoiselle remember there is a great crack in the ice a mile farther on, and beyond the ice is weak and rotten, for there the curren' is ver' strongest. She see that M'sieu' Charles, he can do nothing, so she reach and take the reins. The horses go on; it make no diff'rence at first. But she begin to talk to them so soft, and to pull ver' steady, and at last she get them shaping to the shore. She have the reins wound on her hands, and people on the shore, they watch. Little on little the horses pull up, and stop at last not a hunder' feet from the great crack and the rotten ice. Then she turn them round and drive them home.

"You should hear the people cheer as she drive up Mountain Street. The Bishop stand at the window of his palace

and make the sacred gesture at her as she pass, and M'sieu' " — he looked at the jailer and paused — "M'sieu' the gentleman we do not love, he stand in the street with his cap off for two minutes as she come, and after she go by, and say a grand compliment to her, so that her face go pale. He get frozen ears for his pains — that was a cold day. Well, at night there was a grand dinner at the Intendance, and afterwards a ball in the splendid room which that man " (he meant Bigot: I shall use names when quoting him further, that he may be better understood) "built for the poor people of the land for to dance down their sorrows. So you can guess I would be there — happy. Ah yes, so happy! I go and stand in the great gallery above the hall of dance, with crowd of people, and look down at the grand folk.

"One man come to me and say, 'Ah, Voban, is it you here? Who would think it!' — like that. Another, he come and say, 'Voban, he cannot keep away from the Intendance. Who does he come to look for? But no, she is not here — no.' And again, another, 'Why should not Voban be here? One man has not enough bread to eat, and Bigot steals his corn. Another hungers for a wife to sit by his fire, and Bigot takes the maid, and Voban stuffs his mouth with humble pie like the rest. Chut! shall not Bigot have his fill?' And yet another, and voilà, she was a woman, she say, 'Look at the Intendant down there with Madame. And M'sieu' Cournal, he also is there. What does M'sieu' Cournal care? No, not at all. The rich man, what he care, if he has gold? Virtue! ha, ha! what is that in your wife if you have gold for it? Nothing. See his hand at the Intendant's arm. See how M'sieu' Doltaire look at them, and then up here at us. What is it in his mind, you think? Eh? You think he say to himself, A wife all to himself is the poor man's one luxury? Eh? Ah, M'sieu' Doltaire, you are right, you are right. You catch

up my child from its basket in the market-place one day, and you shake it ver' soft, an' you say, "Madame, I will stake the last year of my life that I can put my finger on the father of this child." And when I laugh in his face, he say again, "And if he thought he was n't its father, he would cut out the liver of the other — eh?" And I laugh, and say, "My Jacques would follow him to hell to do it." Then he say, Voban, he say to me, "That is the difference between you and us. We only kill men who meddle with our mistresses." Ah, that M'sieu' Doltaire, he put a louis in the hand of my babe, and he not even kiss me on the cheek. Pshaw! Jacques would sell him fifty kisses for fifty louis. But sell me, or a child of me? Well, Voban, you can guess! Pah, barber, if you do not care what he did to the poor Mathilde, there are other maids in St. Roch.'"

Voban paused a moment, then added quietly, "How you think I bear it all? With a smile? No, I hear with my ears open and my heart close tight. Do they think they can teach me? Do they guess I sit down and hear all without a cry from my throat or a will in my body? Ah, M'sieu' le Capitaine, it is you who know. You saw what I would have go to do before the day of the Great Birth. You saw if I am coward — if I not take the sword when it was at my throat without a whine. No, m'sieu', I can wait. There is a time for everything. At first I am all in a muddle, I not know what to do; but by and by it all come to me, and you shall see one day what I wait for. Yes, you shall see. I look down on that people dancing there, quiet and still, and I hear some laugh at me, and now and then some one say a good word to me that make me shut my hands tight, so the tears not come to my eyes. But I felt alone — so much alone. The world does not want a sad man. In my shop I try to laugh as of old, and I am not sour or heavy, but I can see men do not say droll things to me as once

back time. No, I am not as I was. What am I to do? There is but one way. What is great to one man is not to another. What kills the one does not kill the other. Take away from some people one thing, and they will not care; from others that same, and there is nothing to live for, except just to live, and because a man does not like death."

He paused. "You are right, Voban," I said. "Go on."

He was silent again for a time, and then he moved his hand in a helpless sort of way across his forehead. It had become deeply lined and wrinkled all in a couple of years. His temples were sunken, his cheeks hollow, and his face was full of those shadows which lend a sort of tragedy to even the humblest and least distinguished countenance. His eyes had a restlessness, anon an intense steadiness almost uncanny, and his thin, long fingers had a stealthiness of motion, a soft swiftness, which struck me strangely. I never saw a man so changed. He was like a vessel wrested from its moorings; like some craft, filled with explosives, set loose along a shore lined with fishing-smacks, which might come foul of one, and blow the company of men and boats into the air. As he stood there, his face half turned to me for a moment, this came to my mind, and I said to him, "Voban, you look like some wicked gun which would blow us all to pieces."

He wheeled, and came to me so swiftly that I shrank back in my chair with alarm, his action was so sudden, and, peering into my face, he said, glancing, as I thought, anxiously at the jailer, "Blow — blow — how blow us all to pieces, m'sieu'?" He eyed me with suspicion, and I could see that he felt like some hurt animal among its captors, ready to fight, yet not knowing from what point danger would come. Something pregnant in what I said had struck home, yet I could not guess then what it was, though afterwards it came to me with great force and vividness.

"I meant nothing, Voban," answered I, "save that you look dangerous."

I half put out my hand to touch his arm in a friendly way, but I saw that the jailer was watching, and I did not. Voban felt what I was about to do, and his face instantly softened, and his blood-shot eyes gave me a look of gratitude. Then he said:—

"I will tell you what happen next. I know the palace very well, and when I see the Intendant and M'sieu' Doltaire and others leave the ballroom I knew that they go to the chamber which they call 'la Chambre de la Joie,' to play at cards. So I steal away out of the crowd into a passage which, as it seem, go nowhere, and come quick, all at once, to a bare wall. But I know the way. In one corner of the passage I press a spring, and a little panel open. I crawl through and close it behind. Then I feel my way along the dark corner till I come to another panel. This I open, and I see light. You ask how I can do this? Well, I tell you. There is the valet of Bigot, he is my friend. You not guess who it is? No? It is a man whose crime in France I know. He was afraid when he saw me here, but I say to him, 'No, I will not speak—never;' and he is all my friend just when I most need. Eh, voilà, I see light, as I said, and I push aside heavy curtains ver' little, and there is la Chambre de la Joie below.

"I look below, and there they all are, the Intendant and the rest, sitting down to the tables. There was Capitaine Lancy, M'sieu' Cadet, M'sieu' Cournal, M'sieu' le Chevalier de Levis, and M'sieu' le Générale, le Marquis de Montcalm. I am astonish to see him there, the great general, in his grand coat of blue and gold and red, and laces *très beau* at his throat, with a fine jewel. Ah, he is not ver' high on his feet, but he has an eye all fire, and a laugh come quick to his lips, and he speak ver' *galant*, but he never let them, Messieurs Cadet, Marin, Lancy, and the rest, be thick friends with him.

They do not clap their hands on his shoulder *comme le bon camarade—non*.

"Well, they sit down to play, and soon there is much noise and laughing, and then sometimes a silence, and then again the noise, and you can see one snuff a candle with the points of two rapiers, or hear a sword jangle at a chair, or listen to some one sing ver' soft a song as he hold a good hand of cards, or the ring of louis on the table, or the sound of glass as it break on the floor. And once a young gentleman—alas! he is so young—he get up from his chair, and cry out, 'All is lost! I go to die!' and he raise a pistol to his head; but M'sieu' Doltaire catch his hand, and say quite soft and gentle, 'No, no, *mon enfant*, enough of making fun of us. Here is the hundred louis I borrow of you yesterday. Take your vengeance.' The lad sit down slow, looking ver' strange at M'sieu' Doltaire. And it is true, he took his revenge out of M'sieu' Cadet, for he won—I saw it—three hundred louis. Then M'sieu' Doltaire lean over to him and say, 'M'sieu', you will carry for me a message to the citadel for M'sieu' Ramesay, the Commandant.' Ah, it was a sight to see M'sieu' Cadet's face, going this way and that. But it was no use: the young gentleman pocket his louis, and go away with a letter from M'sieu' Doltaire. But M'sieu' Doltaire, he laugh in the face of M'sieu' Cadet, and say ver' pleasant, 'That is a servant of the King, m'sieu', who live by his sword alone. Why should civilians be so greedy? Come, play, M'sieu' Cadet. If M'sieu' the General will play with me, we two will see what we can do with you and his Excellency the Intendant.'

"They sit just beneath me, and I hear all what is said, I see all the looks of them, every card that is played. M'sieu' le General have not play yet, but watch M'sieu' Doltaire and the Intendant at the cards. With a smile he now sit down. Then M'sieu' Doltaire, he say, 'M'sieu' Cadet, let us have no

misunderstanding — let us be commercial.' He take out his watch. 'I have two hours to spare; are you dispose to play for that time only? To the moment we will rise, and there shall be no question of satisfaction, no discontent anywhere — eh, shall it be so, if M'sieu' the General can spare the time also?' It is agree that the General play for one hour and go, and that M'sieu' Doltaire and the Intendant play for the rest of the time.

"They begin, and I hide there and watch. The time go ver' fast, and my breath catch in my throat to see how great the stakes they play for. I hear M'sieu' Doltaire say at last, with a smile, taking out his watch, 'M'sieu' the General, your time is up, and you take with you twenty thousan' francs.'

"The General, he smile and wave his hand, as if sorry to take so much from M'sieu' Cadet and the Intendant. M'sieu' Cadet sit dark, and speak nothing at first, but at last he get up and turn on his heel and walk away, leaving what he lose on the table. M'sieu' the General bow also, and go from the room. Then M'sieu' Doltaire and the Intendant play. One by one the other players stop, and come and watch these. Something get into the two gentlemen, for both are pale, and the face of the Intendant all of spots, and his little round eyes like specks of red fire; but M'sieu' Doltaire's face, it is still and his brows bent over, and now and then he make a little laughing out of his lips. All at once I hear him say, 'Double the stakes, your Excellency!' The Intendant look up sharp and say, 'What! Two hunder' thousan' francs!' — as if M'sieu' Doltaire could not pay such a sum like that. M'sieu' Doltaire smile ver' wicked, and answer, 'Make it three hunder' thousan' francs, your Excellency.' It is so still in la Chambre de la Joie that all you hear for a minute was the fat Monsieur Varin breathe like a hog, and the rattle of a spur as some one slide a foot on the floor.

"The Intendant look blank; then he nod his head for answer, and each write on a piece of paper. As they begin, M'sieu' Doltaire take out his watch and lay it on the table, and the Intendant do the same, and they both look at the time. The watch of the Intendant is all jewels. 'Will you not add the watches to the stake?' say M'sieu' Doltaire. The Intendant look, and shrug a shoulder, and shake his head for no, and M'sieu' Doltaire smile in a sly way, so that the Intendant's teeth show at his lips and his eyes almost close, he is so angry.

"Just this minute I hear a low noise behind me, and then some one give a little cry. I turn quick and see Madame Cournal. She stretch her hand, and touch my lips, and motion me not to stir. I look down again, and I see that M'sieu' Doltaire look up to the place where I am, for he hear that sound, I think — I not know sure. But he say once more, 'The watch, the watch, your Excellency! I have a fancy for yours!' I feel Madame breathe hard beside me, but I not like to look at her. I am not afraid of men, but a woman — ah, it make me shiver. She will betray me, I think. All at once I feel her hand at my belt, then at my pocket, to see if I have a weapon; for the thought come to her that I am there to kill Bigot. But I raise my hands and say, 'No,' ver' quiet, and she nod her head all right.

"The Intendant wave his hand at M'sieu' Doltaire to say he would not stake the watch, for I know it is one Madame give him, and then they begin to play. No one stir. The cards go out *flip, flip*, on the table, and with a little soft scrape in the hands, and I hear Bigot's hound munch a bone. All at once M'sieu' Doltaire throw down his cards, and say, 'Mine, Bigot! Three hunder' thousan' francs, and the time is up!' The other get from his chair, and say, 'How would you have pay if you had lost, Doltaire?' And M'sieu' answer, 'From the coffers of the King, like you,

Bigot.' His tone is odd. I feel Madame's breath go hard. Bigot turn round and say to the others, 'Will you take your way to the great hall, messieurs, and M'sieu' Doltaire and I will follow. We have some private conference.' They all turn away, all but M'sieu' Cournal, and leave the room, whispering. 'I will join you soon, Cournal,' say his Excellency. M'sieu' Cournal not go, for he have been drinking, and something stubborn get into him. But the Intendant order him rough, and he go. I can hear Madame gnash her teeth soft beside me.

"When the door close, the Intendant turn to M'sieu' Doltaire and say, 'What is the end for which you play?' M'sieu' Doltaire make a light motion of his hand, and answer, 'For three hunder' thousand francs.' 'And to pay, m'sieu', how to pay if you have lost?' M'sieu' Doltaire lay his hand on his sword soft. 'From the King's coffers, as I say; he owes me more than he has paid. But not like you, Bigot. I have earned, this way and that, all that I might ever get from the King's coffers — even this three hunder' thousand francs, ten times told. But you, Bigot — tush! why should we make bubbles of words?' The Intendant get white in the face, but there are spots on it like on a late apple of an old tree. 'You go too far, Doltaire,' he say. 'You have hint before my officers and my friends that I make free with the King's coffers.' M'sieu' answer, 'You should see no such hints, if your palms were not musty.' 'How know you,' ask the Intendant, 'that my hands are musty from the King's coffers?' M'sieu' arrange his laces, and say light, 'As easy from the must as I tell how time passes in your nights by the ticking of this trinket here.' He raise his sword and touch the Intendant's watch on the table.

"I never hear such silence as there is for a minute, and then the Intendant say, 'You have gone one step too far.

The must on my hands, seen through your eyes, is no matter, but when you must the name of a lady there is but one end. You understand, m'sieu', there is but one end.' M'sieu' laugh. 'The sword, you mean? Eh? No, no, I will not fight with you. I am not here to rid the King of so excellent an officer, however large fee he force for his services.' 'And I tell you,' say the Intendant, 'that I will not have you cast a slight upon a lady.' Madame beside me start up, and whisper, 'If you betray me, you shall die. If you be still, I too will say nothing.' But then a thing happen. Another voice sound from below, and there, coming from behind a great screen of oak wood, is M'sieu' Cournal, his face all red with wine, his hand on his sword. 'Bah!' he say, coming forward — 'bah! I will speak for Madame. I will speak. I have been silent long enough.' He come between the two, and, raising his sword, he strike the timepiece and smash it. 'Ha! ha!' he say, wild with drink, 'I have you both here alone.' He snap his fingers under the Intendant's nose. 'It is time I protect my wife's name from you, and by God, I will do it!' At that M'sieu' Doltaire laugh, and Cournal turn to him, and say, 'Bâtard!' The Intendant have out his sword, and he roar in a hoarse voice, 'Dog, you shall die!' But M'sieu' Doltaire strike up his sword, and face the drunken man. 'No, leave that to me. The King's cause goes shipwreck; we can't change helmsman now. Think — scandal and your disgrace!' Then he make a pass at M'sieu' Cournal, who parry quick. Another, and he prick his shoulder. Another, and then Madame beside me, as I spring back, throw aside the curtains, and cry out, 'No, m'sieu'! no! For shame!'

"I kneel in a corner behind the curtains, and wait and listen. There is not a sound for a moment; then I hear a laugh from M'sieu' Cournal, such a laugh as make me sick — loud, and full of

what you call not care and the devil. Madame speak down at them. 'Ah,' she say, 'it is so fine a sport to drag a woman's name in the mire!' Her voice is full of spirit, and she look beautiful — beautiful. I never guess how a woman like that look; so full of pride, and to speak like you could think knives sing as they strike steel — sharp and cold. 'I came to see how gentlemen look at play, and they end in brawling over a lady!'

"M'sieu' Doltaire speak to her, and they all put up their swords, and M'sieu' Cournal sit down at a table, and he stare and stare up at the balcony, and make a motion now and then with his hand. M'sieu' Doltaire say to her, 'Madame, you must excuse our entertainment; we did not know we had an audience so distinguished.' At that she say, 'As scene-shifter and prompter, M'sieu' Doltaire, you have a gift. Your Excellency,' she say to the Intendant, 'I will wait for you at the top of the great staircase, if you will be so good as to take me to the ballroom.' The Intendant and M'sieu' Doltaire bow, and turn towards the door, and M'sieu' Cournal scowl, and make as if to follow; but Madame speak down at him, 'M'sieu' Argand' — like that! and he turn back, and sit down. I think she forget me, I keep so still. The others bow and scrape, and leave the room, and the two are alone — alone, for what am I? What if a dog hear great people speak! No, it is no matter!

"There is all still for a little while, and I watch her face as she lean over the rail and look down at him; it is like stone, like stone that aches, and her eyes stare and stare at him. He look up at her and scowl; then he laugh, with a toss of the finger, and sit down. All at once he put his hand on his sword, and gnash his teeth.

"Then she speak down to him, her voice ver' quiet. 'Argand,' she say, 'you are more a man drunk than sober. Argand,' she go on, 'years ago, they said

you were a brave man; you fight well, you do good work for the King, your name goes with a sweet sound to Versailles. You had only your sword and my poor fortune and me then — that is all; but you were a man. You had ambition, so had I. What can a woman do? You had your sword, your country, the King's service. I had beauty; I wanted power — ah yes, power, that was the thing. But I was young and a fool; you were older. You talked fine things then, but you had a base heart, so much baser than mine. . . . I might have been a good woman. I was a fool, and weak, and vain, but you were base — so base — coward and betrayer, you!'

"At that M'sieu' start up and snatch at his sword, and speak out between his teeth: 'By God, I will kill you to-night!' She smile cold and hard, and say, 'No, no, you will not; it is too late for killing; that should have been done before. You sold your right to kill long ago, Argand Cournal. You have been close friends with the man who gave me power, and you gold.' Then she get fierce. 'Who gave you gold before he gave me power, traitor!' Like that she speak. 'Do you never think of what you have lost?' Then she break out in a laugh. 'Pah! Listen: if there must be killing, why not be the great Roman — drunk!' Then she laugh so hard a laugh, and turn away, and go quick by me and not see me. She step into the dark, and he sit down in the chair, and look straight in front of him. I do not stir, and after a minute she come back soft, and peep down, her face all different. 'Argand! Argand!' she say ver' tender and low, 'if — if — if' — like that. But just then he see the broken watch on the floor, and he stoop, with a laugh, and pick up the pieces; then he get a candle and look on the floor everywhere for the jewels, and he pick them up, and put them away one by one in his purse like a miser. He keep on looking, and once the fire of the candle burn his

beard, and he swear, and she stare and stare at him. He sit down at the table, and look at the jewels and laugh to himself. Then she draw herself up, and shake, and put her hands to her eyes, and ‘*C’est fini ! c’est fini !*’ she whisper, and that is all.

“When she is gone, after a little time he change — ah, he change much. He go to a bottle and pour out a great bowl of wine, and then another, and he drink them both, and he begin to walk up and down the floor. He sway now and then, but he keep on for a long time. Once a servant come, but he wave him away, and he scowl and talk to himself, and shut the doors and lock them. Then he walk on and on. At last he sit down, and he face me. In front of him are candles, and he stare between them, and stare and stare. I sit and watch, and I feel a pity. I hear him say, ‘*Antoinette ! Antoinette ! My dear Antoinette ! We are lost forever, my Antoinette !*’ Then he take the purse from his pocket, and throw it up to the balcony where I am. ‘*Pretty sins,*’ he say, ‘*follow the sinner !*’ It lie there, and it have sprung open, and I can see the jewels shine, but I not touch it — no. Well, he sit there long — long, and his face get gray and his cheeks all hollow.

“I hear a clock strike *one ! two ! three ! four !* Once some one come and try the door, but go away again, and he never stir ; he is like a dead man. At last I fall asleep. When I wake up, he still sit there, but his head lie in his arms. I look round. Ah, it is not a fine sight — no. The candles burn so low, and there is a smell of wick, and the grease run here and there down the great candlesticks. Upon the floor, this place and that, is a card, and pieces of paper, and a scarf, and a broken glass, and something that shine by a small table. This is a picture in a little gold frame. On all the tables stand glasses, some full, and some empty of wine. And just as the dawn come in through the tall

windows, a cat crawl out from somewhere, all ver’ thin and shy, and walk across the floor ; it make the room look so much alone. At last it come and move against M’sieu’s legs, and he lift his head and look down at it, and nod, and say something which I not hear. After that he get up, and pull himself together with a shake, and walk down the room. Then he see the little gold picture on the floor, and he pick it up and look at it, and walk again. ‘*Poor fool !*’ he say, and look at the picture again. ‘*Poor fool ! Will he curse her some day — a child with a face like that ? Ah !*’ And he throw the picture down — some young officer drop it. Then he walk away to the doors, unlock them, and go out. Soon I steal away through the panels, and out of the palace ver’ quiet, and go home. But I can see that room in my mind.”

Here my jailer was impatient, but I persuaded him to quiet, and questioned Voban of Alixe.

“Ma’m’selle — ah yes,” he said, “I see her with M’sieu’ Doltaire at the palace, but not for long, no, but for a little while, for there are many who talk with her. I see her ten days ago, and she say to me, ‘*Voban, if there is ever way to reach Captain Stobo, fail me not. Have I not care for Mathilde ?*’ she say, with tears in her eyes. That was all, but, m’sieu’, there is no one like her, no one in the world !”

Again the jailer hurried Voban ; and indeed he had stretched out his task with me most leisurely, and now there was no excuse for him to remain longer ; so I gave him a message to Alixe, and managed to slip into his hand a letter, or transcript from my journal which I had kept from time to time, in the hope that I might be able to send it to her. Then he left me, and I sat and thought upon the strange events of the evening which he had described to me. That he was bent on mischief I felt sure, but how it would come, what were his plans, I could

not guess. Then suddenly there flashed into my mind my words to him, "blow us all to pieces," and his consternation and strange eagerness. It came to me all at once: he meant to blow up the Intendance. When? And how? It seemed absurd to think of it. Yet — yet — The grim humor of the thing possessed me, and I sat back and laughed heartily.

In the midst of my mirth the cell door opened and let in Doltaire.

### XV.

I started from my seat; we bowed, and, stretching out a hand to the fire, Doltaire said, "Ah, my Captain, we meet too seldom. Let me see: five months — ah yes, nearly five months. Believe me, I have not breakfasted so heartily since. You are looking older — older. Solitude to the active mind is not to be endured alone — no."

"Monsieur Doltaire is the surgeon of my solitude," said I.

"H'm!" he answered, "a jail surgeon merely. And that brings me to a point, monsieur. I have had letters from France. The Grande Marquise, — I may as well be frank with you, — woman-like, yearns violently for those silly letters which you hold. She would sell our France for them. There is a chance for you who would serve your country so. Serve it, and yourself — and me. We have no news yet as to your doom, but be sure it is certain. La Pompadour knows all, and if you are stubborn, twenty deaths were too few. I can save you little longer, even were it my will so to do. For myself, the great lady girds at me for being so poor an agent. You, monsieur," — he smiled quaintly, — "will agree that I have been persistent and — intelligent."

"So much so," rejoined I, "as to be intrusive."

He smiled again. "If La Pompadour could hear you, she would understand

why I prefer the live amusing lion to the dead dog. When you are gone, I shall be inconsolable. I am a born inquisitor."

"You were born for better things than this," I answered.

He took a seat and mused for a moment. "For larger things, you mean," was his reply. "Perhaps — perhaps. I have one gift of the strong man — I am inexorable when I make for my end. As a general, I would pour men into the maw of death as corn into the hopper, if that would build a bridge to my end. You call to mind how those Spaniards conquered the Mexique city which was all canals like Venice? They filled the waterways with shattered houses and the bodies of their enemies, as they fought their way to Montezuma's palace. So I would know not pity if I had a great cause. In anything vital I would have success at all cost, and to get, destroy as I went — if I were a great man."

I thought for a moment with horror of his pursuit of my dear Alixe. "I am your hunter," had been his words to her, and I knew not what had happened in all these months. Yet I swore to myself she would not stir from her allegiance, though ten Doltaires were set upon her. It was the horror of the pursuit that sickened me.

"If you were a great man, you should have the best prerogative of greatness," I said quietly.

"And what is that? Some excellent moral, I doubt not," was his rejoinder.

"Mercy," I replied.

"Tush!" he retorted, "mercy is for the fireside, not for the throne. In great causes, what is a screw of tyranny here, a bolt of oppression there, or a few thousand lives!" He suddenly got to his feet, and, looking into the distance, made a swift motion of his hand, his eyes half closed, his brows brooding and firm. "I should look beyond the moment, the year, or the generation. Why fret because the hour of death comes sooner

than we looked for? In the movement of the ponderous car, some honest folk must be crushed by the wicked wheels. No, no, in large affairs there must be no thought of the detail of misery, else what should be done in the world! He who is the strongest shall survive, and he alone. It is all conflict — all. For when conflict ceases, and those who could and should be great spend their time chasing butterflies among the fountains, comes miasma and their doom. Mercy? Mercy? No, no: for none but the poor and sick and overridden, in time of peace; in time of war, mercy for none, pity nowhere, till the joybells ring the great man home."

"But mercy to women always," said I, "in war or peace."

He withdrew his eyes as if from a distant prospect, and they dropped to the stove, where I had corn parching. He nodded, as if amused, but did not answer at once, and taking from my hand the feather with which I stirred the corn, softly whisked some off for himself, and smiled at the remaining kernels as they danced upon the hot iron. After a little while he said, "Women? Women should have all that men can give them. Beautiful things should adorn them; no man should set his hand in cruelty on a woman — after she is his. Before — before? Woman is willful, and sometimes we wring her heart that we may afterwards comfort it."

"Methinks your views have somewhat changed," I answered. "I mind when you talked less sweetly."

He shrugged a shoulder. "That man is lost who keeps one mind concerning woman. I will trust the chastity of no woman, yet I will trust her virtue — if I have her heart. They are a foolish tribe, and all are vulnerable in their vanity. They are of consequence to man, of no consequence in state matters. When they meddle there, we have La Pompadour and war with England, and Captain Stobo in the Bastile of New France."

"You come from a court, monsieur, which believes in nothing, not even in itself."

"I come from a court," he rejoined, "which has made a gospel of artifice, of frivolity a creed; buying the toys for folly with the savings of the poor. His most Christian Majesty has set the fashion of continual silliness and universal love. He begets children in the peasant's oven and in the chamber of Charlemagne alike. And we are all good subjects of the King. We are brilliant, exquisite, brave, and naughty; and for us there is no to-morrow."

"Nor for France," I suggested.

He laughed, as he rolled a kernel of parched corn on his tongue. "Tut, tut! that is another thing. We are the fashion of an hour, but France is a fact as stubborn as the natures of you English; for beyond stubbornness and your Shakespeare you have little. Down among the moles, in the peasants' huts, the spirit of France never changes — it is always the same; it is for all time. You English, nor all others, you cannot blow out that candle which is the spirit of France. I remember of the Abbé Bobon preaching once upon the words, 'The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord;' well, the spirit of France is the candle of Europe, and you English will be its screen against the blowing out, though in spasms of stupidity you flaunt the extinguisher. You — you have no imagination, no passion, no temperament, no poetry. Yet I am wrong. The one thing you have" —

He broke off, nodding his head in amusement. "Yes, you have, but it is a secret. You English are the true lovers, we French the true poets; and I will tell you why. You are a race of comrades, the French of gentlemen; you cleave to a thing, we to an idea; you love a woman best when she is near, we when she is away; you make a romance, of marriage, we of intrigue; you feed upon yourselves, we upon the world; you have fever in your blood, we in our brains;

you believe the world was made in seven days, we have no God; you would fight for the seven days, we would fight for the danseuse on a bonbon box. The world will say 'fie!' at us and love us; it will respect you and hate you. That is the law and the gospel," he added, smiling.

"Perfect respect casteth out love," said I ironically, though his musings interested me, and I felt behind them all the strange irresponsibility of his nature; knew him to be admirable in his reflections and abominable in his actions.

He waved his fingers in approval. "By the Lord, but you are pungent now and then!" he said; "cabined here you are less material. By the time you are chastened unto heaven you will be too companionable to lose."

"When is that hour of completed chastening?" I asked.

"Never," he said, "if you will oblige me with those letters."

"For a man of genius you discern but slowly," retorted I.

"Discern your amazing stubbornness?" he asked. "Why should you play at martyr, when your talent is commercial? You have no gifts for martyrdom but wooden tenacity. Pshaw! the leech has that. You mistake your calling."

"And you yours," I sent back at him.

"This is a poor game you play, and losing it you lose all. La Pompadour will pay according to the goods you bring."

He answered with an amusing candor: "Why, yes, you are partly in the right. But when La Pompadour and I come to our final reckoning, when it is a question who can topple ruins round the King quickest, his mistress or his 'cousin,' there will be tales to tell."

He got up, and walked to and fro in the cell, musing, and his face grew dark and darker. "Your Monmouth was a fool," he said. "He struck from the boundaries; the blow should fall in the very chambers of the King." He put a finger musingly upon his lip. "I see — I see how it could be done. Full of

danger, but brilliant, brilliant and bold! Yes, yes . . . yes!" Then all at once he seemed to come out of a dream, and laughed ironically. "There it is," he said; "there is my case. I have the idea, but I will not strike; it is not worth the doing unless I'm driven to it. We are brave enough, we idlers," he went on; "we die with an air — artifice, artifice! . . . Yet of late I have had dreams. Now that is not well. It is foolish to dream, and I had long since ceased to do so. But somehow all the mad fancies of my youth come back. This dream will go, it will not last; it is — my fate, my doom," he added lightly, "or what you will."

I knew, alas, too well where his thoughts were hanging, and I loathed him anew; for, as he hinted, his was a passion, not a deep abiding love. His will was not stronger than the general turpitude of his nature. As if he had divined my thought, he said, "My will is stronger than any passion that I have; I can never plead weakness in the day of my judgment. I am deliberate. When I choose evil it is because I love it. I could be an anchorite; I am — what you will."

"You are a conscienceless villain, monsieur."

"Who salves not his soul," he added, with a dry smile, "and who will play his game out as he began; who repents nor ever will repent of anything; who sees for him and you some interesting moments yet. Let me make one now," and he drew from his pocket a packet. He smiled hatefully as he handed it to me, and said, "Some books which Monsieur once lent Mademoiselle Duvarney — poems, I believe. Mademoiselle found them yesterday, and desired me to fetch them to you; and I obliged her. I had the pleasure of glancing through the books before she rolled them up. She bade me say that Monsieur might find them useful in his captivity. She has a tender heart — even to the worst of criminals."

I felt a strange churning in my throat, but with composure I took the books, and said, "Mademoiselle Duvarney chooses distinguished messengers."

"It is a distinction to aid her in her charities," he replied.

I could not at all conceive what was meant. The packet hung in my hands like lead. There was a mystery I could not solve. I would not for an instant think what he meant to convey by a look — that her choice of him to carry back my gift to her was a final repulse of past advances I had made to her, a corrective to my romantic memories. I would not believe that, not for one fleeting second. Perhaps, I said to myself, it was a ruse of this scoundrel. But again, I put that from me, for I did not think he would stoop to little meannesses, no matter how vile he was in great things. I assumed indifference to the matter, laying the packet down upon my couch, and saying to him, "You will convey my thanks to Mademoiselle Duvarney for these books, whose chief value lies in the honorable housing they have had."

He smiled provokingly; no doubt he was thinking that my studied compliment smelt of the oil of solitude. "And add — shall I — your compliments that they should have their airing at the hands of Monsieur Doltaire?"

"I shall pay those compliments to Monsieur Doltaire himself one day," I replied.

He waved his fingers. "The sentiments of one of the poems were commendable, fanciful. I remember — I remember" — he put a finger to his lip — "let me see." He stepped towards the packet, but I made a sign of interference, — how grateful was I of this afterwards! — and he drew back courteously. "Ah well," he said, "I have a fair memory; I can, I think, recall the morsel. It impressed me. I could not think the author an Englishman. It runs thus," and with admirable grace he recited the words: —

"O flower of all the world, O flower of all!  
The garden where thou dwellest is so fair,  
Thou art so goodly and so queenly tall,  
Thy sweetness scatters sweetness everywhere,  
O flower of all!

"O flower of all the years, O flower of all!  
A day beside thee is a day of days;  
Thy voice is softer than the throstle's call,  
There is not song enough to sing thy praise,  
O flower of all!

"O flower of all the years, O flower of all!  
I seek thee in thy garden, and I dare  
To love thee; and though my deserts be  
small,  
Thou art the only flower I would wear,  
O flower of all!"

"Now that," he said, "is the romantic, almost the Arcadian spirit. We have lost it, but it lingers like some rare scent in the folds of lace. It is also but perfect artifice, yet so is the lingering perfume. When it hung in the flower it was lost after a day's life, but when gathered and distilled into an essence it becomes, through artifice, an abiding sweetness. So with your song there. It is the spirit of devotion, gathered, it may be, from a thousand flowers, and made into an essence, which is offered to one only. It is not the worship of this one, but the worship of a thousand distilled at last to one delicate liturgy. So much for sentiment," he continued. "Upon my soul, Captain Stobo, you are a boon. I love to have you caged. I shall watch your distressed career to its close with deep scrutiny. You and I are wholly different, but you are interesting. You never could be great. Pardon the egotism, but it is truth. Your brain works heavily, you are too tenacious of your conscience, you are a blunderer. You will always sow, and others will reap."

I waved my hand in deprecation, for I was in no mood for further talk, and I made no answer. He smiled at me, and said, "Well, since you doubt my theories, let us come, as your Shakespeare says, to Hecuba. . . . If you will come with me," he added, as he opened my cell door, and motioned me courte-

ously to go outside. I drew back, and he said, "There is no need to hesitate; I go to show you merely what will interest you."

We passed in silence through the corridors, two sentinels attending, and at last came into a large square room, wherein stood three men with hands tied over their heads against the wall, their faces twitching with pain. I drew back in astonishment, for there, standing before them, were Gabord and another soldier. Doltaire ordered from the room the soldier with Gabord, and my two sentinels, and motioned me to one of two chairs set in the middle of the floor.

Presently his face became hard and cruel, and he said to the tortured prisoners, "You will need to speak the truth, and promptly. I have an order to do with you what I will, and I will do it without pause. Hear me. Three nights ago, as Mademoiselle Duvarney was returning from the house of a friend living near the Intendance, she was set upon by you. A cloak was thrown over her head, she was carried to a carriage, where two of you got inside with her. Some gentlemen and myself were coming that way. We heard the lady's cries, and two gave chase to the carriage, while one followed the others. By the help of soldier Gabord here you all were captured. You have hung where you are for two days, and now I shall have you whipped. When that is done, you shall tell your story. If you do not speak truth, you shall be whipped again, and then hung. Ladies shall have safety from rogues like you."

Alixé's danger told in these concise words made me, I am sure, turn pale; but Doltaire did not see it, he was engaged with the prisoners. As I thought and wondered, four soldiers were brought in, and the men were made ready for the whipping. In vain they pleaded they would tell their story at once. Doltaire would not listen; the whipping first, and their story after. Soon their backs were

bared, their faces were turned to the wall, and, as Gabord with harsh voice counted, the lashes were mercilessly laid on. There was a horrible fascination in watching the skin corrugate under the lashes, rippling away in red and purple blotches, the grooves in the flesh crossing and re-crossing, the raw misery spreading from the hips to the shoulders. Now and again Doltaire drew out a box and took a pinch of snuff, and once, coolly and curiously, he walked up to the most stalwart prisoner and felt his pulse, then to the weakest, whose limbs and body had stiffened as though dead. "*Ninety-seven! Ninety-eight! Ninety-nine!*" growled Gabord, and then came Doltaire's voice, quiet and clear: "*Stop! Now fetch some brandy.*" The prisoners were loosened, and Doltaire spoke sharply to a soldier who was roughly pulling one man's shirt over the excoriated back. Brandy was given by Gabord, and the prisoners stood, a most pitiful sight, silent, sick, numb, the weakest livid.

"Now tell your story," said Doltaire to the weakest.

The man, with broken voice and breath catching, said that they had erred. They had been hired to kidnap Madame Courнал, not Mademoiselle Duvarney.

Doltaire's eyes flashed. "I see, I see," he said aside to me. "The wretch speaks truth."

"Who was your master?" he asked of the sturdiest of the villains; and he was told that Monsieur Courнал had engaged them. To the question what was to be done with Madame Courнал, another answered that she was to be waylaid as she was coming from the Intendance, kidnapped, and hurried to a nunnery to be imprisoned for life.

Doltaire sat for a moment, looking at the men in silence. "You are not to hang," he said at last; "but ten days hence, when you have had one hundred lashes more, you shall go free. Fifty for you," he continued to the weakest of them.

"Not fifty nor one!" was the reply, and, being unbound, the prisoners snatched something from a bench near; there was a flash of steel, and he came huddling in a heap on the floor, muttering a malediction on the world.

"There was some bravery in that," said Doltaire, looking at the dead man. "If he has friends, hand over the body to them. This matter must not be spoken of—at your peril," he added sternly. "Give them food and brandy."

Then he accompanied me to my cell, and opened the door. I passed in, and he was about going without a word, when on a sudden his old nonchalance came back, and he said, "I promised you a matter of interest. You have had it. Gather philosophy from this: you may with impunity buy anything from a knave and fool except his nuptial bed. He throws the money in your face some day."

So saying he plunged in thought again, and left me.

*Gilbert Parker.*

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### THE WRONGS OF THE JURYMAN.

THE jury is a part of our judicial system, established among us by the traditions of the past and by our descent from Anglo-Saxon stock, and also because of the general recognition by the people of its value, not alone as an ancient institution, but as a safeguard of our liberties, our possessions, and our lives. An English author has said that the whole establishment of king, lords, and commons, and of the statutes of the realm, has only one great object, and that is to bring twelve men into the jury-box.

It is interesting to observe how much more favorably jury trials are regarded in our Eastern and older States than in those of the West. Throughout New England, the right to a jury is everywhere recognized, as is true also of the Middle and of the older Southern States. In the Commonwealth of Massachusetts the system has been established from the very beginning; and in the debates of the Convention of 1788 we find that the most earnest arguments against the Federal Constitution were based upon the fear that it denied trial by jury. It is worthy of notice, too, that the first draught of the Constitution of Massachusetts provided for jury trial, in maritime as

well as in civil causes. It is true that the legislature has tried repeatedly to restrict jury trials, though without avail in most instances. It began by providing that both parties could waive the right by written agreement; and then, finding this provision did not diminish the number to any large extent, it enacted that it must be claimed within a limited time, under which restriction we now practice. The effect, however, remains about the same, as litigants so generally make the claim that while, in Suffolk County, there is ordinarily only a single session of the Superior Court (the trial court of the Commonwealth) for the hearing of causes without a jury, and that sitting but three hours and a half a day, there are four or more sessions of the same court for jury causes, sitting during the whole day.

In some of the Southern States there is a curious restriction, springing undoubtedly from the wish of the legislature to lessen taxes; as, for example, in Texas, not only must there be the claim, but the claimant must make a deposit of a fixed sum for the payment of the jury-men. This is the law in Michigan and Wyoming, also.

In the Western States, provision is made frequently for the rendering of a

verdict by a less number than the whole panel; for instance, in Washington and Utah, nine or more in civil causes. But in the settled and more wealthy portions of the Union unanimity is always required; and this is considered to be of so much value that recently, when in the Constitutional Convention of the State of New York it was proposed to make possible the giving of a verdict in civil causes by a less number than all, the suggestion was opposed vigorously by the most eminent lawyers. They were right. In practice it is found that the dissent of one of the jurymen forces the remainder to consider and hear his opinion, and prevents their treating it with contempt and indifference, as they might do if they could bring in a verdict without him. Inasmuch as he has an absolute veto on their action, they must convince him or yield to him. However inexpedient such a provision might seem if this were a new matter, it works exceedingly well, and the number of failures on the part of the twelve jurymen to agree upon the verdict, one way or the other, is extremely small.

The inconsistency in practice upon this subject, however, is most remarkable. A solemn oath is administered to the jurymen that he will determine his verdict only upon the testimony and the instruction of the court. Moreover, it is a matter of general recognition and experience that the dissenting jurymen usually is the stronger man, with the better reasons on his side. Nevertheless, if he hold faithfully to his oath and to his conscience, and persist in not agreeing with the majority, because he is not convinced and does not consider the proposed verdict right and proper, he becomes a marked man, and means are found quickly to oust him from further service. There is more than one instance known of careful and upright men, exactly of the kind required for jury service, who have been rendered extremely uncomfortable in the performance of their duties, and finally driven

therefrom, because they would not look lightly upon the oaths of office which they had taken.

In other respects, also, the jurymen is subjected to petty annoyances, altogether inconsistent with the important place which he holds in the administration of justice, unworthy of a free and civilized people, and without other support than tradition from circumstances and times unlike our own. Why, for example, should he be secluded from ordinary intercourse with the world, while performing that part of his duties as a citizen which is comprised in jury service?

Several of the States are much in advance of Massachusetts in this regard. It is a matter of discretion in Kansas and Louisiana whether jurymen shall separate during the trial and after the cause is submitted to them, and usually they are allowed so to do. In West Virginia and in the Indian Territory they are kept together in criminal causes after the matter has been submitted to their decision, but in civil causes they separate temporarily at night and for their meals. In Connecticut, jurymen are seldom kept together continuously for any length of time after a cause has been submitted to them, in either civil or criminal matters. This subject was presented to the highest court in the State, by motion on the part of a prisoner, who had been found guilty on an indictment for murder, for an arrest of judgment on the ground that after the cause was committed to them the jury were not confined under the custody of an officer appointed by the court until they had agreed upon a verdict, but were immediately permitted to separate and go to their respective places of abode, and did not meet again until the next morning, when they agreed on and brought in a verdict of guilty. In giving the opinion of the court, the chief justice said, "As to the objection that the jury were permitted to separate before they agreed upon a verdict, it may be said that such has been the universal practice in this

State, and the practice has been sanctioned by usage in this court." In North Carolina, the jurymen may separate at their own will, except in capital causes, when the consent of the prisoner is necessary. In Indiana, whenever a cause is submitted finally to a jury, they may decide in court or retire for deliberation. If they retire, they are allowed to separate temporarily and at their meals. So also in Illinois. In Mississippi, the jurymen may separate in all civil causes and in trials for misdemeanors, though upon demand by either party they are kept together; but this demand is not often made. In Texas, the jurymen are not kept apart in civil causes, but are in criminal causes from the beginning. In Arkansas, the jurymen are allowed to separate for meals and sleep, from the time of impaneling until the verdict, in the United States courts, but not as a matter of right in the state courts. In Alabama, the statute does not require jurymen to be kept together in civil causes nor in minor criminal causes; but the judge, upon request of both parties, may in his discretion keep the jurymen together, after the cause has been submitted to them, until they have agreed upon a verdict or have been discharged.

It would be difficult to give a good and sufficient reason why jurymen should be treated with suspicion, and deprived of the ordinary privileges which are given as a matter of course to other people. The present practice in Great Britain, and in most portions of the United States, is, practically, to say to them, "You are weak and untrustworthy men, and in order to preserve you from temptation we must shut you up." This is not a practice conducive to strength and manliness, nor is it an efficient barrier against corruption, since, if this be intended, a dishonest jurymen can be seen before the charge of the judge, or even before the trial shall begin. Many subjects of dispute go to referees, and frequently the investigation of an insol-

vent's affairs, or the determination what settlement shall be made with him, is left by his creditors to a committee; and in neither of these cases would any one think of asking to seclude the referees and the committee men until after they had come to a conclusion. They would look upon it, and rightly, as an insult to their honor and integrity to propose so to do; and yet these same men, called to similar duties under the statutes as jurymen, and for the decision of questions no more important, are subjected to this unworthy suspicion and distrust. It has been learned in the administration of schools, and learned slowly and after long trial of the opposite course, that it is far better and more efficient to trust to the manliness and honor of the scholars than to seek to compel discipline by minute and restrictive regulations. We may expect stronger and better jurymen when we come to treat them as if we had some confidence in their uprightness and honesty.

This seclusion from the outside world is at times inhuman. In a recent cause, the wife of one of the jurymen became suddenly ill during the progress of the trial, and this jurymen was not permitted to see her before her death, and in fact might not have had opportunity to look upon her remains before burial, had not a verdict been reached before the burial took place. It is not strange that men look with aversion upon jury service, and will resort to every possible expedient rather than submit, even during a limited period, to be cut off from all knowledge of affairs of the outside world, and especially of what affects their families.

Again, jurymen are not permitted regular hours of employment; and while ordinarily they are released at the adjournment of the sitting for the day, it frequently happens that they are kept late into the night, and sometimes until the following day. This uncertainty makes another of the valid objections to a citi-

zen's submitting himself to jury service. In all other employments we may count with some certainty upon stated hours, but here a man does not know, when he leaves his home in the morning, whether he can return at the close of the day, or at some later hour. While of course it may happen in any vocation that one may be called upon, unexpectedly, to give extra hours, he ought not, in the public service at least, to be placed habitually in a position where he can make no engagements with reasonable expectation of ability to meet them. In the State of Connecticut, jurymen serve no longer than the other officers of the court, and at the close of the sitting, if they have not agreed upon a verdict, they go from the jury-room to their homes, as other men do, and return to the room the next morning to take the matter before them again into consideration, exactly as the judges themselves do. There is no more reason why jurymen should be kept in continuous session until the termination of a matter entrusted to them than there is for the keeping of other people in such a situation. These same men deal differently with other affairs in life. They consult together, and, when the time comes, they separate, and come together again; and were it not that a different method has been established among us by usage, we should take the same course in the decision of controversies which have reached the courts that we follow without question in the decision of other controversies wherein suit has not begun.

A more irksome grievance than the seclusion from the outside world is the treatment of jurymen in reference to food and sleep. After a matter has been committed to them to determine upon their verdict, no one of them can know how long he will be kept without food and without sleep. Nearly always they are permitted to have their meals, though often at irregular hours; but frequently they are kept late into the night, and sometimes all of the night, in a room

where there is no provision whatever for sleep. The only excuse ever offered therefor is that by this means jurymen can be brought to agree. The people, however, have gone to the expense of the maintenance of courts not for the purpose of starving or coercing jurymen into an agreement, nor for the dispatch of business, but for the administration of justice, and that the truth may be ascertained, and wrong detected and punished. Many a man has been made seriously ill by the want of food and sleep, and by the breaking-up of his accustomed routine of life; and there is no necessity to expose any one to these risks. It is worth consideration and trial, at least, to discover whether men who now shrink from jury service would not be willing to perform this duty if they knew they would not be exposed to these unnecessary hardships.

In olden times the courts went even further in the effort to secure verdicts from unwilling jurymen. Bishop Burnet tells of a jury in his time who were shut up a whole day and night, and those who were for acquittal yielded only to the fury of the remainder, so that they might save their lives, and not die from starvation. In the case of Alice Lisle, the jury twice brought her in "not guilty," and the lord chief justice threatened them, so that, overcome with fear, the third time they brought her in "guilty," and she was executed. In the Throckmorton cause, the jury deliberated several hours, and returned into court with a verdict of "not guilty." Thereupon the lord chief justice remonstrated with them in a violent tone, and committed them to prison. Four were discharged on humbly admitting that they had done wrong, but the remaining eight were dragged before the Star Chamber and dealt with severely. In a Quaker cause the jury disagreed, and the judge said to one of them, "You are the cause of this faction, and I shall set a mark upon you." He sent

them back to reconsider their verdict, and when, after considerable time, they returned to the court-room, not bringing in a verdict acceptable to the court, they were told, "You shall not be dismissed until we have a verdict which the court will accept, and you shall be locked up without meat, fire, drink, or tobacco. You shall not think thus to abuse the court. We shall have a verdict, by the help of God, or you shall starve for it." They finally brought in a verdict of "not guilty," and each man was fined forty marks, and imprisoned until the fine was paid.

It is not possible now to use jurymen so barbarously, but there is no difference in principle between coercing them into agreement, under the old practice, and, under the present practice, of depriving them of food and sleep, with the result often that the strongest stomach instead of the wisest head carries the day. Indeed, in some respects the old practice was the more humane, since in those days it was possible to add to the panel a sufficient number until twelve men were found to agree upon the same conclusion; while now, if one differs from the rest, he must either assent to a verdict against his own conscience, or suffer from want of food or rest.

We are a patient people, and permit many things to go on, which have no support from reason or conscience, simply because they have been, until some striking instance brings the whole subject forcibly to our attention. Then the abuse comes to an end. So will it be with this matter of jury service. It is not the fault of our judges that these inhumanities remain in practice. In fact, it is owing to them that so many alleviations have already been introduced and adopted. It is necessary that the judges shall proceed slowly and cau-

tiously in making changes, but we cannot doubt that they would welcome the passage of acts by the legislature which would extend to jurymen the same considerate and humane treatment that is given to all men when called upon for other like public service.

There is much complaint of the quality of our jurymen, and especially in cities, a good deal of which I believe to be without sufficient foundation, and it will be worth a trial to learn whether we might not cause a decided improvement if we should make jury service easier. For it is not strange that men should look with aversion upon this service, and be possessed of a most earnest desire to escape it, when they are exposed to trials like these. In following his ordinary vocation, one grows used to regular hours for work and for food and for sleep. It is no light thing to break in suddenly upon these. For no other duty in life, either public or private, except of course in case of war or extreme urgency, should we think of compelling men to sit hour after hour, without food, in a close room, filled perhaps with tobacco smoke, so that their hunger or inability to go longer without rest will drive them to an agreement. It is not consistent with our high civilization to contemplate an agreement obtained in this way; and were it not that we have become used to it as something of daily occurrence, we should look upon it as barbarous, and a custom to be found only among savage peoples. Let us treat jurymen as reasonable men, with the ordinary privileges of obtaining their food at the usual hours, and giving no more time to their duties in court than other officers of the law are required to give, and some of the objections in the minds of business men to jury service will have been removed.

*Harvey N. Shepard.*

## THE NEW ART CRITICISM.

IN discussing the recent developments of what is variously called the "new art criticism," "Morellianism," and "scientific connoisseurship," I shall be obliged to limit myself to the criticism of Italian painting during the Renaissance, although it is of course evident that the principles which apply to the study of one branch of art apply in the main to all. What I have to say will be comprised in the answers to the following questions: What are the requisites of helpful art criticism? Wherein has the old criticism failed, that a new should be necessary? In what sense is the criticism we are to discuss new? And to what does it lead?

What are the requisites of helpful art criticism? The two requisites — taking the power of expression for granted — are, obviously, that the critic should know his subject, and that he should feel it. First, as to knowing. There are two ways of approaching any art of the past: the one, the study of documents about it; the other, the study of the works of art themselves. A sound criticism would naturally combine the two, but, unfortunately, the writers on Renaissance art, who still exercise the greatest authority, emphasize only the first and less important, assuming that the essential thing to know is, not the picture, but the written or printed document concerning it; which is as much to the point as saying that the essential thing about a dinner is the grocer's and butcher's bills for the raw materials. I am far from denying that these things have a value; my contention is that for the person whose interest in Italian pictures is artistic, not merely archæological or technical, the work of art is the first and most necessary object of study. And when can the critic be said to be really proficient in his chosen line of work? Not, I venture to say, until he is able to distinguish not only school from school,

and master from master within the school, but master from pupil and imitator, and even imitator from imitator; in short, until he can classify Italian paintings with the accuracy of a botanist in classifying plants.

Now, the point of having the critic know his subject to the minutest details is, not that he should drag the public after him into his laboratory, or compel them to gaze at every specimen in his herbarium. On the contrary. One great use of his knowledge is to warn the public away from what is insignificant and poor. There were quite as many bad painters in the Renaissance as there are nowadays, and when the work they left is indiscriminately classed along with that of the great masters, as happens in most galleries, it is more than probable that before coming to a real masterpiece the æsthetic capacities of the sightseer have been exhausted in the endeavor to discover non-existent beauties in mere rubbish masquerading under famous names. How many tourists wear themselves out in vain endeavors to enjoy what their catalogues and Baedekers tell them are Leonardos or Giorgiones, but which really are the productions of tenth-rate painters, like Marco d'Oggione or Girolamo Santa-Croce! Modest but sincere people, in such cases, are puzzled, distressed, doubtful; they waste time trying to appreciate, give it up in despair, and then go browsing about on their own account, generally missing a great deal that is good, but at any rate enjoying honestly what they do enjoy. Humble but less analytical people deceive themselves into mechanical raptures at the sight of certain names. Impatient sightseers, after a few disappointments, give up the "old masters" as beyond them, the arrogant roundly declaring them humbugs. Mildly stupid people

betake themselves to the literary interpretation of the pictures; while the duller sort are content with identifying the different saints and the Biblical or allegorical episodes represented. The truly helpful art criticism would begin with classifying the pictures correctly, so that no one would any longer run the risk of wasting time and emotion in this manner. This classification, however, can be done only after a thorough acquaintance, not with the documents about the pictures, but with the pictures themselves. My own ideal of the genuine art critic is that he should have sufficient experience and memory to carry constantly and clearly in mind all the pictures in all the European collections (and especially all the pictures in the public and private galleries, and in the many thousands of churches in Italy itself), ranged not only under the names of their painters, but also under the precise epoch in the artist's career when they were executed. A young Titian is almost as different from an old Titian, for example, as Giorgione from Tintoretto!

Complete and accurate knowledge, then, is one of the requisites of helpful art criticism. And now as to feeling. We already have critics of Renaissance art who have undoubtedly felt. I do not speak of the ordinary gushing writers, but of two, to mention only English, profound in feeling and supreme in expression, — Mr. Ruskin and the late Walter Pater. I have noticed that the first effect upon the student of a plunge into modern scientific connoisseurship is invariably to throw him into a rage when these names are brought up. "Ruskin! who cannot tell the difference between an original Giotto and an imitation!" "Pater! who does not know a Giorgione from a Cariano, or a Botticelli from a Raffaellino del Garbo!" He is apt to think that the exposure of such glaring errors as these forever condemns the critics who are capable of committing them. But the longer one dwells in the arid de-

serts of mere connoisseurship, the more one longs for those oases of genuine feeling about the work of art — even misnamed! — which are after all the solace of the journey. Both these writers *felt* the Renaissance. Mr. Ruskin, who was always protesting against it, felt it, so to speak, *à rebours*, for he is to be fully understood only in connection with the so-called Oxford movement, the revival of mediæval religion among cultivated people, which led them to Gothic art, and made them feel an instinctive antagonism toward the Renaissance, with its frank paganism and its avowed worship of reason and force. But the very violence of Mr. Ruskin's invective proves his appreciation of the potency of the thing he inveighed against. And then, when he forgets his prejudices, how divinely he can write of Tintoretto and Giorgione (even though his artists be not identical with the Tintoretto and Giorgione of modern connoisseurship)! Yet his books are safe reading only for the experienced critic, who, having traveled the long path for himself, is proof against even Ruskin's eloquence when he is called on to admire second-rate Giottesque imitations as the flower of Florentine art.

With Pater the case is different. Far from being in a state of protest against the tendencies of the Renaissance, he was so thoroughly its child that he almost succeeded in creating it anew. Possessing the vital gift of the critic, the power of sympathetic emotional interpretation, he has wrapped that age in poetry and magic, and has made it glow again with life for us. But the ideal critic must add to innate capacities a store of accurate and personal knowledge, and Mr. Pater, one of the greatest of innate appreciators, often failed of his effect because he had not trained his eye to fine discriminations. One asks in front of some of his Giorgiones and Botticellis, "Is it possible that a man who takes this daub for a supreme artistic expression of the

Renaissance can have anything worth saying about the epoch?" And thus Pater's Renaissance remains a book to read, not in Italy, but in England or America; for it is after all only his idea of the period, a delightful subjective affair, not very close to the real Renaissance. It is great as a work of imagination, but less successful as a critical reconstruction of the art of another time: and it is of art criticism we are now speaking, not of works of imagination.

Enough has been said already to indicate the answer to our second question: Wherein has the old criticism failed, that a new should be necessary? Its failure has been just that lack of discriminating knowledge which makes it impossible for the real appreciator, when he does come, whether as writer or as mere sightseer, to avoid wasting time and strength upon worthless things, and missing much that is valuable. For, revolutionary as the statement may sound, it is a fact that a large proportion of Italian pictures in public galleries — and still more in private collections — are misnamed. I may be pardoned for quoting in defense of my position Sir Henry Layard's remarks in his preface to the English translation of Morelli's book upon the Borghese and Doria galleries. Speaking of the ignorance and carelessness of twenty years ago, he says: "It is difficult to conceive what this ignorance was, and in some instances still is. Spurious works and manifest copies were ascribed to the greatest masters. No distinction was made between the different schools of painting. Pictures whose authors would have been evident to the merest connoisseur were attributed to painters with whom, in manner, they had no connection whatever, and who belonged to entirely different schools. The student sought in vain for instruction, and the public were only misled. The directors of some of the galleries were shamed by Morelli's exposures into making changes, and his remonstrances have led to improvement;

but the confusion and ignorance which still prevail may be judged of by published catalogues, and by the manner in which the pictures are in some places exhibited; as, for instance, in the Correr Museum at Venice, where highly interesting works of the old masters are jumbled up with productions of the last and present century of the vulgarest and most commonplace description, hung on a level with the eye, whilst those of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are, in Academy phrase, 'skied' and beyond the reach of examination." It is true, as the writer says, that during the last twenty years some little change for the better has been made. The pictures in the Brera at Milan, Morelli's own town, are almost perfectly named, while the Dresden, Munich, Parma, and Vienna galleries follow not very far behind, and Berlin and the Borghese gallery in Rome betray at any rate a consciousness of the existence of modern scientific criticism. The National Gallery has adopted a British "compromise" between tradition and science, but the great galleries of Paris, Madrid, Florence, Venice, and Rome, and the smaller provincial galleries almost everywhere, still wallow in the mistakes of the old connoisseurship, when every fat woman or youth in romantic costume was a Giorgione, every gray-haired man a Tintoretto, every long-nosed, smiling lady a Leonardo, and every athlete a Michelangelo.

Turning from the galleries, let us trace briefly the outline of what has been written about Italian painting. Vasari, who, with his lively gossip about the artists, has been aptly called "the last of the Italian *novellieri*," still remains the most generally entertaining. But no one dreams of taking him as a serious or an accurate guide, nor is his work much of an aid to the understanding or enjoyment of Italian art. Even Milanesi's edition, where an attempt has been made to correct the more glaring inaccuracies of Vasari's *al fresco* journalism, does not help very

much, for the editor is not himself a critic of anything but documents, an archivist. Three centuries passed before Renaissance art received a really serious treatment. Burekhardt's *Cicerone*, first printed in the fifties, contains in germ most of the important leading ideas about the art of that epoch, and it is profoundly thoughtful and suggestive. But accurate scholarship was impossible, and was by Burekhardt himself scarcely attempted. The monumental work by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, published some years later, was, it is true, undertaken in the more scientific spirit; but without photographs for comparison, and without the present but then non-existent network of railways in Italy that enable the student to visit and revisit the spots where native art is best to be seen, precision was not to be looked for. As an *à peu près* classification of Italian pictures there is little to say against their writings, except that they contain no cultural ideas.

It was inevitable that, with the improvement in such mechanical aids as photography and railways, the scientific methods which, in part unconsciously to these authors, underlay the whole of their work should in other hands become refined with practice. Knowledge cannot stop at the *à peu près*, and the criticism we are to discuss is "new" (to answer the third of our questions) in the sense of substituting the knowledge, growing more and more exact, of a developing science for the groping attempts of an immature one. The next important publications (for we speak only of original work, and not of compilations) were Morelli's articles upon the Borghese gallery, which he printed in German, twenty years ago, under the assumed name of Lermolieff; following them up by treatises upon the Doria, Munich, Dresden, and Berlin galleries. Morelli, the pupil and companion of Agassiz, had the great advantage of careful training in the physical sciences, and the habits he thus ac-

quired stood him in good stead when he turned to the study of art. He was the first to work out in any detail the laws that had been implicit in every classification of pictures. He has often been called the Darwin of art criticism, for he was the first to set himself resolutely against the haphazard or "inspiration" theory of genius, and to prove that art follows certain fixed laws of evolution, from which the individual artist can no more escape than the individual animal can escape from its genus and species. He traced with the minute care of a Darwin the derivation of one artist from another, the gradual modification of his forms, and the "survivals" of inheritance. His method, however, although scientific, was purely empirical, and, so to say, unconscious. By dint of years of patient comparison he hit upon the fact that certain peculiarities, such as the shape of hand or ear, the way of drawing the hair, the system of drapery, the manner of constructing the human figure, details of the landscape, and so forth, tend to remain essentially the same throughout the artist's entire career, and tend furthermore to be themselves but a development or modification of the forms and types handed down to him by his master. Tests of authorship such as these, which Morelli used empirically, without seeking to explain them, enabled him to effect a revolution in the commonly accepted classifications. From famous painters he took away the mass of inferior imitations that had dimmed their glory, and gave to others the credit which was due to their real achievements. At the same time, he traced hitherto unguessed connections between artist and artist, assigning to each one his proper place in the history of the development of his school.

A great deal of ridicule has been cast upon Morelli and his method, the bitterest attacks coming, naturally, from the gallery directors whom he so severely criticised. It is hard, however, to un-

derstand why public opinion does not force the galleries to keep abreast of the latest information regarding the objects entrusted for common use to their care. Such galleries should, of course, be treated like natural history museums, as a branch of the national education, the department set apart for the enlightenment of public taste, and accuracy should be as strictly demanded in the one case as in the other. To pass off inferior trash as the work of great masters is not to elevate, but to coarsen the sensibilities of those who go to look. It may sometimes have a fatal influence even upon artists themselves, as may be seen in the case of the dominant school of French painters at the beginning of this century, who were led by the misattributions in the Louvre to model themselves upon Giulio Romano's cold, coarse, and empty classicism, and his harsh scheme of color, under the impression that they were following Raphael. In the same way, the influence of the false Botticellis may be traced in a section of modern English painting led by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and brought up in the rear by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley. Perhaps the indifference of the public is due to the same thing which has caused "Morellianism" to be so ridiculed among non-professionals, namely, the prevalence of the theory that art is a miracle, and cannot be narrowed within the compass of scientific laws. People cling to this belief all the more tenaciously as their faith in other miracles disappears, and the critic who proposes to introduce science and law into this last haunt of superstition is regarded with contempt as a paradox-monger, or with suspicion and hatred as a perpetrator of sacrilege. "If you care to be descended from a monkey, you may!" was the little boy's protest against his playmate's Darwinism, twenty years ago. "If you like to have your art an affair of hands and ears and draperies, you may!" the opponents of Darwinism in

art say to us to-day. But the new science is winning its way in spite of opposition, and has already reached almost at a bound the honorable place which archæology has for many years enjoyed.

Morelli, however, laid himself open to attack not only by the scrappiness of his work, — for he never wrote a complete study of any one school, or even of any one artist, — but still more by making no attempt to explain the empirical method by means of which he attained his results. But science can no more stand still at the purely empirical, if there is any hope of going deeper, than it can stand still at the *à peu près*. Morelli left to his disciples and followers the task of accounting for his empiricism. The explanation has been in part attempted by Mr. Bernhard Berenson, whose recent monograph upon the Venetian painter, Lorenzo Lotto, marks a distinct advance in criticism. I do not propose to summarize this work, which has already been reviewed in *The Atlantic*, but I shall endeavor to point out the general tendencies of the new art criticism, of which Mr. Berenson is the chief exponent, and to answer the last of the questions I asked at the beginning, To what does this criticism lead?

Starting from Morelli's empirical discovery that certain details tend to remain fixed throughout the artist's work, and are therefore the best clue to the authorship of any given picture, the new criticism has asked itself the question, Why these details rather than any others? The answer conducts directly to the laws which govern the development of an artist, *the laws of habit and attention*. The fact that the ultimate aim of the new criticism is the psychological reconstruction of the artistic personality of the artist by means of these laws leads me to characterize, as I have done elsewhere,<sup>1</sup> this form of criticism as the psychological criticism, in opposition to the old forms. It differs radi-

<sup>1</sup> *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, May, 1895.

cally from the gossip of Vasari and all anecdotal writers; from the document hunting of Vasari's editor, Milanesi, and of nearly all German critics; from the mere connoisseurship of Morelli and most of his followers; and, finally, from the subjective criticism of such authors as Michelet and Ruskin on the one hand, who make the work of art an excuse for brilliant writing of all sorts, or as Walter Pater on the other hand, who attempted to express in independent art forms the complex sensations which the work of art produced in himself.

The psychological criticism begins, then, where Morelli left off, with the much-ridiculed hands and ears and folds of drapery. It explains their remaining the same throughout the artist's career by the fact that these details are less liable to attract the attention either of the artist or of his patron, and are thus more likely to be done by rote; in other words, that the habits a young painter acquires are likely to continue unchanged in all those points where no fresh effort of observation is needed. Such points would naturally be those of least importance to the expression of the picture. So little, indeed, does the shape of the ear matter to most people that it is rare to find even to-day one who is able to recall the ears of his own intimate friends. Obviously, there was, in the earlier time, small incentive to the painter to alter his habitual way of drawing this feature. The same probably held true in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in regard to the hands, although they now receive rather more attention. Folds of drapery, again, require so little fresh observation on the part of the artist that even now, in the Champ de Mars, it is possible to amuse one's self by deserting the catalogue, and tracing out alone the work of a given artist and his pupils by the similarity in their treatment of drapery. The landscape background, likewise, particularly among Italian painters, who rarely treated landscape as anything but a subordi-

nate accompaniment to their figures, tended to retain its fixed character. We all know, for example, Leonardo's strange rocks, and Perugino's soft valleys. I might thus go on to enumerate a score of details which tend to become fixed artistic habits, owing to the fact that no fresh effort of attention is required for their execution. Habits, indeed, incline to set themselves up even where we should naturally expect the artist to make in each case a fresh effort to observe: as in the shape of the head (compare Giorgione's invariable dome-shaped cranium); the type of the face, as in Francia or Rubens; and even the expression of the countenance, which we find serene and glowing in almost all the portraits of Giorgione and the young Titian, mysteriously smiling in Leonardo and his followers, arrogant and overbearing in the Pollaiuoli, lumpish and unintelligent in Lorenzo di Credi and Lacinio. But habits do not end at these external peculiarities. The truth is that every work of art is a compromise between the painter's fresh observation and his already acquired habits of seeing and registering his vision, a struggle between objective reality and old habits of visualization and execution. No one can say that the world he sees is the mathematical resultant of the rays that strike on his retina. We see the world as we are taught to see it, and this is no less true of the artist. His master, besides giving him certain habits of execution, directs his attention to one set of facts, and trains him to visualize in one way rather than in another.

This law, which I have been obliged to explain very briefly, gives the new criticism the necessary method for its task of reconstructing the artistic personality of the painter. Before each successive work of an artist it asks two questions: What habits — and from whom acquired — does this picture betray? and What power does it reveal on the part of the artist to react against

habits, to observe for himself, interpret the world afresh, and express what has never found expression before? The answer to the first question involves a knowledge of the painter's predecessors, and enough acquaintance with history to determine the probability of likenesses being the result of mere coincidence or of actual contact. In estimating an artist, we must first know how much in his work is due to his antecedents and environment, and how much to his own genius. If he simply continues, even though he develops, the traditions of the man who first influenced him, — in other words, if his development is purely organic, — we cannot regard him as an innovator or a creator. If, on the contrary, he can react against his teachers, cast off their traditions and the habits they gave him, and can pick and choose from the whole of art those forms which best serve his purpose, he becomes one of two things, a great genius or an eclectic, a Michelangelo or a Burne-Jones, as the quality of his talent permits. Or he may be like Donatello, a man who has scarcely any morphological connection with the art which preceded him, himself a primary source of art forms. On the other hand, the artist may absorb into himself all the best elements of the art of his own immediate predecessors, and combine them into something new, as did Giorgione and Raphael. In any case, the first task of the new criticism is to make every effort to find out exactly what were the special artistic influences brought to bear upon an artist, so that it may see in what relation he stands toward these influences.

But this is not the only problem that presents itself. Before being able to appreciate the originality of the contribution made by any one artist, before his personality can be clearly defined, the whole matter of his relation to his environment remains to be considered. Much loose talk prevails on this subject; some denying altogether the influence of

environment upon an artist, and others scarcely allowing for anything but environment in producing him. All this is due to a misunderstanding. The real issue is, whether the individual artist uses his environment as his subject, or whether his environment uses him as its mirror, mouthpiece, or echo. The greatest artist is the one who has his environment so completely under control that he can reveal its secrets, interpret its movements, and symbolize its dominant moods. Such artists are rare, and in Italy it would be hard to mention others than Donatello, Michelangelo, and Leonardo. After them come the more exterior artists, among whom Raphael and Giorgione hold the highest rank, who mirror rather than interpret their environment; and these are divided into grades according as they mirror clearly or dimly, faithfully or with distortion. Finally come those artists who are mere echoes of their environment, who only mimic what greater men have done; and these are ranked according to the value of the artist they repeat and the quality of their imitation. Sometimes the echo is faint and indistinct, indeed, and it is when critics confound these faint echoes with really great art, as the pre-Morelian critics continually did, that our ideas of the epoch become hopelessly confused. Yet, relegated to their proper place, even these painters are not without interest to one who studies the work of art as a document in the history of civilization.

Having found out what the artist owed to his teachers, in what way he assimilated the past, and how he stood related to his environment, the ground is cleared for the analysis of his own personal share in the product, whether as creator, combiner, or mere follower, whether as interpreter, mirror, or humble echo. Yet even so intimate a knowledge of the artist leaves the important question of the meaning of his work unanswered. Here also, as in the matter of environment, opinion oscillates between

two extremes. There are those who uphold the contention that every jot and tittle of a picture was intended by the artist to convey a statable idea. This is the great Ruskinian aberration, which has called forth the opposite extreme of denying to the artist all intention of conveying any direct and distinct meaning at all, or of having any other purpose than to create something "beautiful." Here, as before, no one law can be laid down to fit every artist. It is true that some had no intellectual intention of any sort, while others had very definite ones. Only a minute study of the individual painter's works will reveal into which of these two general categories he falls. Even when it is once decided that an artist probably had some definite meaning, some intellectual or emotional purpose, criticism must allow for the inadequacy of his powers of expression, owing to those habits of visualization and execution already discussed, which prevent him from seeing clearly and reproducing faithfully. Yet here a further question remains to be settled, — whether the artist in his works gives a transcript of life, or expresses an ideal. To determine this, as thorough a knowledge as possible of the history of the time is requisite, for which the student must have recourse to contemporary political history, sociology, philosophy, and literature.

Having thus analyzed, one by one, the factors that go to make up the artistic personality of an artist, and his relation to his predecessors, his fellow-craftsmen,

and his epoch, we are at last brought face to face with the great masters of a past time, freed from the confusions and misinterpretations of the old criticism. A great artist of any kind is nothing but a great personality using a given artistic medium to convey its impressions of the universe. But poets and musicians cannot impart to us, as painters can, the visible images of things as they appear to them, and we are therefore free to charge their poetry or their music with our own images and emotions to a degree not possible where, as in pictures, we have the artist's ideas and feelings actually visualized before our eyes. This gives peculiar value to painting as a document in the autobiography of the race, and it is this which makes the new criticism, in its attempt to edit this important document correctly, of such immense service to general culture. We have no other source of information about the past which is so great an aid to the reconstruction of its mental life. Just as literature shows us the world of ideas in which an epoch was living, so painting actually transports us to the world of visual imagery which corresponded to these ideas. The effort of the new criticism, then, is to lead us to those works of art which are really significant, and to tell us whether they mirror or interpret the epoch, whether they express its actualities or portray its ideals, and thus to prepare us to get from them all the enjoyment and all the inspiration possible to our temperaments.

*Mary Logan.*

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#### DR. FURNESS'S SHAKESPEARE.

THE tenth volume of Dr. Horace Howard Furness's New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare<sup>1</sup> is devoted to *A Midsum-*

<sup>1</sup> *A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare*. Edited by HORACE HOWARD FURNESS. Vol. X.

*mer Night's Dream*, or, as the title always appears upon the pages of the book, *A Midsommer Nights Dreame*. The *A Midsommer Nights Dreame*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1895.

tenth volume treats of the ninth play; for, in the noble series, which now covers *Romeo and Juliet*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Othello*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *The Tempest*, and finally this comedy of fairydom, two full octavos are given to the tragedy of *Hamlet*, Prince of Denmark. Between the small world of specialists who greedily appropriate what is printed upon their subjects, as if the matter concerned themselves alone, and the great world of men to whom both the subject and the treatment are alike unimportant, there is sometimes a sort of friction, when a rare textbook appears, — a tone of exclusive satisfaction in the one jarring upon a sense of frank indifference in the other. There should be no such dissonance because of the publication of these volumes. Like the poet himself, this edition of his plays is not for the few, but for the many; it is “not of an age, but for all time,” — if one in our speedy day may reckon as endless that long century or two within which no other Variorum of Shakespeare will be needed or desired. The last Variorum of the great dramatist was fifty years old when Dr. Furness began to print; and his work garners all that has the permanence of worth in the edition of 1821 and in preceding texts and comments, as well as all the best that the fruitful half-century between Malone and our own day has brought forth. The indications are plain that there is now to be a suspension in the productiveness of the commentators and editors, and that the twentieth century will have leisure for the consumption and digestion of the vast mass of accumulated Shakespearean lore. The sonnets will, perhaps, still furnish a good field for labor, since it may well be that Mr. Tyler’s remarkable volume has not exhausted the possibilities of investigation among those poems where, with the “key” of the sonnet form, “Shakespeare unlocked his heart.” But it is not credible that many very important additions

will for a long time be made to the present emendations and explanations of the text of the plays; and it also seems unlikely that criticisms and comments characterized by both value and novelty will be nearly as numerous in the future as they have been in the past.

Dr. Furness’s Variorum offers Shakespeare’s plays in a shape which appeals not only to the scholar and the specialist, but to every man and every woman who has any feeling for the beauty and humanness of the dramatist’s text, any sense of the distinction and might of his genius. The reader may, if he have the heart so to do, skip the brilliant illuminating preface wherein Dr. Furness has considered text and text-writers, and presented his own playfully poetical theory of the movement of the action; proceeding to the comedy itself, he shall, if he chooses, make no account of the varied texts which may be substituted for the chief one before him; he may absorb as much or as little as he likes of the notes, which at the bottom of every page discuss, and as a rule elucidate, the obscurities of every obscure line; and when he has finished Puck’s epilogue, he may stop short and refuse to glance at the sequent hundred pages of Appendix, which treat of “the text,” “the date of composition” of the play, “the source of the plot,” then present the best criticisms, English, American, and German, upon the drama and its personages, and finally deal with “notable performances” and questions of “costume.” Even the man who has contrived thus to refrain from sharing the treasure-trove of the editor may exult in the thought that he has read the most fanciful play ever written in any language, and that through the clear and eye-sustaining typography of this edition he has made himself acquainted with the text of the great First Folio, and, consciously or not, has bumped his mind against the haphazard proof-reader and the ear-informed type-setter of the year of our Lord 1623.

The value of the edition to all those who care to study the plays of Shakespeare with any deliberation is incalculable. The patience and cunning of the most patient and skillful of hands, the acuteness of the keenest of eyes, the sensibility of the most delicate and highly cultivated of ears, the judgment of a mind exceptionally strong and apt and sympathetic to deal with the thousand difficulties and subtleties of the language and the thought, — all these Dr. Furness has employed for many strenuous months, that for the student the varied crookednesses of the text may be made straight, the many rough places plain; that the taste of the careful reader may be refined and delighted; that the scholar may be qualified to deal with the drama in every particular of its letter, and yet taught to grow in the higher knowledge and appreciation of its spirit. And only they who have in their own persons made the experiment have any adequate conception of the difference which the existence or non-existence of a Furness Variorum makes to the ordinary student of Shakespeare in the comfort, celerity, and certainty with which his questions may be answered and his doubts resolved.

In this volume, as in the four immediately preceding it, Dr. Furness has adopted the text of the First Folio, "reproducing it," as he says, "with all the exactitude in his power." This text was printed from Roberts's unregistered quarto, published in 1600, which itself followed Fisher's first or registered quarto, correcting some of the errors and improving the stage directions of that first edition, which had "the better text," but "inferior typography." The editor's comment, in his admirable preface, upon these "theoretically three texts, but virtually one text," is as entertaining as it is shrewd and instructive. He shows our very eyes how and why the compositors of the First Folio blundered. For instance, the artisan who set up Act III. Scene I. of the comedy blindly and deafly turned the

close of one of Titania's speeches into a stage direction, and then displayed his superior intelligence by altering the sequent lines in order to meet the difficulty which he himself had created. The result in the First Folio's text was this: —

*Titania.* And I will purge thy mortall grosse-  
nesse so,

That thou shalt like an aerie spirit go.

*Enter PEASE-BLOSSOME, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDE-SEEDE, and foure fairies.*

*Fairies.* Ready: and I, and I, and I, Where  
shall we go?

"Had the Folio been our only text," says Dr. Furness, "there would have been much shedding of Christian, and I fear it must be added unchristian ink;" for who and where are the eight fairies who have now been evolved out of Shakespeare's original four? But by the help of the rough little quartos we are enabled to defy the super-ingenuous compositor of the Folio, and to make up our text into the piquant fragments with which all Shakespeareans are now familiar, to wit: —

*Titania.* And I will purge thy mortal gross-  
ness so

That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! Mustard Seed!

*Enter Four Fairies.*

*Fair.* Ready; and I, and I, and I, Where  
shall we go?

From this form of the last line there is but a step to its subdivision, and the distribution of its several bits each to one of Titania's little henchmen in the modes adopted by Rowe and White and modern editors generally.

The matter of misprints is very interestingly treated by Dr. Furness, and especially noteworthy are his illustrations of the errors made by compositors who set up "by the ear from direction instead of by the eye from manuscript." We have it upon the authority of Conrad Zeltner, a learned printer of the seventeenth century, that it was customary to employ a reader to read aloud to the compositors, who set the types from dic-

tation, not seeing the copy. When the workmen were ignorant, this method was sure to produce many errors. Dr. Furness cites from the quarto text of this comedy several examples of such blundering through the ear. Thus "Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower" is changed to "Dian's bud or Cupid's flower;" and "When the Wolf *behovls* the Moon" is shorn of its peculiar picturesqueness, and weakened into "When the Wolf *beholds* the moon." "The absorption of consonants" through careless reading or hearing is discussed with great ability, and many undoubted examples are given. An original suggestion of Dr. Furness with regard to a difficult passage in another play may well be quoted in full: "The same absorption occurs, I think, in a line in *The Merchant of Venice*. Shylock's meaning has greatly puzzled editors and critics where he says to the Duke at the beginning of the trial: 'I'll not answer that: But say it is my humour, Is it answered?' Thus read, the reply is little short of self-contradiction. Shylock says he will not answer, and yet asks the Duke if he is answered. Grant that the conjunction *to* was heard by the compositor in the final *t* of 'But,' and we have the full phrase 'I'll not answer that but *to* say it is my humour;' that is, 'I'll answer that no further than to say it is my humour. Is it answered?'"

Wisely does Dr. Furness lay down as the editor's surest guide in the criticism of texts, "*Durior lectio preferenda est.*" In lucid and eloquent phrase he remarks of the matter of emendations that most readers of Shakespeare have but a faint conception of "the exquisite nicety demanded at the present day in emending Shakespeare's text, — a nicety of judgment, a nicety of knowledge of Elizabethan literature, a nicety of ear, which alone bars all foreigners from the task, and, beyond all, a thorough mastery of Shakespeare's style and ways of thinking, which alone should bar all the rest of us." And after this utterance of a

real scholar's modesty, he goes on to say that the great harvests of valuable suggestion have already been reaped, and "the gleanings in this kind must now be of the very scantiest; at the present day those who know the most venture the least." All of which is true and finely put. But the grateful follower of the Furness Variorum, in this volume as in its predecessors, will not allow himself to forget with what lucidity, simplicity, and force Dr. Furness habitually sums up the case, after a long citation of the conflicting opinions of divers emenders, and gives his own quiet adhesions to one or another, often making some valuable addition thereto or variation thereof out of his own wit and learning.

The passage from the preface just now quoted in part cites the names of the masters of the textual criticism of Shakespeare. And it is worth while to pause for a moment, and see who they are whose judgments have best endured the hard sifting of the years. It is worth while, and it is also not very difficult. Nearly all Shakespeareans are now aware of the sharp-eyed shrewdness and ingenuity of Capell, whose edition is a hundred and thirty years old; of Alexander Pope's frequent, ignorant recklessness and occasional brilliancy in guessing; of Richard Grant White's audacities, inaccuracies, and startling felicities; of Dyce's scholarly indecisions and fine delicacies; of W. A. Wright's ripe scholarship and judicial temper. But even at the risk of emphasizing what perhaps needs no new emphasis, the writer ventures to add his small note to the full chorus of praise with which all Shakespeareans now greet the name of Lewis Theobald, whose first edition of Shakespeare was printed in 1733; of Theobald, — *clarum et venerabile nomen!* — that most subtle, sensitive, sympathetic, and intuitive commentator, with the help of whose finely attuned ears and dexterous but reverent hands the corrupted texts of the dramas were often cleansed,

and Shakespeare's own phrase discovered and reinstated. To Mr. John Churton Collins and his article *The Porson of Shakesperean Criticism*, printed in the *Quarterly Review*, the world owes the ringing and triumphant vindication of this man, whose fame was long obscured by Pope's dark and envious malevolence. His supreme achievement, the most brilliant conjectural emendation ever suggested of the text of an English writer, ought always to be associated with his name. For it was Theobald who proposed to substitute, in Mrs. Quickly's description of the death of Falstaff, for the unmeaning blindness of the folio line, "and a table of greenfield," the memorable words, "and a' babbled of green fields," which has long been accepted as the true and most characteristically Shakesperean phrase. This was his greatest single achievement; but it was only one of scores which testify to his extraordinary ability. The text of the comedy before us repeatedly bears witness to his fruitful skill, as for instance in the substitution of "counsels sweet" for the two final words of Hermia's line in the quartos and folios,

"Emptying our bosoms of their counsel  
swelled;"

and a little later in the same speech, the change of the old text,

"To seeke new friends and strange companions,"  
into

"To seek new friends and stranger companies."

Dr. Furness was always intolerant of the Dryasdusts; and he is even more impatient with them when they awkwardly gambol or brawl within the elf-haunted dales and forests of this comedy than he was in his first volume with their clumsy intrusions into "Juliet's moonlit bower." The writer ventures to utter a meek regret that our master in Shakesperean criticism is quite indifferent to questions about the dates of the compositions of the dramas and many such mat-

ters, which may be of some if not of prime importance, and that he pitches together the various speculations upon several of these minor subjects with frankly impartial contemptuousness, as who should say, "An you will have any of them, choose." But it is conceded that the point is not of great value. When anything is in hand which Dr. Furness regards as bearing directly or indirectly upon "some necessary question of the play," he is all alertness and devotion. Indeed, it is the exceptional largeness of his mind which, with his profound sensibility to the poetical value of the text, has given him his peculiar power as a commentator. His sense of proportion never forsakes him, and his wit often makes a quick cut of some foolish little knot which was "too intrinse" for the pecking criticasters to unloose. His humor, also, constantly waters the pages of the volume and refreshes the more arid wastes of notes, as for example in his delicious discussion of Halpin's laborious explanation of Oberon's most famous speech. And, apropos, it is interesting to observe that poor, lumbering, blundering, earnest, prosaic Bishop Warburton seems in a fair way to come out triumphant as to the "mermaid on a dolphin's back." The twenty-five lines of Oberon beginning, "My gentle Puck, come hither," have caused "more voluminous speculation than any other twenty-five lines of Shakespeare," says Dr. Furness. He humorously discredits Halpin's stuff, which Gerald Massey solemnly accepts, and rejects in sum and detail, except as to Queen Elizabeth, the historic allegory which makes the following assignment of *dramatis personarum* in the passage:—

"The fair Vestal" or "cold Moon," Queen Elizabeth; "Cupid all armed," the Earl of Leicester; "The Earth," the Countess of Sheffield; "A little Western flower," Lettice Knollys, wife of the Earl of Essex.

"Possibly," says the editor, the emi-

ment writers who do not even allude to Mr. Halpin "were repelled by the cruel conclusion that it was not a flower, but Lettice Knollys, that was to be squeezed in Titania's eyes." But the allusion to the queen in the "fair Vestal" is not to be questioned; and, with all the numerous critics' elaborated contempt of Warburton before his eyes, Dr. Furness perhaps implies his hesitating acceptance of the judicious Hunter's hearty acceptance of the bishop's much-sniffed-at theory. Mary, Queen of Scots, her fascinations and the disasters she wrought among the high nobility, might well be symbolized by a mermaid or siren, uttering "such dulcet and harmonious breath" that "the rude sea grew civil at her song," and "certain stars shot madly from their spheres to hear the sea-maid's music." Shakespeare might with prudence have chanced the passage when the play was performed. The allusion is veiled, and, in the general loyal clamor and excitement of the audience which presently greeted the mention of the "fair Vestal thrond by the West," the introductory lines would have been forgotten. Six years later, only two or three years before Elizabeth's death, namely in 1600, the comedy might safely have been printed as an old story.

The point is not new, but Dr. Furness's demonstration is complete that Shakespeare created out of his own fancy the fairy folk whose charms and witcheries fill the moonlit spaces of this dream of a midsummer night. All of them, that is to say, but Puck. There were elves and ounphes, to be sure, before the day of the master poet, "who danced ful oft in many a grene mede," as says Chaucer, until the friars and pardoners exorcised them out of England. Progeny were they of the elves of Germany and Scandinavia, queer, fantastic, eccentric creatures of the tribe of Pouck, the devilkin. But the delicate, dainty, gracious company of little atomies, who are of the court of Oberon and Titania,

"spirits of another sort," "finely touched to" finer "issues," are the children of Shakespeare's own pure brain. Even Puck is exalted by Shakespeare out of his old nature, and, merry Hob-goblin at the opening of the play, is almost ethereal by the close of the fifth act.

Three pages of his preface Dr. Furness devotes to working out a gay, ingenious, and gracefully fanciful theory of the duration of the action of the comedy. The excellent Mr. P. A. Daniell, supposed to be the final authority in such matters, finds only three days and nights in the text, and thinks Shakespeare has come short of Theseus's promise by a day, or even more. Dr. Furness says that there are four days in the play, and that they "have but one night;" that "the lovers have quarreled and slept, not through one night, but three nights, and these three nights have been one night." It would be scarcely worth while to antagonize this opinion, except in the arena of a fairy ring, with weapons made of moonbeams or cricket bone. But we must enter an impassioned protest against Dr. Furness's suggestion that Titania wooed Nick Bottom at high noon, humble-bees or no humble-bees. The fairies are all of the night: "with the morning's love" the chief of them may "sport," but only until the day is ready to dawn; they run ever "by the triple Hecate's team, from the presence of the sun, following darkness as a dream;" the garish day knows neither their works nor their loves. Again, with all sobriety, though the passage of the time of the bewildering comedy may be obscure, its moonlight should be luminous. In the first four lines of the play, and in a half line a little later, the magnificent Theseus has wrought all of us much trouble by proclaiming, as the commentators have thought, that it will be four days before "the next new moon." Yet the play is flooded with moonshine; one can "find" it "out" in nearly every scene, as Quince discovered it in his

"calender." May not the explanation be simply this: that Theseus, a soldier and man of affairs, though also unquestionably a person with views about poets, uses "moon" always as equivalent to "month," while his bride, with her sex's natural penchant toward moonlight, employs the word in the usual modern fashion? It is four days before the month of May, which is the next month, or "moon." Even Tennyson, in one of his late poems, calls March the "roaring moon of daffodil and crocus." This explanation accepted, all goes well and shiningly. And in that view, Hippolyta's much-queried lines need no change of any sort, and may stand as they stood in both the quartos and all the folios: —

"Foure nights will quickly dreame away the time:

And then the Moone, like to a silver bowe  
Now bent in heaven, shall behold the night  
Of our solemnities."

No occasion then exists to turn "now"

into "new," after the fashion of nearly all the critics. The moon is young, says Hippolyta, "now bent in heaven" "like to a silver bow;" ninety-six hours hence it will shine through nearly all our wedding night.

We take our leave of this great book with a renewed feeling of gratitude to the wise and gentle student, of whose scholarship it is the latest, fairest, and ripest fruit. Two words, "In Memoriam," printed upon the third page of every volume of the Furness Variorum since the sixth was issued, are full of pathetic significance. Alas that art should be so long, and life so brief! For Dr. Furness himself all good Shakespeareans will breathe the fervent prayer that, if he shall need so long a time to finish his *magnum opus*, his years may be as those of him who led Israel out of Egypt, and that he may come to their close, "his eye not dimmed," "nor his natural force abated."

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### COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

*Nature and Travel.* Some Salient Points in the Science of the Earth, by Sir J. William Dawson. (Harpers.) In eighteen chapters, ranging in subject from World-Making to Alpine and Arctic Plants in Connection with Geological History, this veteran geologist gives what he calls a "closing deliverance on some of the more important questions" of his science. The essays consist of lectures and papers of various kinds, produced at intervals during the author's long career, and revised or partially rewritten to meet modern requirements. The author is a scientist of the old school, with conservative ideas on the glacial theory and evolution, but a single-hearted and enthusiastic student withal. Under the heading *The Dawn of Life* he chronicles the finding of *Eozoon Canadense* in the Laurentian rocks, a discovery which carried our knowledge of animal life back

into the first period of geological history, and which is probably the chief of Sir J. W. Dawson's many claims to distinction. — The words "twenty-seventh thousand" on the title-page of Mrs. William Starr Dana's *How to Know the Wild Flowers* (Scribners) are sufficient evidence that this book has satisfactorily filled a "long-felt want." This edition ought to become even more popular than the previous one was, for sixty or more flower descriptions have been added, and the number of plates has been increased by nearly a half. The new plates are as excellent as the old, which means that they are very good indeed. — A new and cheaper edition of Thomas Stevens's entertaining narrative, *Around the World on a Bicycle*, two volumes (Scribners), has been issued. — *Birdcraft*, a Field Book of Two Hundred Song, Game, and Water Birds, by Mabel Osgood Wright.

(Macmillan.) Some books, like some men, should be judged by their purpose rather than by its fulfillment. So judging, we have nothing but praise for this book, for its object — that of interesting people in the birds, and starting them on the way to a knowledge of them — is eminently laudable. In execution, however, it is not a complete success, owing, apparently, to an imperfect training in ornithological science on the part of its author. Thus it is not entirely to be depended upon. For instance, about one fifth of the descriptions of songs of the hundred or more song-birds are absolutely wrong, and many of the other song descriptions are very inadequate, — quite unnecessarily so. In the cases of the so-called songless birds there is often no attempt to describe the notes. Even the loon's remarkable and characteristic call is ignored. A curious slip of the pen credits the family *Scolopacidae* (sandpipers, snipes, etc.) with having bills "usually many times longer than the head." One would think that "many" must mean at least six or eight, but a reference to Plate IX. Figures 1, 2, 4, 8, 9, and 10, shows that the longest bill represented is not quite twice the length of its owner's head. The text generally has the merit of being original, but its very originality reveals the limits of the author's experience. It also has the fault of sometimes wandering from the subject. The plates, of which ten are colored and five plain, are perhaps one of the excuses for the book's being. They may be as good as could be expected in an inexpensive volume, but they are after all not a very good excuse. — *Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America, with Keys to the Species and Descriptions of their Plumages, Nests, and Eggs, their Distribution and Migrations, and a Brief Account of their Haunts and Habits, with Introductory Chapters on the Study of Ornithology, how to Identify Birds, and how to Collect and Preserve Birds, their Nests, and Eggs*, by Frank M. Chapman, Assistant Curator of the Department of Mammalogy and Ornithology in the American Museum of Natural History, New York City, etc. (Appleton.) This comprehensive title introduces a comprehensive book, in which seven hundred and sixty-six species of birds are described, with a biography of practically every one, yet so compactly put together that the volume is not too large for one's

pocket. It is a remarkably well conceived work, admirably carried out. From Mrs. Miller, Miss Merriam, Mr. Bicknell, Mr. Brewster, Dr. Dwight, Mr. Thompson, and Mr. Torrey, Mr. Chapman has secured biographies of certain species with which they are especially familiar, thus giving the volume a completeness which the work of one man alone can hardly help lacking. The book is enriched with helpful and interesting illustrations, — a colored frontispiece, a color chart, eighteen full-page plates of birds in their natural surroundings, and numerous cuts in the text. An excellent feature is the illustration, for purposes of comparison, of distinctive characters in birds which otherwise resemble each other closely, as of the tails of the two cuckoos. Mr. Chapman is not as happy in describing birds' songs as some of his collaborators, but he is by no means alone among ornithologists in this respect. — Among the Northern Hills, by W. C. Prime (Harpers), is a volume of sketches of life, character, and nature, the scenes of most of which are presumably laid in New Hampshire, though the local coloring is not very strong. Character sketches are in the majority. These are for the most part peacefully pathetic, and there is a certain sweetness and good nature about the book, which is not without charm, though it must be confessed that the author's pen is a little unwieldy. In the one or two nature sketches, Mr. Prime shows us that he truly loves the goddess, though he is not very successful in telling us why. — *From a New England Hillside*, by William Potts. (Macmillan.) Mr. Potts's pen is as facile as Mr. Prime's is stiff, but we are not sure that he has very much to tell us, after all. His book seems to be the work of a cultivated man who has retired to the country, at peace with the world and enjoying some of the delights of rural life without taking the trouble to put himself into very close touch with nature. The volume contains a series of short talks on many subjects of interest to cultivated people, — philosophy, chickens, art, wild flowers, music, cottage-building, and others. — *Ten New England Blossoms and their Insect Visitors*, by Clarence Moores Weed. (Houghton.) Professor Weed has given us here an interesting and instructive little book, with about sixty illustrations, many of them from pho-

tographs. The insect visitors he talks about are really boarders, or, in the language of the summer hotel, "mealers;" for they pay for their bread and honey by carrying pollen from flower to flower, thus insuring to the plants that cross-fertilization which is so important to the perpetuation of a vigorous stock. The various devices adopted by flowers to attract insects and make use of their services are fascinating subjects for study, and one is almost tempted to credit the plants with intelligence and volition. Mr. Weed is doing a good work, not only in popularizing this interesting branch of botany, but in making new discoveries in a field which is by no means too well worked. The book is as beautiful as it is good. — *Recreations in Botany*, by Caroline A. Creevey (Harpers), is an interesting little volume, full of information about plants, native and foreign, and well illustrated. Introductory chapters give the beginner preliminary instructions and directions as to collecting and preserving specimens. A few statements here and there lead us to think that the author's point of view is not altogether scientific. "Botany is the easiest of all the sciences, and can be engaged in without a teacher," was evidently written for persons who imagine that botany is the science by which we collect flowers and trace them out in Gray's Manual. And how can any one who has walked with open eyes through the moist woods of New England say that "the tints of fungi are sombre"?

*Fiction.* *Jewish Tales*, by Leopold von Sacher-Masoch. Translated by Harriet Lieber Cohen. (McClurg.) This volume contains twenty-six of Sacher-Masoch's short tales; sketches they might better be called, perhaps, for some of them are little more than brief character studies, while the means employed to produce effects are often of the simplest. The Jew is depicted in many different countries and conditions, but those stories are the most interesting which show him in communities in eastern Europe, where he is so strong numerically that his ancient customs, prejudices, and superstitions have undergone little modification through contact with the outside world. Here, as elsewhere, the author shows an astonishingly intimate knowledge of the life of a people not his own, and his sketches are piquant and lifelike. — *The New Moon*, by C. E. Rai-

mond. (Appleton.) Passages in the life of a prosperous London doctor, a clever man, who, to his misery, married in early youth a phenomenally (but not impossibly) silly, weak, and superstitious woman, destined speedily to sink into a condition of chronic invalidism. She serves as an effective foil to the self-reliant, sane, and healthy young girl with whom the hero, quite unconsciously at first, falls in love, an affection consciously but innocently returned on her part, in her entire ignorance of the wife's existence. When the inevitable explanation comes, the pair set themselves the task of converting love to friendship, at least in outward expression, and their brief after-history and the tragedy which ends it are told vividly and with a good deal of force and feeling. The story is one of those which, once begun, are swiftly read; though "modern" in tone, it has a less hazy moral atmosphere than many of its contemporaries, and the author shows originality as well as cleverness. — *St. John's Wooing*, by M. G. McClelland. (Harpers.) The love-story of a well-born young Englishman, who, while seeking his fortune in Texas, finds there a long-lost, affectionate uncle and his household, and, on a neighboring ranch, a sweetheart. St. John's adventures are recounted in an interesting and agreeable fashion, and both the lover and his lass are natural and sympathetic bits of portraiture. — *Ministers of Grace*, by Eva Wilder McGlasson. (Harpers.) A summer novelette dealing with the experiences of a little group of men and women brought together at a middle-class seaside resort. The story has an undeniably readable quality, despite the crudeness and occasional exaggeration of some of the character drawing, and the improbability of certain elements in the plot. — *A Suburban Pastoral, and Other Tales*, by Henry A. Beers. (Holt.) A group of eight tales, marked by delicacy and a somewhat deliberate subtlety; marked also by an assumption of familiarity of tone which is something like the "By George" of a pious man, more shocking than careless profanity. That is to say, one finds the writer *quâ* writer using free and easy language, and instinctively feels that the freedom and ease are literary properties rather than a natural air. — *The Zeit-Geist*, by L. Dougall. (Appleton.) Two or three distinct characters, one or two striking incidents, the rest a

somewhat unformulated study of religious movements in the mind of the hero. The author protests that a novel is not made to teach theology, but that religious sentiments and opinions are a legitimate subject of its art. Our question is whether, granting the religious motive in her hero, she has not failed to express the movement of the story in action, and has had recourse to more abstract means by which to disclose character. — *The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham*, by John Oliver Hobbes. (Appleton.) Brilliant as were some of this author's short sketches and bits of social comedy, her best work is to be found in this her first novel, in spite of its faults of construction and certain exaggerations and improbabilities in characterization and action. We suppose that a large proportion of its readers have tried, with more or less ill success, to find the significance of its title, of which we will only say that Lord Wickenham, an agreeable gentleman of whom we should be glad to know more, has exceedingly little to do with the story. The hero is Simon Warre, who has won a high position as a specialist at an age when most young doctors are in the midst of the painful struggles and small successes of their novitiate. That a very clever man, with the knowledge of the world and of men and women which a distinguished physician needs must have, should have been entrapped into a marriage with a woman like Anne Delaware, whom he does not even love, is a thing nearly incredible. It is quite so that he should not have had the strength to withstand and survive the horror and misery of his brief wedded life. Anne, who is drawn with force and vividness, and often with subtlety, soon reveals herself as a wanton, whose vileness is equaled only by her shallowness, vanity, power of self-deception, and unspeakable vulgarity. It says much for the writer's power that, for the time, she almost persuades us to believe in her tale. For the rest, the style is, as heretofore, easily readable, bright, incisive, epigrammatic. The author handles the odious features of her scheme soberly, and with as little offense as may be; the regret is in her choice of a subject. — *Tryphena in Love*, by Walter Raymond. (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York.) A charming idyl, in which pleasant realism and delicate humor are

happily combined with graceful fancy and poetic feeling. Considering the predominant traits of the fiction of the day, a tale like this deserves to be received with special gratitude. The *Iris Series*, of which this is the first issue, is in its make-up far and away the most attractive and artistic of the numerous sets of brief novels now in course of publication, and its initial volume gives warrant for the expectation that it may also compare favorably with any of its compeers in literary quality, a hope not disproved by the second story of the series, *A Lost Endeavor*, by Guy Boothby, which, though by no means equaling its predecessor as a work of art, will, in constructive skill and sustained interest, rank well amongst prevailing novelettes. It is the history of the ne'er-do-well of a ducal family, dying of consumption on an island in the southern seas, who, receiving a legacy, devotes himself and his money to the rescue of a woman in one respect, at least, a greater outcast than himself. Had the outcome of the tale been less tragic, we fear that the heroine would hardly have benefited by the hero's generosity to the extent intended by him and the writer, the latter's legal knowledge regarding wills being curiously defective. — *Tales from the Ægean*, by Demetrios Bikélas. Translated by Leonard Eckstein Opdycke. (McClurg.) For the English-reading public these tales will probably be interesting chiefly as pictures of contemporary Greek life, — sketches invariably marked by simplicity, naturalness, refinement of feeling, and purity of sentiment. An excellent introduction by Mr. H. A. Huntington gives some biographical facts, together with brief comments on the author's literary work, of which story-writing forms so small a part. — *Senator Intrigue and Inspector Noseby, a Tale of Spoils*, by Frances Campbell Sparhawk. (Red-Letter Publishing Co.) A brief story, designed to show the evil influences operating in Washington to undo the work of the civilization of the Indian going on in the reservations under the charge of humane superintendents. The writer is charged with a spirit of righteous indignation. — *The Lady and her Tree, a Story of Society*, by Charles Stokes Wayne. (The Vortex Co., Philadelphia.) A story based upon artificial life, and with just enough drapery in parts to save it from being ob-

jectionable, but not enough to save it from being cheap. — *Sant' Ilario*, by F. Marion Crawford, is No. 2 of Macmillan's Novelists' Library. — *A Country Sweetheart*, by Dora Russell. Globe Library. (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.) — *Sister Gratia* (*Satan's Simplicity*), by C. Edgar Snow. (Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) — *In the Fire of the Forge*, a Romance of Old Nuremberg, by Georg Ebers. Translated from the German by Mary J. Safford. In two volumes. (Appleton.) — *The Naulahka*, by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. (Macmillan.)

*Poetry and the Drama.* Philip Vernon, a Tale in Prose and Verse, by S. Weir Mitchell. (The Century Co.) In fifty fair pages Dr. Mitchell has told a tale of England at the time of the Armada, in which an English earl, supposed drowned in childhood, comes back to England under the charge of a disguised Spanish priest. The disclosure of the truth finally is coincident with the dispersion of the Armada, and Philip comes to his own. There is a fine flavor to the verse, the prose being scarcely more than stage directions, so to speak, and the only thing one misses is what one is looking for in an Elizabethan dramatic sketch, a lyric. — *Blue and Gold*, by William S. Lord. (The Dial Press, Chicago.) A prettily printed and neatly bound volume of poems that seldom are commonplace, and often rise to genuine beauty. For the most part, however, they are cheerful, bright verses, unstrained and musical, the overflow of a responsive nature. The verses reflective of child life are sympathetic and healthful, and the sonnets indicate a good notion of what a sonnet is. But since one wishes perfection in this form of verse, we wish Mr. Lord would change "will" to "shall" in the fourth line of his otherwise felicitous sonnet to *The Sonnet*. — *A Bank of Violets*, Verses by Fanny H. Runnells Poole. (Putnams.) — *Sappho, and Other Songs*, by L. B. Pemberton. (The Author, Los Angeles, Cal.) — *In Woods and Fields*, by Augusta Larned. (Putnams.) — *Pictures in Verse*, by George Lansing Raymond. (Putnams.)

*History and Biography.* The Southern States of the American Union considered in their Relations to the Constitution of the United States and to the Resulting Union, by J. L. M. Curry. (Putnams.) Special

pleading, by a vigorous and skillful pleader, who aims to give the South what he conceives to be its true place in the origin and history of our government, and to shield it from unjust aspersions. The author does not present any new facts, but he reviews the case so clearly from the Southern standpoint, and is generally so moderate and patriotic in tone, that the book merits the attention of Northern readers. — *The Making of the Ohio Valley States, 1660-1837*, by Samuel Adams Drake. (Scribners.) Like the companion volumes on New England, the Great West, and Virginia and the Middle Colonies, this is history told mainly in episodes and anecdotes. The episodes are so well connected, however, that the book is not merely entertaining; it gives a good outline of the exploration, conquest, and development of the important region lying on both sides of the Ohio River, and extending northward to the Great Lakes. There are many illustrations and small maps; but what are Washington's Headquarters at Newburgh and Fulton's Clermont doing in the Ohio Valley? The reader would gladly exchange such pictures for a good general map of the section with which the book deals. — *The Story of the Pilgrims*, by Morton Dexter. (Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society.) Originally written for the Scrooby Clubs that were formed among American Congregationalists three or four years ago, some of the chapters in this book have, naturally, a strong denominational flavor. These can be skipped without difficulty, if one pleases; in the others there will be found a careful and well-ordered account of the Pilgrims in England, Holland, and America, with short biographical sketches of their famous leaders, and a few interesting illustrations. — *The Last Voyages of the Admiral of the Ocean Sea*, as related by Himself and his Companions, by Charles Paul MacKie. (McClurg.) This is a narrative of the life of Columbus from the preparations for the second voyage to the time of his death. It has numerous quotations from his letters and from the writings of Las Casas and others, all translated directly from the originals. The author defends the great admiral from the charges of hypocrisy, avarice, and ambition, which Mr. Winsor and some other writers have made against him. The book is an interesting one,

and ought to help the student and general reader to an appreciation of the discoverer's character. — Charles Francis Barnard, a *Sketch of his Life and Work*, by Francis Tiffany. (Houghton.) A judicious small volume, since the character was a simple one, and its main impression lies in the directness and fidelity with which a sweet and earnest nature followed one or two ways which were straight as an arrow to the mark. Mr. Barnard was a pioneer in a work among the poor which is now an accepted function of the humanitarian church, and the Warren Place Chapel in Boston was long a pillar set up to show the way. Mr. Tiffany has shown excellent judgment in keeping the reader's eye fixed upon the distinctive features of Mr. Barnard's life. — *Letters of Celia Thaxter*, edited by her Friends, A. F. and R. L. (Houghton.) Readers of *The Atlantic* who remember Mrs. Fields's recent reminiscences of Mrs. Thaxter, used in this volume as a prefatory note, will welcome a collection of letters which reveal with fine catholicity the characteristics of a woman who easily dominated her work. So rare a nature is best seen when in company with friends, and there was a generous gift of herself which now becomes the gracious possession of others. One of the most delightful parts of the volume is that which contains her eager narrative of experience in travel, and the whole book makes it possible for those who never knew Mrs. Thaxter to add a singularly fine personality to their group of friends. — *Oliver Cromwell, a History, comprising a Narrative of his Life, with Extracts from his Letters and Speeches, and an Account of the Political, Religious, and Military Affairs of England during his Time*, by Samuel Harden Church. (Putnams.) The distinguishing quality of this work is its exceeding fairness, which makes it unique, we might almost say, among biographies of the Lord Protector, whether from friendly or unfriendly hands. Mr. Church has had access to no new material, but he has studied diligently and with understanding and insight the great body of Cromwellian literature, old and new. Though he has no special grace of style, he writes in a straightforward and unpretentious manner, which noticeably gains both in flexibility and in force as the work goes on. He sympathizes with

his hero, as a biographer should, but he never becomes merely an advocate, and his volume can be heartily commended to the intelligent general reader, desirous of getting a clear impression not only of the man, but of the influences and events which moulded him. The author shows a good deal of skill in making selections from those speeches and letters of Cromwell which so vividly depict the man, and stress is justly laid on that aspect of his character too often ignored, the large religious tolerance of his later years, — a tolerance not of his age, and the more remarkable that it was conjoined with the most dogmatic as well as intense personal belief. — *Oliver Cromwell*, by George H. Clark, D. D. (Harpers.) A new edition of a work which aims to be a vindication rather than a history of its subject. If shadows are somewhat lacking in Dr. Clark's portrait, it is a grateful contrast to the stupid or malignant caricatures that for two centuries usually served as presentments of Oliver, and which the greater knowledge and better wisdom of the historians of the last fifty years have by no means entirely set aside, though we do not think that vulgar, ignorant, and unhistorical misconceptions are now so general as the author seems to imagine. Be that as it may, this volume should prove a useful corrective, written as it is with warmth and enthusiasm, and in an easy-going and rather colloquial style which makes it well adapted for popular reading. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner contributes an excellent and suggestive introduction. — *The Inns of Court and Chancery*, by W. J. Loftie. Illustrated by Herbert Railton. (Seeley, London; Macmillan, New York.) A new edition, smaller and less expensive, of a book which it is to be hoped will in this form reach a wide circle of readers. Greater even than in Lamb's day, as the world-metropolis grows more crowded, more colossal, are the surprise and delight felt in passing from the Strand or Fleet Street to the ample squares, the college-like cloisters, and the lovely gardens of the Inns of Court and Chancery, where the dull, ocean-like roar of the city which encompasses them melts into a gentle murmur. Author and artist have worked harmoniously together to commemorate the charm and beauty of the places,

"Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers;"  
and the history of them, and of their most fa-

mous denizens, is told from the time when the Templars built a great house and church on a meadow sloping down to the Thames. Of architecture Mr. Loftie writes from abundant knowledge, yet not in a style too technical for the general reader. There is reason in his feeling regarding the modern Gothic, which he would term Vandalic, of certain "restorations," and it is to be desired that his earnest plea for the strengthening, not rebuilding, of some things now in peril may not be without its effect on those in authority. — Old European Jewries, by David Philipson, D. D. (The Jewish Publication Society, Philadelphia.) After sketching in outline the condition of the Jews in Europe before the epoch of the Crusades, which may be said to be the beginning of the era of persecution, Dr. Philipson, with some detail, describes the life of the inhabitants of the Ghetto during the centuries of suffering and degradation which followed. He writes with feeling, but with perfect self-restraint, even in discussing the Russian Pale of Settlement, the only remaining Ghetto, whose recent history might well excuse any vehemence of language. He protests earnestly against the formation of "voluntary Ghettos" in our large cities, and depicts in no uncertain language the evils and dangers sure to result therefrom. The volume fitly concludes with an interesting, though too brief study of the Ghetto in literature.

*Religion.* Selected Essays of James Darmesteter. The translation from the French by Helen B. Jastrow; edited, with an Introductory Memoir, by Morris Jastrow, Jr. (Houghton.) The portrait which faces this volume presents a face of singular intellectual sensitiveness, and the Memoir intimates something of the physical disability which attended Darmesteter's short, brilliant career. The personality which thus introduces the group of essays breathes also in their pages. The passionate cry for religious unity based upon the verities of the great Hebrew prophets is noble and pathetic. It is in the utterances of such a man that one learns to feel most keenly the imperfect manifestation of a church which has not yet met the needs of a spirit like Darmesteter's, and also to recognize a fundamental unity which suggests great possibilities of human relationship in religion. — Modern Missions in the East, their Methods, Successes, and Limitations, by Edward A. Lawrence, D. D.

(Harpers.) Believing that there is a "science of missions," and hoping to advance it, Dr. Lawrence spent nearly two years in studying the evangelizing work of the Christian church in the Orient. He went alone, at his own expense, carrying letters of recommendation from half a dozen Protestant mission boards and from Roman Catholic functionaries. He watched the everyday work of all the leading denominations, including the Greek and Roman churches, and of several different nationalities. The most important results he embodied in lectures delivered at Andover and New Haven, and now gathered into a volume which shows remarkable clearness and breadth of view, and which bristles with interesting facts and pregnant suggestions. — More distinctly historical is Rev. Dr. A. C. Thompson's Protestant Missions, their Rise and Early Progress (Scribners), which contains eleven lectures that were delivered at the Hartford Theological Seminary. About half the book is devoted to the efforts of English, Danish, and Moravian missionaries in North America. — The Jewish Publication Society (Philadelphia) have brought out in a neat brochure Emanuel Deutsch's essay on The Talmud, which, when first published in The Quarterly Review in 1867, made its author, then one of the under-librarians at the British Museum, famous, and still remains an admirable short study.

*Education and Works of Scholarship.* L'Espurgatoire Saint Patriz of Marie de France, by Thomas Atkinson Jenkins. (Alfred J. Ferris, Philadelphia.) This is a dissertation presented by the author for his degree of Ph. D. at the Johns Hopkins University, and contains an Introduction, in which he treats of the legend in literature, the Latin original, the date of the poem, and other subjects connected with Marie's work; an essay on the language and dialect; the text with variant footnotes; and finally, a body of annotations at the close. It is a satisfaction to know that the younger scholars are devoting themselves to such thorough critical work. — The Hamilton Declamation Quarterly, Vol. I. No. 1 (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse), takes its name from the fact that its two editors, Oren Root and Brainard G. Smith, are professors in Hamilton College. Its distinctive feature, besides a fearful and wonderful marking of one piece to intimate the

expression, is the introduction of selections in both prose and verse representative of contemporaneous declamation. — *Four Years of Novel Reading, an Account of an Experiment in popularizing the Study of Fiction*, edited, with an Introduction, by Richard G. Moulton. (Heath.) Mr. Moulton enforces the doctrine that as fiction is not only a high form of literary art, but the most comprehensive and insistent, it should be the subject of serious study. Then an account is given of an experiment in such study in a University Extension class, and some specimens of criticism are given. We cannot say that these specimens are altogether encouraging as to the results to be reached, though we believe thoroughly in the doctrine.

*Science.* *Sea and Land, Features of Coasts and Oceans, with Special Reference to the Life of Man*, by N. S. Shaler. (Scribners.) The geology which Professor Shaler gives us in this interesting book is the science of the earth, not as it was made thousands of years ago, but as it is making itself to-day. There are two chapters on the shores of the sea, — beaches, cliffs, sand-dunes, marshes, surf, etc., — a chapter on the depths of the sea, one on icebergs, and three on harbors, their formation and preservation, their influence on civilization. This introduction of a human and practical interest into the study of geology will open to many readers a new field of observation for vacation days at the seashore. In a book of this kind illustrations are almost indispensable, and those which are presented here are so interesting that one readily forgives the ugliness of the cover. — *The Siouan Tribes of the East*, by James Mooney; *Archeologic Investigations in James and Potomac Valleys*, by Gerard Fowke; and *Chinook Texts*, by Franz Boas, are publications of the Bureau of American Ethnology, and, like other issues of the Bureau, are distinct contributions to science, though not altogether to popular science. (Government Printing Office, Washington.) — A new edition has appeared of Th. Ribot's *The Diseases of Personality*. (The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.) The author has taken occasion to refer to the

publications on the subject which have appeared in the ten-years succeeding the first issue of his work. — *The Source and Mode of Solar Energy throughout the Universe*, by I. W. Heysinger. (Lippincott.) It seems that electricity not only good naturedly keeps the trolley cars in motion, but is such a general conductor and motorman of the universe that Emerson builded better than he knew when he told us to hitch our wagon to a star. — *The Eye in its Relation to Health*, by Chalmers Prentice, M. D. (McClurg.) It is common knowledge that a mechanical correction of abnormal vision removes the near cause of nervous disorders; but Dr. Prentice makes a further claim, in this interesting little book, to a connection of the eye with some of the phenomena of hypnotism.

*Literature and Bibliography.* The sixth volume of Defoe's *Romances and Narratives*, edited by George A. Aitken, and illustrated by J. B. Yeats (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York), is *The Life, Adventures, and Piracies of the Famous Captain Singleton*. In the absence of such gentlemen from the activities of the world to-day, the reader may settle himself comfortably to the perusal of this matter-of-fact romance; but we confess to finding the adventures of Captain Horn, on the whole, more entertaining. — A new edition, apparently, is preparing of Thomas Hardy's writings. At any rate, *Far from the Madding Crowd* comes to us with an etching by H. Macbeth-Raeburn, a map of "Wessex," and a new preface by Hardy. The page is fairly good, but the book is not very well planned for a beautiful library edition. (Harpers.) — Mr. W. M. Griswold, who is his own publisher, and his own speller we may add, has prepared two pamphlets in addition to his other services to bibliography, entitled respectively *A Descriptive List of Novels and Tales dealing with the History of North America*, and *A Descriptive List of Novels and Tales dealing with Ancient History*. He has arranged his lists in chronological order of subjects, so that one can follow down the ages or the centuries with his fictitious reading. The notes, critical and explanatory, are taken from good authorities. (Cambridge, Mass.)

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Two Heroes. IN a densely populated district of one of our large cities, a dramatic club has been formed in connection with the work of a college settlement. The cast of one of the first plays presented comprised four boys of American or Irish parentage, and one small negro boy, familiarly known as "Honey." Despite his color, it was soon found that Honey's qualities had won him a place as the leader of them all.

The rehearsals had been faithfully attended, and the night of the performance came. The boys were gathered in the improvised dressing-room, talking of the play with suppressed excitement. Snatches of conversation drifted through the swaying curtains from the crowded room in front, and there was all the delicious expectancy of a professional first night.

I had chosen a simple play dealing with a war incident, as this seemed to appeal strongly to the martial spirit of the cast. While this selection was entirely satisfactory to the players, I had found it was not easy to secure the necessary uniforms to be worn by my miniature soldiery. These difficulties had been overcome, however, and all was in readiness.

A few minutes before the hour fixed for the rising of the curtain Honey appeared, his eyes dancing and his ebony face wreathed in smiles. It did not take long to discover the cause of his glee, for over his ragged clothes he wore a military coat of extraordinary grandeur. The sleeves entirely hid his little black fists, and the gorgeous tails swept the floor as he walked proudly about.

The coat, we found, had been borrowed for the occasion from "the feller who leads the band," and it quite eclipsed any which my ingenuity had contrived for the remainder of the cast. I scented trouble at once. Even to civilian eyes this wonderful coat seemed a bit elaborate for a character which, even by the mysterious evolution of the modern drama, rose only from a village ne'er-do-well to the ranks of a sergeant in the service. I decided, however, to have Honey wear it rather than disappoint him, and I set to work to reduce its ample proportions as much as possible.

\* This done, I was about to go on with the play, when trouble came from another quarter. The boy who was to play the part of the hero, and whose chief duty it was to appear as the proud victor in the last act, flatly refused to go on. Here was a predicament. The jealous streak in his Celtic nature showed itself, and he would play only on his own terms, — that he should wear the coat. Argument made him ugly, and the only answer to my entreaties was a dogged "I can very well stop your show. I won't go on." Unfortunately I was in the boy's power, and he knew it. I appealed to his pride and to his sense of honor; I threatened and cajoled in vain. Meanwhile the audience waited, impatient at the delay.

Finally I was compelled to recognize defeat. I laid the case before Honey, and asked his help. The suggestion staggered him. Upon hearing it, his eyes filled with tears and his voice shook. He had been strutting about in all his borrowed glory, the picture of pride and happiness. I told him our dilemma, and left him, a grotesque little figure of woe. The gaudy coat covered a true heart, and in it a fierce combat was being waged. He was battling with a boy's natural selfishness strengthened by his intense negro love of finery.

The battle was soon over. He came to me denuded of his gold lace, and with tear-stained face surrendered the coat. Whatever the performance may have seemed from the stage, it was a tragedy behind the scenes.

The sulky hero eagerly accepted the sacrifice, and appeared in all the splendor with which Honey had hoped to dazzle his friends. The play progressed, and I watched Honey closely. There was not a trace of resentment in his manner, and he played his part in a way which won him a second triumph. My interest in the stage hero flagged. The high-sounding sentiments which he uttered did not seem quite his own after the little scene in the dressing-room.

Though the applause was long and loud when the play was over, I could not help feeling that the real hero was the little negro who stood unnoticed at the back of the stage, and smiled at his friend's success.

Yes! — It is one singular advantage of our modern tongues over Latin, to which they all owe so much, that we have plain affirmative and negative particles of answer. The Latin *ita*, the only word Rome had for "yes," or anything like "yes," seems to have been rather a vulgarism, like "that 's so." In fact, the Romans borrowed the Greek affirmative, and wrote it *ne*, so that it must have sounded amazingly negative, just as it does now to hear a modern Greek assent to you by what sounds precisely like "nay, nay." In some Romance languages, the affirmative is still the word for "so," with a stronger accent, just as our negative is the adjective "no" with a stronger accent. But *oui*, *ja*, *yes*, are themselves, and nothing else. Sir Thomas More indeed distinguishes "yea" and "yes" as equivalent to *oui* and *si*. "Yea," be it remarked, has become "yay" rather lately. The Shaker pronunciation, noted by Mr. Scudder as "yee," is only antique, not wrong.

Now, when English has such a crisp, plain, definite word as "yes," why do so many people clip or annihilate it? I am not speaking of the gamin's "yep" or the dude's "yaas," which have become commonplace. But, dear reader, who of course never say anything but "yes," how many of your friends do? Run them over mentally; how many accept your proposals with the dictionary word? Is there not rather an infinity of corrupt substitutes? I have it from a very eminent schoolmaster that his revered predecessor and master, one of the four or five "Arnolds of America," never said anything but "cha." A former secretary of a very important religious organization says "yuss." An eminent business and society man in our city, I am told, says "hess," with a strong effusion of breath.

When poor Queen Caroline came to England, absolutely ignorant of English, the question was raised in society what one word should be taught her to begin with. Most persons were for "yes," but one very accomplished lady advised "no," on the ground that it often stood for "yes." If the English court did not speak with better articulation a hundred years ago than we do now, "no" might be recommended as much more likely to be recognized.

Monsieur de Lesseps. — Ferdinand de Lesseps was not a man of great intellectual calibre. He originated no new idea; he was

not even an engineer; he was simply a promoter, though a promoter of the first order, and his services as such terminated in 1869 with the opening of the Suez Canal. All that he did afterwards either might have been done by anybody else, or should not have been done at all. Nevertheless he was a remarkable man, and as an eye-witness of the rise and fall of the Panama Canal Company I shall not soon forget that thick-set, corpulent figure, the piercing eye and ample forehead redeeming a flabby face, those snowy locks, that confident tone, that persuasive voice. In a crowd you would have singled him out, and have asked who he was. I was present, in 1879, at the so-called Congress of Engineers and Geographers, — a transparent farce got up to ratify a foregone conclusion, — at which the Panama scheme was launched; as also at the successive meetings of the company till its collapse in 1888.

Death, especially when preceded by three years of senility and by a conviction for fraud without possibility of self-defense, almost disarms criticism, yet psychology cannot afford to overlook a man memorable for a splendid success and a monster failure. It is, moreover, but fair to the French to testify that they did not follow Lesseps with the infatuation excited one hundred and sixty years earlier by Law in Paris, and by the South Sea Company in London. No, the scheme dragged from the very outset, all the more so as this time there was no Anglophobe stimulus, and as America simply adopted a cold neutrality. The first subscription fell through, for Lesseps, presuming too much on the halo of Suez, had offered no bonuses to financiers or journalists. On a second attempt, liberally subsidizing both, the subscription was not much more than covered, though the prospectus led people to think that the work was actually contracted for at \$125,000,000, a figure arbitrarily adopted by Lesseps as being a trifle over the Suez outlay of \$120,000,000, albeit even at the Congress the Panama advocates had estimated the cost at \$200,000,000. He emphatically declared that the canal would be easier to make and keep up than Suez, and he talked glibly of "disemboweling the Cor-dilleras up to their summits" as cheaper and better than tunneling through them. When \$60,000,000 had been subscribed, he started for the isthmus, which as yet he had never

seen ; and he returned with glowing reports of the geniality of a climate which had permitted him to camp out for weeks, while the Paris newspapers went into (well-paid-for) raptures on the juvenility of the wonderful septuagenarian.

The work then commenced, and the climate speedily vindicated its old reputation by levying blackmail on European lives ; as for the mortality among the navvies, it passed unnoticed. The \$60,000,000 was soon exhausted, for an eighth of it had gone in preliminary expenses,—that is to say, in bonuses to promoters, sanctioned by the shareholders at their first meeting without explanation or objection ; and the shares, according to a common French practice, bore interest from date of issue, without waiting for the completion of the canal. A loan of \$60,000,000, which should have sufficed for that completion, was likewise absorbed, and loan followed loan at steadily increasing rates of interest ; but the estimate of traffic increased as regularly as the outlay, and the shareholders were assured that as both had been alike underrated, their prospects were unaffected. But in spite of enormous commissions to bankers and lavish payments to journalists, a profound secret at the time, the French public were becoming distrustful, and lottery prizes were used to bait the fish-hook. Yet Lesseps, to all appearance, was as confident as ever. He paid two more visits to the isthmus, on the first of which he was deluded, as has since been divulged, by a spurt of activity, while on the second he succeeded in satisfying foreign delegates as well as himself that great progress had been made. He protested that the canal would be finished by 1889, and he even threatened to prosecute those who, on the faith of American newspapers, asserted that the work had scarcely been more than begun. Little could now be done in Paris—but this was not known at the time—beyond giving hush-money to unscrupulous financiers, and gambling by the company in its own shares to keep up quotations ; but the provinces were almost stormed into taking the debentures. This was the period at which Lesseps went the round of the large towns, accompanied by one of his youngest children, whom he installed on the platform, and to whom he pointed as he appealed to the audience whether he was likely to put his invest-

ments for his large family into a rotten concern. This hit never failed to draw down the house. Once, at least, moreover, a telegram from Paris reached him at the very close of the meeting, to announce that the loan had been already covered, whereupon there was a rush of subscribers who discerned a chance of selling out immediately at a premium. Next morning they discovered that they had misunderstood the telegram, and that the subscription lagged. In Paris, too, Lesseps would be waited upon by an interviewer. After discussing things in general he would press a button, and his secretary would appear. "Have I any engagement to-night?" "Yes, you have to start for Bordeaux, for a meeting there to-morrow." "Then telephone to my wife to have dinner punctually at seven, that I may catch the train at nine." The chat was then resumed. Presently Lesseps would pull out his watch. "Excuse my breaking off the conversation, but I am due at the Academy of Sciences at four o'clock to hear a long paper by M. Bertrand." The interviewer—whether he was in the secret or not who shall say?—went back to his office and wrote a glowing account of an octogenarian (for Lesseps was eighty in 1885) who, just before starting on an all-night journey, spent a couple of hours at the Academy, as a sandwich between a day's desk-work and dinner, who after a night in the cars was to address a great meeting, and who was to spend a second night on the railroad in returning to Paris. This also was the period when a young American in Paris would be offered \$500 a year if he would merely promise to sing some doggerel verses in praise of Panama at social gatherings of American residents, and when another American would be offered double that sum to write up Panama in transatlantic journals. Lesseps had not the active support of the French government, as in the case of Suez, when the Empress Eugénie showed herself a true cousin by her stanch support ; but though two cabinet ministers—one of them died before the exposure, the other is now expiating his offense—demanded bribes for their consent to lottery loans, he was sent to Berlin in 1887, to invest the French ambassador with the Legion of Honor, and was thus enabled, almost indeed invited, to attempt a Panama propaganda in Germany.

As the volume of debt increased, the interest ate up nearly all that was left by bribery and puffing, and a lottery loan, even baited by bimonthly prizes of \$100,000,000 in lieu of interest, was only half taken up, albeit the drawings were guaranteed by an investment in French *rentes*, which left but a small margin for the canal and its vampires. When that margin was absorbed and when a fresh loan failed, bankruptcy became inevitable. Yet to the last Lesseps had had it all his own way at the annual meetings, though, outside, sandwichmen distributed violent pamphlets, and sometimes got to fistieuffs with faithful and indignant shareholders. The crushing articles of M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, though of unimpeachable sincerity, also passed unheeded. Lesseps had at the last gasp accepted the system of locks, though originally he had admitted that if there were to be locks Nicaragua was better than Panama. Even when the crash came, he was so blind to the hopelessness of the situation that he applied to Parliament for a three months' postponement of payments. But Parliament, seeing the true state of affairs, declined to intervene, and the firmness of the United States government precluded the French republic from throwing good money after bad by taking over the canal. For several years the aggrieved investors, whose \$400,000,000 had disappeared, cherished the hope of a revival of the enterprise. At last a handful of them demanded a prosecution. I need not dwell on the disclosures which ensued, or the suicide of an alleged blackmailer, or the flight of others, the details of how money had been squandered on venal statesmen, fraudulent contractors, and insatiable journalists; on the imprisonment of Lesseps's son for "lobbying;" on the collapse of the main charge through lapse of time. Of all or nearly all this Lesseps was happily unconscious.

He certainly intended to complete the canal. How far and how long he was himself deceived, or how far his Oriental experience led him to make misstatements, on the theory of the end justifying the means, no outsider can tell. Fluent talkers often end by being their own dupes. Lesseps's success, moreover, at Suez, after so many difficulties, had evidently made him confident that at Panama he should "pull through somehow," and his vanity had been adroitly exploited by men who enticed him into a

scheme in which, having pocketed their commission, they did not themselves embark. It is sad to think of the genial old man being waylaid by humble shareholders whose provision for old age had disappeared, and who reproached him with his reiterated exhortations to stick to their shares; sadder still to think of the loss of his mental faculties, perhaps occasioned or hastened by the mortification of having brought about the greatest financial fiasco of the century. It is pleasanter to think of him as president of the Geographical Society, as Academician, as driving in the Bois de Boulogne with his young wife and eleven children, or galloping on horseback down the avenue, a tribe of daughters, with hair streaming in the wind, in his train. This was one of the picturesque sights of Paris. Alas that it should have been followed by failure and ignominy!

— It was not at all romantic, A LAST LOOK. but it was not uncharacteristic. The place was that huge, draughty restaurant of the new railway station at Cologne. The hour was toward midnight. No special occasion, so far as I remember, — at least, none local to the great Rhine city, — brought him there. In fact, I think he was in transition from some festival to his own home. As for the railway station (which, by the bye, possesses the poorest *cuisine* and the worst service that one can tolerate in a place so improper to it), — as for the Cologne railway station, it was flaring with its harsh lights, and stirred by the movements of some scattered dozens of passengers on hasty refectation intent; men and women coming and going, down-sitting and up-rising, at the long white-covered tables. From outside came the intermittent sounds of luggage-trucks in their deliberate German motion, scraps of official and unofficial talk, the hisses or whistles of locomotives, or the clanking arrival or departure of trains, — at that hour especially of the species which can be termed, without too wide a departure from real traits and pronunciation, the *Snailzug*.

All of a sudden Rubinstein came in. A friend, and some one whom I took to be the friend of the friend, were with him, neither of them very impressive-looking gentlemen, so that Rubinstein's striking figure and rugged face, with the odd look about the eyes, were the more distinguished. Nobody

remarked him as he entered with two companions and looked across at a table of less publicity than most. After a word or two they went to it and sat down, Rubinstein facing my way, as good fortune vouchsafed. The wraps were plentiful, and there was a big, flat parcel in brown paper, that suggested a manuscript score of something. Perhaps, alas for him! it was the offering of some friend yearning for criticism or compliment. I observed that he did not treat it lovingly, or even heedfully, and once he pounded it quite savagely with his empty beer-glass.

But the harsh commonplaces of such surroundings did not detract from the Rubinsteinish dignity. As he sat there, he was a personage, a presence. He was such almost as eminently as on the stage. The corner was a bit Rembrandtish in its chiaroscuro effect on him. Odd shadows came. He was tired, manifestly, and hungry, but, it seemed, not pleased at the idea of eating what he had time to eat (for out went his watch as divers queries over the *menu* passed back and forth between party and waiter), and not at all in good humor. He talked spasmodically, with irritation, upon some subject that was discussed in an undertone by his friends almost uninterruptedly, save for plying fork, knife, and glass. He appeared to have said as much as he felt necessary, and except for occasionally and peremptorily doing what we call "putting in his oar" again, he attended chiefly to his salad, or *Franziskaner*, or whatever other viands. His face wore its least cheerful expression, and now and then, simultaneously with the oaring process referred to, it flashed into anger.

Eavesdropping may be, I hope is, excusable, when we are within earshot of a genius evidently not discussing family matters. Sitting over in my humble place, with a *Koelnische Zeitung* flaunted in discreet exposition and interest, I — what was it that the judge in *Bardell v. Pickwick* said to one of the ladies testifying at that trial? — "And you listened, I suppose?" To which the witness sharply replied that she had not been eavesdropping, but that the voices had been "very loud, and forced themselves upon her ears." I am brazen, perhaps. I not only listened to every sound from Rubinstein and his little advisory committee (as it seemed), but I wished that the voices really were loud, and would force themselves upon my

ears. For I listened in vain, — the conversation would not "carry" so far my way; and after considering, in a manner worthy of the most vulgar and excuseless overhearer, how I might change my seat to good advantage, I gave it up. Twice I heard Rubinstein sharply interject, "Nein!" — followed, alas, by nothing else. This was, perhaps, as a dissent on correction. And that was all I heard of that tripartite confab.

But it was a picture, if not at all a story. I shall never forget the half-weary, half-mournful dignity — now and then angry dignity — of the face in repose, which has suggested now a lion, and now Beethoven, scarcely less leonine. And his eyes, when he opened them wide, even from afar, were unforgettable! Sometimes he leaned his head on his left hand, sometimes he looked furtively about the room. After a while some travelers near me remarked who was the central figure in that little company. It would have been odd if some had not; and finally I heard a waiter observe confidentially to an official, "Das ist ja Herr Anton Rubinstein." But he was not an object of observation at this time and place, and the restaurant was scantily patronized, as just then I was the only close spy of genius, I suspect.

All at once, just when there was a lull in this *séance*, — which I cannot say I overheard, but which I confess without shame to having watched with far more attentiveness than good manners over or within any frontier allows, — a station employee came trotting in, and up to the party he ran. At the same time I heard the in-rolling of a train on its way through the station. Rubinstein caught up his impedimenta in a heap; one of the friends, who was evidently traveling with him, grasped his valise; the other friend, presumably a stay-at-home, paid the bill; the flat paper parcel fell to the floor with a smack and was seized in a trice; and, *presto*, all three betook themselves hastily to the door, with the station aid in swift pilotage. Rubinstein departed last through it, his umbrella catching midway, and his back being visible a second or two later than the rest. Then he was gone, whither I knew not. But it was the last time I saw him. And now we shall none of us, in Cologne, in St. Petersburg, in Paris, in New York, or anywhere else in this mortal world of life, death, and art, ever see him again.